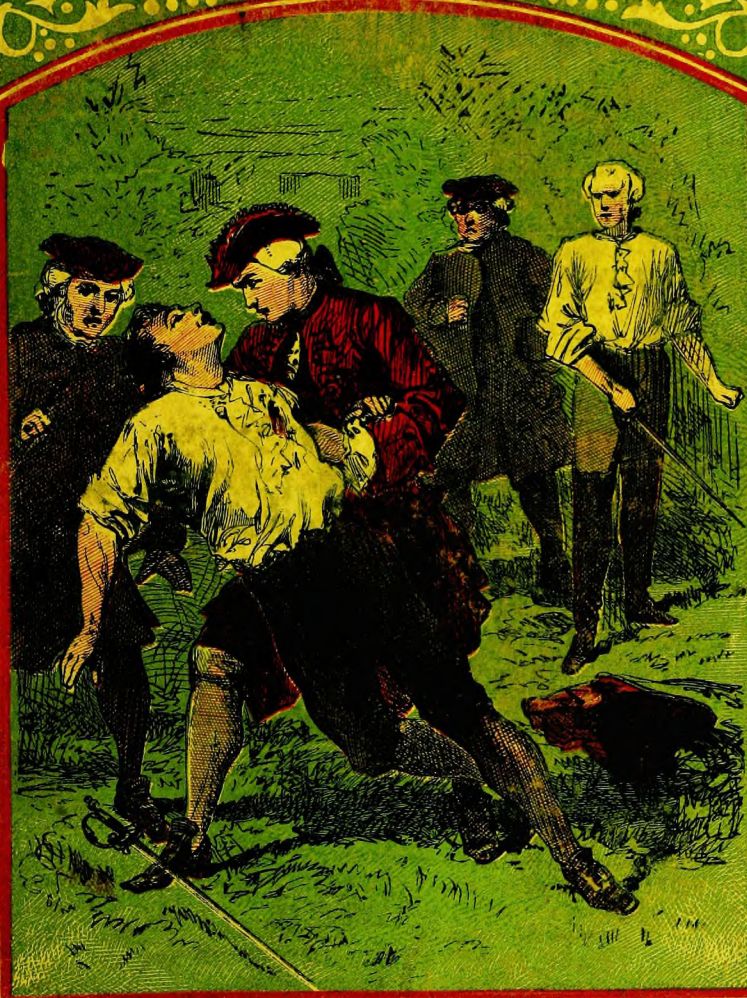




STANDARD AUTHORS . ONE SHILLING

# THE SCHOOL FOR FATHERS



BY TALBOT GWYNNE

# HALF-CROWN NOVELS.

IN ROXBURGH BINDING.

*When ordering, the Numbers only need be given.*

VOL.

1 Agatha's Husband  
*Author of "John Halifax."*

2 Head of the Family

3 T

4 O

5 M

6 T

7 R

11 Sc

12 Y

13 C

14 Ca

N

15 Th

16 Lo

18 Co

19 Be

20 W

21 De

22 Mi

23 Ti

24 Do

25 He

26 Li

27 Ra

28 Lu

30 The Kenys and the O'Kenys

*Anthony Trollope.*

31 The Macdermots of Ballycloran

*Anthony Trollope.*

32 Charlie Thornhill *Charles Clarke.*

33 Mattie: a Stray

*Author of "Owen: a Waif"*

VOL.

34 Giulio Malatesta *T. A. Trollope.*

35 Tales of all Countries

*Anthony Trollope.*

*Melville.*

*Agberd."*

*Trollope.*

*Trollope.*

*Robinson.*

*Clarke.*

*Trollope.*

*an*

*onymous.*

*Trollope.*

*Stray."*

*Lower.*

*Stray."*

*Clarke.*

*towards.*

*gerald.*

*Linton.*

*binson.*

*Double*

*rollope.*

*vol.,*

*rollope.*

*Yates.*

63 Uncle Silas

*J. S. Lefanu.*

64 House by the Churchyard

*J. S. Lefanu.*

65 Guy Deverell

*J. S. Lefanu.*

67 Crumbs from a Sportsman's  
Table *Charles Clarke.*



JAMES H. GRAFF,

BALTIMORE.

N<sup>o</sup>. 2053.

# THE SELECT LIBRARY OF FICTION.

*The best, cheapest, and most POPULAR WORKS published,  
well printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, and strongly  
bound in cloth or roxburgh.*

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

Containing the Writings of the most Popular Authors of the day.

Of the many cheap editions and reprints of works of fiction, there is none which better deserves the extensive support which they receive at the hands of the public than the series in course of issue under the title of the "Select Library of Fiction." In addition to the literary merits which the works possess in themselves, they present to the reader the important advantage of being printed in clear and excellent type on good paper, differing in this respect very materially from some of the cheaper reprints, which fall to pieces in the process of reading, and which so sorely try the eyesight, especially of those who are accustomed to read in railway carriages.—*The Observer.*

## LIST OF AUTHORS.

Anthony Trollope  
Edmund Yates  
James Payne  
Samuel Lover  
"Scrutator"  
W. H. Ainsworth  
J. S. Lefanu  
Victor Hugo  
N. Hawthorne  
Percy Fitzgerald  
Capt. Armstrong  
Mrs. Trollope  
Mrs. G.  
Mrs. Gaskell  
Miss A. H. Drury  
Mrs. M. Caldwell  
Mrs. Meteyard  
Mrs. E. L. Linton

Charles Lever  
Whyte Melville  
Dutton Cook  
T. A. Trollope  
F. W. Robinson  
Talbot Gwynne  
Charles Clarke  
Theodore Hook  
Oliver W. Holmes  
M. W. Savage  
Tom Hood  
Author of "John  
Halifax"  
Mary Howitt  
Miss A. Thomas  
Miss Pardoe  
Miss G. Jewsbury  
Mrs. Gore

Mrs. Edwardes



# THE SELECT LIBRARY OF FICTION.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS PER VOLUME.

The best, cheapest, and most POPULAR NOVELS published, well printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, and strongly bound.

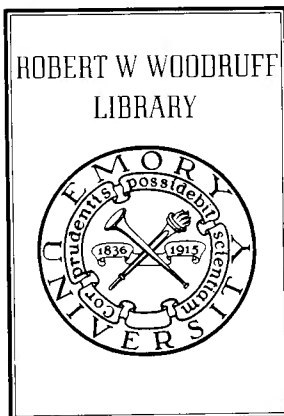
*Containing the writings of the most popular Authors of the day.*

Of the many cheap which better deserve to be public than the series Fiction." In addition they present to the reader excellent type on good paper, the cheaper reprints, which sorely try the eyesight, and which are carried. — *The Observer*

*When ordered*

VOL.

- 1 Agatha's Husband  
*Author of "John Halifax."*
- 2 Head of the Family  
*Author of "John Halifax."*
- 4 The Whiteboy: a  
*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*
- 5 The Ogilvies  
*Author of "John Halifax."*
- 6 My Uncle the Curate  
*M. W. Savage.*
- 7 Olive: a Novel  
*Author of "John Halifax."*
- 10 Mary Barton  
*Mrs. Gaskell.*
- 11 The Half-Sisters  
*Miss Jewsbury.*
- 12 Bachelor of the Albany  
*M. W. Savage.*
- 15 Ruth: a Novel  
*Mrs. Gaskell.*
- 17 Jack Hinton, the Guardsman  
*Charles Lever.*
- 18 Charles O'Malley, 750 pp., 3s.  
*Charles Lever.*
- 20 The Daltons, 708 pp., 3s.  
*Charles Lever.*
- 22 Harry Lorrequer's Confessions  
*Charles Lever.*



of fiction, there is none to be given at the hands of the "The Select Library of Fiction" which possess in themselves, being printed in clear and readable type, and materially from some of the best of reading, and which so well adapted to read in railway

*be given.*

- of Gwynne, 630 pp., 3s.  
*Charles Lever.*
- Family Abroad, 672 pp., 3s.  
*Charles Lever.*
- Monoghyue  
*Charles Lever.*
- 20 John Burke, 704 pp., 3s.  
*Charles Lever.*
- 30 Davenport Dunn, 772 pp., 3s.  
*Charles Lever.*
- 32 Fortunes of Glencore  
*Charles Lever.*
- 53 Roland Cashel, 618 pp.  
*Charles Lever.*
- 35 One of Them  
*Charles Lever.*
- 36 The Orphans and Caleb Field  
*Mrs. Oliphant.*
- 38 Mary Seaham  
*Mrs. Grey.*
- 39 Adventures of a Clever Woman  
*Mrs. Trollope.*
- 42 Martins of Cro' Martin, 704 pp., 3s.  
*Charles Lever.*
- 46 Jacob Bendixen  
*Mary Howitt.*
- 48 Sir Jasper Carew  
*Charles Lever.*
- 49 Mrs Mathews  
*Mrs. Trollope.*
- 50 Marian Withers  
*Geraldine Jewsbury.*

THE  
SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

BY  
TALBOT GWYNNE.

AUTHOR OF "SILAS BARNSTARKE," "NANNETTE AND HER LOVERS,"  
"YOUNG SINGLETON," ETC., ETC.

NEW EDITION.

LONDON:  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.



to J. M. S. C.

---

DEDICATORY PREFACE.

---

DEAREST FRIEND,

You have been so kind as to accept the dedication of this work, for which my best thanks are due to you. I need offer you, I know, neither apology nor explanation for having placed my story in the Eighteenth century, seeing how well affected you are to the polished days of swords and powder.

The world in general (at least in this country) does not share, perhaps, in your and my admiration for that epoch; which induces me to write a few lines to explain my motives for inditing a tale of that era. In those days the difference between Town and Country manners, and Town and Country gentlemen, was far greater than in these railway days: these days of rapidity, electric and submarine telegraphs.

Wishing for a contrast, how could I find it better than in a Town Father and a Country fox-hunting Son of the Eighteenth century?

That was one of my reasons for choosing that period. Another reason was that I thought a *red-heel* story would be a novelty.

Many are the tales of the present day; many are the tales of Cavaliers and Roundheads; many are the tales of the days of Chivalry: but few, very few, are the tales of the "*talons rouges*."

Hoping that the epoch of my story may not, in the eyes of my readers, deduct from its interest; hoping that *you* may be amused by it, and that the patronage you have extended to it may render my authorcraft fortunate and successful, I bid you Farewell—and subscribe myself

Your very true friend,

T. GWYNNE.

BELGRAVIA.

March 18th, 1852.



## THE SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

---

In the year 17—, in the month of November, between the hours of twelve and one, P.M., the small village of R——, in one of the midland counties of England, was suddenly enlivened by the appearance of a pack of fox-hounds, accompanied by about a dozen fox-hunters, clad in scarlet, leathers, boots, black velvet caps, armed with long hunting whips, and mounted each man on a first-rate hunter—such hunters as were ridden in the eighteenth century, and are now no longer to be seen.

Around the huntsman's body wound the melodious old hunting-horn, the tired hounds paced soberly on, and men and horses showed signs of a hard day's work. First and foremost rode Squire Warren, and one or two of his friends—Squire Warren kept the fox-hounds. Picture to yourself, O reader, a man about sixty, originally six feet

*in his stockings*, but now somewhat bent; fleshy, without being fat, square-shouldered, short-necked, strongly jointed; with a grave but good-tempered countenance, hazel eyes, shaggy grey eye-brows, and a red weatherbeaten complexion, strongly contrasting with his snow-white stock and tight white periwig: a deep bass voice and a loud laugh must be added to the description, and there you have the physical portion of Squire Warren. The mental portion will not detain us long: simple-minded, benevolent, brave as a lion, without an atom of selfishness, doting on animals, abhorring the least approach to meanness or to anything ungenerous, beloved and respected by all the neighbourhood—such was Squire Warren.

He rode an invaluable bay, that seemed to look on the Squire as a squirrel or a feather, so easily did he carry him over hill and dale, ditch, fence, and gate; and the Squire had six such hunters in his stable.

More to the rear rode young Jack Warren, the Squire's nephew. I forgot to mention that the Squire was a bachelor; he had never had time to marry, he said. The fact was that a young lady had cruelly jilted him for a gay captain of horse, full of dash and swagger, with an oath effectively studded here and there in his discourse; and so the Squire hung his head for a time, and

then, cheering up, resolutely forswore the sex, and stuck the closer to field sports, hounds, and horses. The good Squire was quite right.

Jack was the very counterpart of what the Squire had been at his age. Jack was between nineteen and twenty; he was just above six feet in height, strong, wide-shouldered, robust, a keen sportsman, but somewhat dull on any point but field sports, awkward and shy in manner, good-hearted, but with a slight dash of obstinacy about him; take him all in all, a very good young fellow, though not bright.

He was as well mounted as his uncle, and laughed and talked as he rode with the friends around him. As the cavalcade left the village, they passed a long garden wall, lined with shrubs and evergreens. At the end of a lawn, soft and thick as green velvet, stood a low and many-gabled house, with three or four sumptuous beech-trees growing around; and as Jack Warren rode past, he quickly raised himself in his stirrups, gave a hurried look round the garden, and resumed his seat with a heightened colour and smiling countenance. This was not unperceived by one of his companions, who, giving him a thrust in the ribs with his hunting whip, pronounced him to be a "rogue." At this sally Jack laughed with right good will, and his hazel eyes beamed with delight. And so they left the

village, and the villagers gazed after them, and all the little dogs that had run away to hide from the hounds, now sallied forth and barked at the retreating pack. About half a mile further on, after following a park wall, they arrived at a pair of magnificent iron gates, decorated with scrolls and flourishes, symmetrical and flowing, whilst the stone gate posts were surmounted by trophies of Roman arms, *à la Louis XIV.*, in the best style of sculpture.

Here they drew bridle, and the crack of the Squire's whip drawing the porter from his lodge, the heavy iron gates were slowly opened, and men, horses, and dogs, entered Denham Park, and proceeded along the oak avenue leading to the hall.

It was a grey, quiet autumn day, the sky covered with one uniform grey cloud; not a shadow cast around, not a breath of wind to rustle the red brown leaves still adhering to the oaks; distant sounds were distinctly heard through the cold still air. The scarlet coats and black caps, the various coloured horses and parti-coloured dogs, came out with great effect against the grey and brown tints of the avenue; whilst the voices and laughter, the crack of a whip, the call to a hound, cheerfully broke the surrounding stillness. And now the hounds were conducted to the kennel, the horses to the stables, whilst Squire Warren and his guests pro-

ceeded to the dining-room. Here was a sight for tired fox-hunters !

A huge and blazing wood fire shining on the dark oak wainscoat and floor. A large round table, decked with whitest, finest damask cloth, with shining plate and glass, eight high-backed chairs placed around it; a sideboard covered with tankards and other plate, large home-made loaves, cold meat and pickles, a goodly array of many bottles; and a fat butler appearing through an open door bearing a huge dish and cover, which he solemnly placed at the head of the table, whilst two footmen handed in turn three other large dishes, which he duly placed, besides several minor ones.

The butler having announced that the dinner was ready, the company took their seats; the Squire hospitably saying, in the language of his day,

“ Gentlemen, I hope you have a stomach ! ”

There was boiled beef at the top, there was roast veal at the bottom, there was a roast leg of mutton on one side, and a boiled turkey on the other, there was a large ham in the centre, there were dishes of vegetables at the corners. For ten minutes silence reigned around the board, as far as human voices were concerned; but there was a busy sound of knives and forks tattooing on many plates; and by degrees, as the *bien-être* produced by a good dinner on the weary frame began to be felt, so



voice after voice made itself heard, first in short sentences:

“Capital beef!”

“Very good ham!”

“Squire, your beer’s better than ever!”

“This is a good ending to a good beginning!”

“I’ll thank you, Sir, for some more pudding to my beef,” &c., &c., &c., &c.

Then anon “*the run*” was brought on the *tapis*; and by the time the plum-puddings, apple-pies, custards, and cheese, were in process of demolition, the renovated hunters were full-cry over every step of ground they had gone over, and every incident that had occurred during the morning’s sport.

Fox-hunters in those days *were* fox-hunters: fox-hunting was their life, and they were a race apart. Lawyers and doctors were not seen in the field; feeble boys did not run down by railway, have a run, smoke a few doubtful cigars, and return home to astonish the family with their splashed tops, spattered pinks, and woe-begone countenances—and so to bed. Hunters were hunters, and fox-hunters were fox-hunters, and hunting was hunting, in those times; and there were no mongrel riders and extraordinary-looking horses seen among them. A fine gentleman also was a fine gentleman, and meddled not with hunting: he looked on it as a coarse and barbarous amusement, “*dem’mé*,” and passed

his winters in town and *la belle saison* in the country. And so the fox-hunters were, as I said, a race apart; with their own modes and language. And a hunting breakfast was a hunting breakfast in that day, and took place oftentimes by candle-light. Our modern fox-hunters could not digest such food as our sporting ancestors partook of so early: the beef, the ale, the stalwart pies, the spiced wines, the hot bread. Fine gentlemen took tea and chocolate; but fox-hunters—Oh! no.

To return to Squire Warren and his party. Dinner being concluded, they one and all drew round the well-replenished fire. The footman placed a small round table between every two guests, on which were set glasses, port, claret, pipes, and a silver tobacco-box. Before the Squire a larger table was placed, supporting, in addition to the above-enumerated objects, a lordly bowl of smoking punch.

It was about three o'clock,—daylight gently failing added to the red glow of the merry firelight. Stiff limbs of aged hunters were stretched full length to catch the genial heat; younger men, more drowsy, half closed their eyes, and so conversed. Pipes were filled and lighted, the fragrant smoke curled around, the hot punch circulated, port and claret vanished, faces grew scarlet, long loud laughter resounded, with here and there a long-drawn snore. Merry tales, all more or less connected with the

chase, went round; guests dropped off one by one, sooner or later, according to the length of road that lay between Denham Park and their homes; and six o'clock found Squire Warren and his nephew *tête-à-tête*: the Squire fast asleep in his great chair, his trim periwig hanging on one of the *nobs* thereof, and his handkerchief shading his head and face; his nephew Jack, eating nuts, intently musing, nodding, from time to time, waking up to sigh, to crack more nuts, take a glass of port, and pat the three superannuated old hounds that basked before the fire.

Squire Warren would never suffer a horse or dog to be destroyed merely because the poor old creature was past its work: disease and pain without remedy alone drew a death-warrant from him. Old hounds passed a reposeful old age near their kind-hearted old master, who would sometimes talk to them of their past prowess as if they had been "*Christians*;" old hunters roamed happily in snug paddocks and about the shady park, and the Squire with smiling face would gaze on them with delight, and assure them they should never want for anything as long as *he* lived.

Between seven and eight, the old Squire's sleep and the young Squire's divers evolutions were broken through, by an announcement from the fat butler that supper was ready.

The uncle and nephew retired to take that repast

into Squire Warren's own room; a snug wainscoted retreat, ornamented with brushes, antlers, whips, spurs, horse-shoes, and portraits of favourite hounds and hunters. Here the wind sang in one drowsy monotonous note, and here the comfortable meal was set out; which being despatched, the Squire, after gazing awhile with fixed look on the flames and embers of the fire, and rubbing his shins slowly up and down, suddenly stopped with his hands on his knees, and transferring his gaze from the fire to his nephew, he said:

"Jack, my dear boy, I take it this is the last cosy evening you and I shall pass together for some time to come."

"Hang it!" replied Jack, looking rueful.

After a pause Squire Warren resumed.

"Do you remember your father, Jack?"

"Aye! I remember him: a tall thin pale man, all covered with velvet and gold, with red heels to his shoes and gold clocks to his stockings, and a blue bow to his sword hilt; and he smelt of violets and scented snuff. He's never been near me these ten years; what's the good of coming now? and what's the use of my going to town with him, and all that?"

"Ah!" sighed the Squire; "I'll tell 'ee what, Jack, Tom's a strange bit o' blood and always was, and always will be: he takes after your poor grandmother; you and I, Jack, after my father. From

the first, nothing could serve Tom's turn but satin and lace and fine company, and trying to make me as bad as himself; but it didn't answer, Jack: I was born an honest country Squire, and so I'll live and die, my dear boy."

"So will I," echoed Jack, sitting very upright, with his hands on his knees, in the very same attitude as his uncle; "so will I, if my father will but leave me in peace."

"Let's look at his letter again, Jack, and see what we make of it. Here, you read it, your eyes are youngest."

Jack obeyed, and with a pause here and there at one or two words, he read as follows:—

"LONDON, *November 10th*, 17—.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"After ten years' absence I am once more in old England, and a more foggy, cheerless, barbarous country I never was in. I have been shut up since my return with a sharp fit of the gout, and I fear my foot will never again be what it was. I have nearly finished all my business in town, chiefly of a diplomatic nature, and I hope soon to embrace you and Jack. I cannot think of the boy without trembling! As heir to the baronetcy, it is essentially necessary he should be distinguished above the vulgar, and as son to a



man who has been so mixed up in such various and important diplomatic affairs as I have been, a great deal will be expected from him. We must see him in Parliament as a beginning; but on all these subjects we will talk when we meet. I will then thank you for your kind care of my boy, who shall no longer be a burden to you. From his writing and orthography, as well as his style, I apprehend he will have much to learn; but I have no doubt we shall soon form him, and that he will not be behind other young fellows of his age; emulation will do a great deal for him. I hope to be with you in the evening of Sunday the 25th November. I shall bring none of my people but Larrazée, my valet, and shall therefore not de-range you.

“Farewell, my dear Edward.

“My love to Jack.

“Your attached brother,

“THOMAS WARREN.”

“To Edward Warren, Esq.”

Such was the epistle. Jack folded it up, and said:

“What’s ‘diplomatic affairs’ and ‘emulation,’ I wonder? Something I shan’t like, I warrant: and as for going into Parliament, I’d as soon go to prison at once. I’ve no turn for Parliament: besides, what’s to become of hunting all the while?”

Old Squire Warren shook his head.

"Ah! what indeed, Jack?" he said. "You'll have to give that up, my dear boy: and after the pretty breeding up to the sport you've had!—Ah, well! I'll tell 'ee what's at the bottom of it, Jack! Tom's grown old. Now, as long as he could be the ladies' very humble servant, it was all very pretty, and he didn't want a long-legged fellow like you to give notice he had been married, was a widower, had a son. That would never have suited Tom; I know him. But I take it the ladies have cast him off, and the gout has got hold of him, and he looks towards you, and remembers he has a son. Time he should!"

Here the Squire recommenced rubbing his shins and viewing the fire. Jack put one hand in his breast, the other in his breeches pocket, leant back in his chair, humming a dolorous dirge about a departed "*Whip*," and so passed a quarter of an hour.

"Uncle," exclaimed Jack, suddenly.

"Well, my boy!"

"Lydia," said Jack.

"Aye! Lydia," replied the Squire.

"Can't leave her, you know," cried Jack.

"Umph!" quoth his uncle, "what will you do?"

"Do!" shouted Jack, "why, marry her, to be sure!"

"Fairly and softly, Jack—fairly and softly! She's a lovely creature, gentle and soft as that little pup

‘*Countess*’ (what a sweet creature *that* is!). But you see, my dear boy, Lydia’s only a poor country parson’s daughter, and your father’ll never consent. Nothing will serve his turn, Jack, but tying you, for better for worse, to some Lady Betty or Lady Kitty, marked with the small-pox, perhaps, but rich and a lady of quality. I know Tom!”

“Hang Lady Betty and Lady Kitty!” cried Jack, in despair. “I tell you what, uncle: as sure as my name’s John Warren, to-morrow after church I’ll pluck up a spirit and ask Lydia to have me! We’ve known one another ever since we were as high as the table; and how happy we should be! Why, isn’t a country gentleman for all the world as good as a town fop, bowing and lisping? No! hang me, if I go with my father! I’ll have Lydia and be happy!”

“And a very sensible, happy life you’d have of it, my dear boy; that you would. But you’re bound to obey your father, you know, Jack.”

“Well,” said Jack, laughing, “he hasn’t told me I’m not to ask Lydia, so I shall make bold to do so to-morrow. I didn’t mean to do it till I was of age; but I can’t help myself now, you see: and I hope she’ll have me!”

“Amen,” cried Squire Warren; and, it being past nine, uncle and nephew retired to bed, where the Squire, having taken a “*night cap*,” just to “*close the*

*orifice of the stomach,"* was soon in a sound sleep. His nephew, after tossing about a little, and thinking of the fatal morrow which was to bring his dreaded parent, also closed his eyes, and slept the sleep of the young and weary sportsman.

With the dawn, up rose Jack Warren. A light mist was clearing off like folds of gauze, and the early sun cast pale horizontal rays through it. Jack decked himself in his holiday suit, a Lincoln-green coat of fine cloth, laced with silver, a white waistcoat laced with the same, green breeches, white silk stockings, plain stock, silver-mounted sword, silver buckles, and a silver-laced hat, plain linen, and his hair tied and powdered. Jack, with a little pains, might have made a good figure, but his gait was rather slouching, which made his shoulders appear too heavy, and poor Jack's ankles were rather massive, and did better in a boot than in a silk stocking. Still he was a very fine young man, and so thought Lydia Freeman; who, poor young creature, had never had the advantage of beholding a well set up, well-taught, well-dressed man of fashion. When, therefore, at the Vicarage gate, she saw Jack in his Lincoln-green suit and laced hat, she smiled, blushed, and her heart beat favourably for the young Squire.

The church bells were ringing as the Vicar, Dr. Freeman, in full canonicals—trencher cap in hand,

Mistress Freeman his good lady, and Mistress Lydia Freeman his daughter, sallied forth.

Squire Warren, in blue coat and scarlet waistcoat laced with gold, gold-laced hat, and long gold-headed cane, joined the Vicar; whilst Jack fell to the rear with the ladies, vowing to himself that he'd be hanged if anything should ever separate him from Lydia.

Lydia was a charming little being, a year younger than her admirer. She was small, fair, plump, and soft as a little bird; with white skin, pink cheeks, well-cut rosy lips, ivory teeth, merry but gentle blue eyes, light hair beneath her powder, and a little Grecian nose, perfect in form, but now rosy pink with the frosty morning air. Her little hands and feet were well-shaped and fine, and as she paced along by the side of Jack, taking two steps to his one, his vows were more vehement than ever: indeed, as they reached the churchyard he could scarcely refrain from then and there making his offer to her.

Prayers Jack did not say, sermon he did not hear: his eyes were fixed on Lydia.

She wore a little flat black velvet hat, placed with coquetry over her right eye, and tied at the back of her head with long black velvet ribands, a black velvet round her throat, a pale blue cardinal trimmed with lace, a dress of the same, with



cherry knots, and her curling hair powdered snow white. Her eyes were demurely fixed on her book, and she took no notice of poor Jack, though she could feel his eyes fixed on her face during the whole of the service.

The Vicar having come to the conclusion of his short but excellent sermon, the usual hurrying of hob-nailed shoes retiring from a country church was heard, and the round backs vested in clean white frocks, accompanied by scarlet cloaks, emerged one after the other, exchanging the damp and musty air of the old church for the fresh autumn air without.

The Vicar remaining awhile in the vestry, the Squire gallanted Mistress Freeman home, followed by Jack and Lydia, and saluted on all sides with bows and little bob-curtsies.

“Lydia,” said Jack, “my father comes to-day.”

“So I heard,” said Lydia, stroking her little swandown muff.

“And I shall have to go and live in London with him,” continued Jack, kicking a stone spitefully. Lydia said nothing.

“You don’t care a pin about it, Lydia, I see.”

Lydia looked up at him, but said nothing. Jack saw tears in her gentle blue eyes.

“Look here, Lydia,” cried Jack, vehemently, doubling his fist and striking out at nothing, “if

you'll have me, I'll see them all at old Harry. I shall have a good fortune, and we'll be as happy as the day's long."

Lydia said nothing, but she smiled at Jack and dried her tears.

"Come now, Lydia, yes or no? It's soon said," cried Jack, stretching forth his brown hand to her. "Yes or no; don't be downhearted."

"Yes," lisped Lydia, laughing and putting her little plump hand, with its black silk mitten, into Jack's extended palm.

"That's my good girl!" cried Jack, with flashing eyes and crimson face. "Now we must tell the Doctor, get his consent, and settle it all before my father comes. 'Gad! I wish he could make short work of it, and marry us at once!"

"Hallo, Jack!" exclaimed his uncle, as they all stopped at the gate of the garden wall Jack had looked over the day before, "you look as if you were just in at the death! Ha, ha ha!" and he patted Jack not gently on the shoulder.

"Won't you come in, gentlemen?" asked good Mistress Freeman, meekly.

The gentlemen assented, but no sooner had they reached the hall door, than Jack, who seemed suddenly to have come to life, stalked away, saying—

"I'll go and meet the Doctor." And so he did, twirling his cane and smiling triumphantly.

"Well, my young friend, how wags the world with you?" cried Dr. Freeman, as Jack advanced towards him; "fairly, I should say, and smoothly, to judge from your gait and air."

"You're quite right there, sir," replied Jack, wringing the Vicar's proffered hand. The Vicar smiled at the pain Jack in his ardour inflicted; but Jack perceived it not, and before they reached the garden gate had put Dr. Freeman *au courant* of all that had taken place. Jack had never talked so much in his life before.

The Vicar looked very grave, and rubbed the tip of his ear with perplexity. Jack having said his say, ceased twirling his cane, and looked round for the consent and approbation he expected. When he beheld how the Vicar rubbed his ear, pursed up his lips, and stepped slowly, he suddenly stopped and gasped out—

"You're not going to say no, sir! You've known me since I was nine years old. You know I'm a plain honest fellow, and——"

"Stop, stop, stop, my good lad," said the Vicar, gently putting his fat hand on Jack's arm, "not so fast, not so fast. Are you aware you have just taken a very important step in life? You're not of age you know. Have you Sir Thomas Warren's consent?"

"No, sir! That's it; I want to get it all settled

at once before he comes. When he sees Lydia and knows you, and finds it's all going smooth, and the Squire consenting too, ten to one he let's me marry and live here in peace, as an English country gentleman should do."

The Vicar laughed, and replied—

"That will never do, my young friend, never. You are heir to a baronetcy and a fine fortune——"

"So much the better," interrupted Jack, vehemently; "pray isn't Lydia worthy of that, and a good deal more, sir?"

"That is another question, Jack; listen to me: what would your father say if he found you engaged to a poor country parson's daughter, without a penny to her fortune, the father consenting, and the matter all settled?"

"Think me a vastly lucky dog, to be sure!"

"Nonsense, nonsense! he'd think you a noddie, and me an old rascal. It can't be, my good friend, it can't be."

"Hang it! No, sir, you don't mean that. I *will* have her, I'll——"

"Gently, my good lad, don't let your feelings run away with you. Before I can possibly give *my* consent you must have Sir Thomas Warren's. If you can get that, why then——"

"You 'll give yours," shouted Jack.

The Vicar bowed and smiled, and Jack again crushed his hand with fervour.

On entering the parlour, as it was called in those days, Dr. Freeman pinched Lydia's soft cheek, whilst she blushed and laughed, and looked away.

"Are you aware, my dear," he said to his wife, "what our little miss here has been about? Ah! Lyddie, Lyddie, you're a saucy little puss! and as for Master Jack there, he's a rogue!"

Mistress Freeman having been informed of what had taken place, shed a few tears, kissed Lydia, and eke Jack; the two squires were kept to dinner, and the afternoon passed in discussing the mighty subject in hand, looked upon by Jack as such a fine scheme for evading Sir Thomas, London, and the breaking for a diplomat and fine gentleman.

The ladies sided with Jack, and saw nothing impossible or startling in the plan. The two old gentlemen, at the first glance, saw where the difficulties lay; but all their views were looked down upon by the other party.

Dr. Freeman was a straightforward sensible man, about Squire Warren's age; an orthodox churchman, looking upon Dissenters and Roman Catholics, Guy Faux and the Pope, to be decidedly "*canaille chrétienne*"—an epithet by which a dandy Abbé was wont to address a plebeian congregation. He

was passionately fond of his garden and the classics; interfered not in parish squabbles; kept a hard-working young curate, who sighed in vain for the fair Lydia; rode about on a fat cob; doffed his clerical periwig of an evening for a black velvet nightcap; and enjoyed the great spirits of Greece and Rome over a sober pipe and silver tankard. The parish was small and well-to-do, and the good Vicar lived in clover with his wife and only child; wrote letters in Latin verse to old college chums, who now and then became his guests, as he in turn became theirs; cultivated philosophy and his garden, and glided down life's stream like a wise and good man, without kicking and struggling.

"Jack, my dear boy, we must be off," cried Squire Warren, as the time wore on; "Tom will be upon us before we know where we are!"

The Squire rose briskly and took his hat; as for poor Jack, his spirits were beginning to fall: he arose slowly and sighed, and took his hat and cane, and put on his sword with the air of a man proceeding to execution. However, in the stir of leave-taking, he managed to give and receive a kiss, the first that had been exchanged between them since his and Lydia's childhood.

The walk home was not particularly lively or cheerful. Jack, in spite of himself, began to see matters rather gloomily, and both he and the good

old Squire felt that their separation was at hand. Now, as he had had sole charge of his nephew since Jack lost his mother at three years old, and as uncle and nephew loved one another as father and son, the prospect before them was anything but cheering. The beauty of the day was gone, the wind blew cold, and, as they reached the park gates, a thin chilling rain began to fall.

They retired to Squire Warren's little room, eyeing the wet window panes, and the rooks settling in the tall leafless trees for the night, and so waited in silence for the unwelcome arrival of Sir Thomas Warren, Bart.

Every now and then the silence was broken by short phrases.

"I thought I heard him, Jack!"

"I hear wheels."

"Only the wind in the chimney."

"Perhaps he won't come, uncle."

At last Squire Warren, striking his thigh, exclaimed, "Egad! my lad, there he is: no mistake this time!"

Jack opened his mouth and listened. The sound of a heavy vehicle slowly approaching, combined with the loud barking of house dogs, announced an arrival.

"Run down, my dear boy, and receive him; I'll follow you in a jiffy."

Jack obeyed, and reached the hall just as a loud peal was rung at the hall door. Opening it he perceived a huge travelling coach drawn by post horses, and running down the stone steps, he stood breathless at the coach door. A thin yellow face, decked with a white satin nightcap embroidered in gold and colours, and surmounted by a gold-laced hat, peered forth; a thin white hand, holding a cambric handkerchief over the mouth and nose, was also visible; and, after a pair of cold grey eyes had surveyed Jack from head to foot, from beneath their thick black brows, a thin and muffled voice, proceeding from the folds of the cambric handkerchief, exclaimed—

“Is your master at home?”

Jack started, but answered not.

“Art deaf, sirrah?” resumed the voice, pettishly: “is your master, Squire Warren, at home?”

“Yes,” faltered poor Jack, with a blush.

“Open the door then! Zounds, don’t keep me in the rain and mist, you booby!”

“Here’s a nice beginning!” thought Jack.

Just then Squire Warren appeared from the hall, followed by the butler and attendant footmen.

“Tom, my dear fellow,” he shouted, “how art thou? Come in, come in! You’re heartily welcome to Denham, brother; and we’ll do our best to entertain ’ee.”



"Your rascally knave there gave me but a scurvy welcome, Ned. The lad seems half-saved!"

"That! he!" cried the Squire, laying his hand on Jack's shoulder, "why, Tom, that's Jack. Help your father out, you rogue, and embrace him. What the devil did you take him for, Tom?"

"A footman," said Sir Thomas. "*Larrazée, donnez-moi le bras.*"

A sprightly Frenchman stretched forth his arm, on which the baronet, heavily leaning, entered the hall; and having there embraced his brother and son, they proceeded to the room the two squires had just left, whilst Larrazée and the servants carried Sir Thomas's many packages to the room set apart for him.

Sir Thomas was as tall as the other Warrens, thin as a skeleton; his skin yellow, delicate, fine, and soft as wax, was lined by little wrinkles. His eyes were sunk and cold, his nose and lips finely chiselled, his chin was small and pointed, his expression self-satisfied yet peevish. He had once had a splendid hand, leg, and foot. The hand was white as snow, but thin and shrunk; the long leg still well shaped and fine, but withered and attenuated: a very *roué* looking old leg; the foot small but bony, with evidences of gout having been there. He wore a dark violet velvet coat, waistcoat, and breeches, quite plain, for travelling; laced and ruffled linen, fringed gloves,

red-heeled shoes, with plain gold buckles, and over all a well-furred green velvet wrapper. He carried a light gold-headed cane with gold and violet tassel, his sword he had left in the swordcase of his coach.

"Ah!" he sighed, as he sank into a chair by the fireside, "this climate of yours is a rascally climate, Ned; a *very* rascally climate: it will be the death of me. You look much as you did ten years ago:" and the Baronet took a pinch of snuff from a small French gold box, embellished with pastoral gallantries of the finest jeweller's work, in various-coloured gold.

Squire Warren, rubbing his hands, replied—

"Why, Tom, plenty of fresh air, up early, out rain or shine, a good run with the hounds, plenty of work for the body, very little for the head, roast beef, home-brewed strong and good, and a cheerful mind, the deuce is in it if a man don't wear well with all that!"

"Ah!" again sighed Sir Thomas, and leaning back in his chair, he half-closed his eyes, and steadily surveyed Jack through his half-opened wrinkled lids.

Poor Jack, who was standing before the fire observing his parent with curiosity and astonishment, felt for the first time in his life, as the Baronet's gaze remained fixed upon him, the uncomfortable sensation of not knowing what to do with his arms

and legs, or which way to look, whether to the front, right, left, up, or down. Very different at that moment was the abashed, awkward, young squire, from the same person in the morning proposing for Lydia, and seeing no difficulty in anything. He shuffled first on one foot, then on the other, shifted his hands about, blushed, coughed, and hung his head.

"How the deuce shall I ever tell him about Lydia? Hang it!" thought Jack.

"My dear child," said Sir Thomas, speaking slowly and deliberately, "no wonder I took you for a footman. A more unformed, awkward young fellow I never beheld: *never!* I shall give you every advantage, and superintend your education myself. I see you have not the least notion of presenting yourself; your *tournure* is stiff, ungainly, and more that of a boxer than of a gentleman. You must endeavour to acquire *l'air noble*: but I shall put you immediately into the hands of Dupuis and Couderc, who will instruct you in dancing and fencing, and supple you; and the *manège* will soon give you a proper seat on horseback. I shall employ Lord Langley's tailor for you, as well as his hair-dresser: indeed, I shall propound his Lordship to you as a model to form yourself on. You must acquire a knowledge of the mathematics, history, and polite literature in general, with a thorough

knowledge of French, *la langue universelle*. The French ambassador's chaplain, l'Abbé Potelle, will be your instructor in that and mathematics; and I do hope you will endeavour to second my efforts, and be an ornament to society and your family."

"Yes," said Jack, in the hoarsest and gruffest of all shy voices, wishing himself and his father a hundred miles apart.

"Good gods! what a voice!" cried Sir Thomas, shutting his eyes, and covering his ears with his hands.

Squire Warren came to the rescue.

"You're too hard on the boy, Tom: 'gad you are. You should see him with the hounds, hear him give the view hallo! he'd wake the dead! He's afraid of nothing! he'd ride the devil, and tame him too; and the lad's as modest as a lamb: you'd never find out his qualities from his own showing. All the dogs love him, and the horses too; and there's not a man in the country for miles round that doesn't like and admire young Jack Warren! They all say he's following in my steps, every one of 'em: don't they, Jack?"

"Aye!" in smothered tone from the object addressed.

Sir Thomas smiled superciliously, and tapped his gold snuff-box, crossing his long thin legs, and clearing his voice to recommence his observations.

"*Toc, toc,*" at the door stopped him, and to Jack's

infinite relief, in slept Larrazée ; who, bowing at the door, slid up to his master, saying in a low voice—

“ M. le *Baronette*, veut-il passer à son appartement? ”

The Baronet nodded, rose, put out his hand for his valet's arm, and retired, saying—

“ Good night, gentlemen, I shall not see you again to-night. Larrazée will take care of my supper ; and, pray, follow your own occupations and amusements without regard to me. Larrazée is accustomed to my modes, and will attend to me. Good night!”

“ Mon Dieu, monseigneur ! quel froid : vous en mourrez !” Larrazée was heard to say as they walked off together.

“ Did you ever see such a man ?” said Jack, when the door was shut ; “ I can't live with him, and form myself on Lord Langley, and learn French and heaven knows what all ! What's the good of it ? Hang it !”

“ He'll never consent to your match with Lydia, Jack.”

Jack stamped, and plunging his hands in his breeches pockets, paced up and down the room in silence, with a frown knitting his eyebrows together, and his teeth tight set. Squire Warren clasped his hands over his ample chest, and fell asleep till supper time.

Meanwhile, Sir Thomas and Larrazée pursued

their way to Sir Thomas's apartment, preceded by a servant carrying a light. They passed through the spacious well-warmed dinner room, where the red firelight shone on the round table spread out for three persons.

"Monseigneur soupe-t-il avec ces messieurs?" inquired Larrazée.

"Ma foi, *nong*," replied his master, with a very British twang: for Sir Thomas, though he spoke French with the greatest fluency, and was thoroughly master of every little turn and idiom, had no ear, and never could manage to pronounce it otherwise than as the veriest John Bull. However, he flattered himself that no one would know him from a Parisian, and Larrazée boldly asserted that such was in effect the case.

"Monseigneur ne sera pas de toilette ce soir?" asked the valet, as Sir Thomas sat down on a sofa Larrazée had drawn before the fire, and slowly and heavily drawing up his legs, stretched himself out full length, with a weary long-drawn sigh. He shook his head in reply, and told Larrazée to serve his supper as soon as possible, and to leave him to take a nap "*eng attong-dong*."

M. Larrazée bowed, and gently closing the door, dived into the offices. He soon made his way into the kitchen, where a large box had, by his orders, been transported.

“ Ah! my good lady,” he cried, sliding up to the cook, who was busily engaged at the kitchen fire, “ I shall not *déranger* you, not at all. Pardon, mademoiselle!” to the kitchen-maid, who had jostled him with a great saucepan she was lifting from the fire.

“ My stars!” exclaimed the cook, an old servant of the Squire’s, fat and well-liking; “ why what be that? I take it you’re Sir Thomas’s French frog of a mounseer !”

“ To be sure, cook,” said her handmaid: “ why, what a fright!”

“ Yes, my dear ladies, and your very humble *serviteur*.”

With these words the Frenchman, drawing forth a bunch of keys, knelt down before his box.

“ Just look!” cried the cook. “ Well, mounseer ! what do you want down here? The kitchen’s no place for men; and Sukey’ll pin a dishclout to your tail: won’t you Sukey?”

“ Yes, that I will. Servants’ hall’s for the men, mounseer !”

“ En effet, mesdames, en effet!” said Larrazée, opening his box, and taking out a parcel containing a snow-white jacket, apron, and cotton cap.

“ Come, none o’ your gibberish and impudence here!” said the cook.

“ Oh!” shrieked Sukey, “ Oh! cook !”

“ Oh!” shrieked the cook, “ Oh! Sukey!”

And then, both *en duo*—

“ The brute’s undressing *hissself*!”

Larrazée had taken off his coat and hung it over a chair, had taken off his smart powdered wig and hung it on a peg in the wall. Hearing the ladies’ shrieks, he turned round, and grinning, showed a row of white teeth, which, combined with his sharp little black eyes and well-shorn head, gave him very much the appearance of a monkey.

“ Ape!” screamed the cook.

“ Belzebub!” screamed Sukey.

“ Eh, mesdames,” said M. Larrazée, putting on his white jacket and nightcap, “ why for this rows? You will see me cook a *pree-ty* souper, yes!”

“ A nightcap on before we girls!” shrieked the cook; “ if that’s your French manners, mounseer, *presarve* us from ’em. God save the King!”

Larrazée laughed, and adding an apron to his costume, drew from his box a saucepan, a little brazier, and a bag of charcoal.

“ Ah! voyons—un poulet—*rat-tan-plan*! et vous voilà!” he cried, with an air of satisfaction, as he turned up his sleeves and lighted his fire.

“ What was you pleased to say about us, mounseer? and what are you lighting up that trumpery charcoal thing for?—smelling!” said the cook.

“ My *pree-ty* young lady—*Meese* Sukey, I think



—will you indicate, if you please, where the chickens lodge?" said Larrazée, bowing to blowzy Sukey, and taking a long sharp knife from his box.

"What do you want with master's free-born British fowls?—havr'n't you got any frogs in your box? Don't tell him, Sukey—I'm sure I won't!" said the cook.

"'Pristi en voila une de cuisinière!" said Larrazée; "now, madame the cook, I respect your talents—and yours, mademoiselle! I only ask the least little bit of any chicken to prepare the souper of *Sire Varenne*, my good master. Allons! you cannot deny a *request* so reasonable!" and he stretched himself up, cracked all his fingers at one volley, arched his eyebrows, and looked triumphantly at the two British *artistes*.

"Hoity-toity! supper, indeed! and pray, mounseer *parley-voo*, why can't your master eat *my* supper, the same as Squire Warren and young master does? Answer me that! Scotch collops, broiled *steek*, and *shrid* onions; fried pudding and Welsh *rabbit* to follow; custards and tipsy cake. What have you to say against that? None o' your French messes, covered up with butter, so as you don't know what you're eating of."

"It is *ex-cel-lent*, madame! Diable de femme vas! But my poor master has a very little health, you see; so delicate! your good heart would bleed, quite.

Allons ! where is this lee-tle chicken, so lee-tle, nearly nothing?" and M. Larrazée hung his head and looked insinuating.

After a little more skirmishing, Goody Eccles, the fat cook, relented.

"Get him that fowl out o' the larder, Sukey, and let's see what the ape'll be after. There's plenty of frogs in the pond in the kitchen-garden, mounseer."

"Thank you, madame, thank you. Ah! *Meese* Sukey, the charming chicken! It is all your portrait. Thank you : very amiable! *Vache espagnolle, vas!*"

Goody Eccles sent up the Squire's supper, and then, with arms a-kimbo, watched Larrazée's proceedings.

"Some *crème* and a bit of butter, my good lady, if you please!"

"Give it him, Sukey; they can't do without their messes. Well, for my part, I likes to know what I eat."

Larrazée had soon cooked an excellent delicate little dish, which he served up on a little silver service he took from his magic box. He put on his coat and wig, and, bowing to his late aggressors, hurried up to Sir Thomas's room. He set out the supper on a little table, which he placed by the sofa; brought a bottle of Burgundy from a box in the next room,

and, putting a napkin under his arm, drew himself up to wait on his master.

“Ce plat est des *meillior*, Larrazée!”

“Ah! monseigneur!” and Larrazée spread out his arms, and, making a leg, smiled and bowed.

After Sir Thomas had supped and been furnished with a cup of coffee and a book, Larrazée retired into the next room, and gaily made his supper off the remains of the chicken and wine and a great deal of bread; whilst Squire Warren’s domestics in kitchen and hall were laughing at the little thin Frenchman, and regaling themselves on the “best of meat” and beer. To be sure, they were in better condition than Larrazée: some of them hovering on the confines of apoplexy.

However, before they were all deposited in their respective beds the next evening, they altered their opinion of “Mounseer Frog,” and opined it was a great pity that “Mr. Lazarus,” as they called him, should be “*only a Frenchman*,” instead of an Englishman “*born and bred*.”

This sudden change in public opinion arose from the following circumstance:—

After “Mr. Lazarus” had attended the “*coucher*” of Sir Thomas, and left him to sink to rest by the subdued light of the fire and his alabaster night-lamp, he descended to the servants’ hall, violin in hand, and opened the door just as the butler was

emerging with Squire Warren's well-spiced "*night-cap*."

"Well! my good friends, this very cold night shall I make you dance? And your ladies! where are your ladies? go and pray them to do you the honour of dance with you! Allons, en gaillards!" and with these words M. Larrazée, striking up a brisk country-dance in first-rate style, spun round the room as lightly as a spider hanging by his web; to the infinite surprise of the well-fed, heavy-bodied, and heavy-minded gentry around him. When he had three times capered round the hall, and wound up with a light *entrechat*, he struck the table with his bow. "Come, we must debarass ourselves of him! Allons! fetch the ladies—push that table, and I will arrange for the music." So M. Larrazée perched a chair on a side table, and himself on the chair, and off went the fiddle again, as he beat time with his foot, and watched the servants pushing the long table on one side.

"And the ladies—and the ladies?"

"Here they be, mounseer, as large as life!" cried the senior footman, as the ladies entered with his junior, who had fetched the female household and their gossips from the kitchen fire. The ladies tittered and giggled a great deal, and M. Larrazée, bowing to them, cried in an authoritative voice—

"Gentlemen! choose your ladies! At your places!"

In line! Allez! Up the middle, and back! down once more! cross your hands, and back once more! —*Poussette*—up the middle, *et cétéra!* Now, go!” and raising his foot, he gave a stamp, and his fiddle seemed to shriek and sing with delight.

Off pranced fat cook, Sukey, Polly, and the other ladies; off pranced the butler, grooms, and heavy stiff brown and yellow liveries: up they went, round they went; stumping, kicking, plunging, laughing, panting: never was such a dance. And Larrazée, playing such a variety of tunes, sometimes adding his voice to his fiddle, sometimes calling out: “Attention! en mesure *done!* Ah! les gaillards, les flandrins! *Poussette*, I tell to you! *tra la la! tra la la, tra, lira-lira-la!* Eh! allez donc! Sac-à-pappie! *lira-lira-lira-la!* Now! change your sides, and back once more—that middle and back, you know—set on your *partnère*, allez! go away! the night too cold to stop! TRA LA-LA, *la, la, la, la!* Not to be so rude, gentlemen, if you please! Now! *Sire Roger de Coverlé*, allons! un peu solempnels! Go!”

In intervals of rest the gentlemen thought they could not show their sense of “Mr. Lazarus’s” kindness better than by going one after the other and handing him up a huge brown pitcher, with the observation:

“You must be dry, old boy!”

“Mr. Lazarus” playing desultory snatches on his fiddle, which he held as a guitar and played with his thumb, gracefully bowing over it and shaking his head, refused the proffered pitcher, but begged for a little sugar and water ! The request raised a roar of laughter, but finding he meant it, he was supplied with it ; and then the ball continued, and was prolonged till a late hour.

After this Larrazée was allowed to cook anything he chose, and to do just as he thought fit. He won all the John Bulls’ hearts : with one exception—the heart of a fat, heavy, sulky groom, who worshipped Sukey, and thought Sukey looked too kindly on the Frenchman. Hence muttered threats about “wringing necks” and “knocking heads off,” and sudden boltings into the kitchen, and summary ejections therefrom.

Sir Thomas Warren had been three days his brother’s guest, and Jack had not ventured to say anything to him about Lydia : his father awed and paralyzed him ; why or how he could not tell. Bold as a lion when he was not present, he vowed to beard and brave him. The Baronet appeared, eyed Jack with a dissatisfied mien, made observations on his demeanour and personal appearance, which so subdued poor Jack he could only blush, and speak in the hoarse, gruff voice that so irritated his father’s sickly nerves.

The Vicar asked him what he had said to Sir Thomas, and what was Sir Thomas's reply. Jack felt like a simpleton, and, not daring to own the truth before Lydia, only stammered, and said he would tell him next time. The Vicar smiled and shook his head, Lydia walked to the window, Mistress Freeman coughed: not a word was spoken. This wound Jack up to a pitch of frenzy, and he rushed home, determined to confront his father and stand the worst. Bouncing into his uncle's room to tell him his intention, he only found his father alone, sipping his afternoon chocolate.

"My dear Jack," he cried, his cup arrested half way between the saucer and his lips: "for Heaven's sake tell me if you think that a proper mode of entering a room? I thought the house was on fire, or your uncle in an apoplectic fit! Where *have* you been, what *have* you been doing? What a vulgar heat you are in! This will never do, sir, never! Just leave the room and re-enter it like a gentleman."

Jack had walked very fast, the room was very warm, he felt all his arteries thumping and beating, and his cheeks, nose, and ears burning—

"If I go out," thought he, "I shall never come in again. Now or never! Hang it, who's afraid?" He clenched his fist, pressed it on his breast, and, taking a deep gasp, he said:

“Sir, it’s no use going on saying nothing: I——”

“For Heaven’s sake clear your voice, and don’t speak so loud. You destroy me!”

Without heeding his father, Jack continued rapidly:

“I think you had better leave me here; for I—I’m—you see—because I——”

“My dear child, do try and express yourself distinctly and calmly. What are you coming to? Egad, I expect to hear you have committed murder or highway robbery. Now proceed!” and Sir Thomas, having deposited his cup on the silver waiter beside him, leant his elbow on that of the chair, his cheek on his hand, crossed one leg over the other, and gently tapped his pointed velvet-clad knee with his gold snuff-box.

“I’m all attention,” he said, and shut his eyes. The grey eyes being closed, Jack felt more at his ease.

“Well then, sir, you see I’m going to be married, and want your consent.”

Sir Thomas opened his eyes and fixed them on Jack, without altering his position, or ceasing to tap his knee.

“Oh!” said the Baronet, as if he had just been informed that it was raining, or what time it was.

Jack was crimson; he felt even his back blush, and did not know whether to swear or run away.



His feelings found vent in a hoarse, sheepish laugh. His father again closed his eyes, and murmuring :

“You will soon be very different, I trust and hope,” he continued aloud : “and pray what pretty little Miss is to be the future Lady Warren?”

“Mistress Lydia Freeman,” stammered a gruff and tremulous voice.

“Oh!”

A silence.

“Who may Mistress Lydia Freeman be?” inquired Sir Thomas, rubbing his smoothly-shorn chin, and gaping.

“Dr. Freeman’s daughter.”

“Oh!”

Another silence.

“Pray is Dr. Freeman the village apothecary?”

“No, sir—the Vicar.”

“Oh!”

Sir Thomas slowly took a pinch of snuff, and then examining all the little figures of his box, very listlessly and sleepily, he said :

“And pray, if it is not an impertinent question, when is the blissful event to take place?”

“Directly I have your consent, sir!”

“Oh!”

Silence. Jack wiping his face and forehead.

“How much has your Phillis to her fortune?”

“Little or nothing, sir.”

“The Vicar has consented?”

“He would not, sir, all I could do, till I’ve your consent.”

“Indeed!”—memorandum—“a deep rogue or a great fool.”

Jack’s worst voice of all now demanded in an anxious, strangled tone :

“Will you say yes, sir?”

“Yes!” replied Sir Thomas, carelessly.

“Yes!” echoed Jack, like “*rude Boreas*,” and clapping his hands, darted towards the door, crying:

“Thank you, sir! I’ll just run back to the Vicarage and tell them!”

“Come back, sir! I’ve one or two little observations to make to you first. Sit down!”

Poor Jack, fascinated by the supercilious grey eyes, slunk back, and sat down, his hands on his knees, and his back very much bowed.

“By this time, my dear boy, you must be aware, in some degree, how very deficient you are by nature and through want of education, in all the thousand-and-one little points that constitute a polished gentleman. All this I intend to remedy *de mon mi-oo*, and you must co-operate with me. Now, with a wife, my dear Jack, this would be impossible: you would go through life the bear you are at present—hunting, feeding, and sleeping. By the time you were thirty,

you would be encumbered with eight or nine children, be tired of your wife, and wish yourself and family at the devil!"

"But you said 'yes,' sir," Jack ventured to observe.

"I did, and I say so still; but I shall be so bold as to beg you to put off your wedding-day for two years, when I shall be delighted to repeat the 'yes' I have this day uttered."

Jack sighed, or rather groaned.

"My word," said Sir Thomas, in answer to the groan, "is as the law of the Medes and Persians, Jack. I have only to add that I am sorry you could not have told me this little adventure before, and without all the bouncing, blushing, and choking, you have been treating me to. I hope I shall never again hear you give way to that idiotic laugh about nothing; and now you may go, and take those old hounds with you: they make me quite sick!"

Jack called the old dogs, and escaped as an arrow from a bow.

"Now, sir!" he cried, as he rushed into the parlour at the Vicarage, "we only want your consent. My father says 'yes!'"

"My service to you!" replied Dr. Freeman, looking full of astonishment. "Sir Thomas consented, did he? How so? I can't make it out at all!"

"He said '*yes*' at once, as if he didn't care about it."

"Well! this passes my comprehension; quite passes it—*quite*," said the Vicar, screwing up his placid face: of which Lydia's was the counterpart, only young and feminine. The Doctor had been very handsome in his day. "And what is to become of your sojourn in London, my young friend, and your training for a fine gentlemen, and a parliament man? I can *not* make it out!"

Jack hung his head, and sighed as he answered:

"Ah! there's the rub. My father won't let me marry for two years, and he says his word's the law of the *meads* and *Proosians*, which I take to be something very positive!"

"Oh! say you so?" and Dr. Freeman's face relaxed from the air of puzzled surprise lately depicted on it. "I see, Jack, I see it all, my good friend. How very good!" and the Vicar smiled and chuckled all to himself.

"How? what, sir? I don't understand! what do you mean?" cried Jack, looking very vague.

"Ah; well, my dear lad, I give *my* consent with all my heart, whether for to-day or two years hence; but taking all things into consideration, if you follow my advice, you and Lyddie will not engage yourselves, but see how matters stand this time two years."

“But we *are* engaged, and two years will make no difference. After all, they’ll soon slip by.”

“Now, Jack, listen to reason. You’ve never been farther from home than your hunter has carried you after a fox. You know nothing of life; you can form no idea of town and its pleasures, to which Sir Thomas and his friends will introduce you. Lyddie, dear little puss, is the only pretty young thing you have ever seen, and you will see hundreds of town beauties my little Lyddie couldn’t hold a candle to. You’ll come back a very different man to what you are now. All your tastes and views will most probably be entirely changed; you will not see things as you see them now: you will look on me as an old *fogie*, and on Lyddie as a rustic little maiden only fit to milk cows and churn butter. Take advice, Jack; don’t engage yourself, my young friend.”

“Hang it, sir! don’t turn against me; don’t persuade Lydia of all you’ve been saying to me.”

“I only spoke for your own sake, my young friend! but mark my words—long engagements are bad things, and if you and my little puss enter into one, you’ll live to repent it; you especially, Jack.”

“Well, but I know my own mind, sir. My father will never, as long as he lives, make a fop of honest Jack Warren. I’ve no turn for it. I love

Lydia ; and as for town beauties, I've heard they're all paint and vapours, and that'll never do for me. All I want is plenty of fresh air and freedom, a good horse or two, a good pack of hounds, and a nice little lass like Lydia to my wife, with a good bottle and a hearty welcome for any honest fellow I may call my friend. I can't dress up like my father, and go about in a sedan chair, as they say the young fellows about town do, for fear of splashing their stockings or spoiling their Spanish leather shoes : not I, hang it !”

“ Well, well,” said Dr. Freeman rubbing his little fat hands, “ I've warned you, Jack,—*if* you come back with your present thoughts, you and Lyddie may be as happy as the day's long, for aught I can see. But if, on the contrary, you ——”

“ Oh !” interrupted Jack suddenly flushing, and starting as though he beheld a ghost. “ I have it ! I see it ! That's it, sir ! Gad, who'd have thought it ? It's as plain as a fox's brush. My father thinks all you've been saying, and expects me to come back and flout Lydia at the end of two years' time ! Hang me, if I do though !” and Jack resolutely shook his head, and would have cocked his hat fiercely if he had not been in the house.

“ Do you think so ?” asked the Vicar roguishly.

“ Aye ! that I do. Let a man choose his own line of life, and his own wife. It's all very well ; but at

the end of two years I shall be of age. However, it's no use talking. Hang it! Where's Lydia, sir?"

"Gone abroad with her mother to take tea. Now sit you down quietly, and we'll have a pipe of my best tobacco, a tankard of mild home-brewed, and a little friendly chat; and then you shall go with the lanthorn and gallant them home. You'll be above that, Jack, when you come from town in your gold embroidery and red heels. '*Stap* my breath! Dem'me!' Eh, Jack!" and the Vicar laughed at his own conceits; but Jack looking fierce and melancholy, the Vicar was too kind to continue them.

Sir Thomas Warren never again alluded to his son's intended marriage; but, at the end of a week's time, the heavy coach appeared one fine morning at the hall door; Sir Thomas, in his velvet wrapper, embroidered nightcap, and gold-laced hat, installed himself in it, followed by Larrazée, who took his departure universally regretted.

"I shall expect you this day week, Jack," cried his father. "Be punctual. Adieu, Ned! I shall always be glad to see you in town."

And off drove the great coach with all its contents, whilst Squire Warren and Jack looked after it, each drawing a deep sigh of satisfaction when it disappeared. Jack's journey was to be performed on horseback, and would occupy three long days.

Swiftly flew the intermediate time. The last day's

"*run*" drew near, but Jack's heart gave way, and he vowed he never could "*meet them all*" in the field, knowing it was the last time; so, in melancholy mood, he sought the Vicarage, and never once removed his eyes from Lydia, but sat gazing on her with the tender expression of a fond hound eyeing a beloved and kind master: indeed, during the last half hour, he sat perfectly silent with one of Lydia's little hands in both of his, whilst the Vicar read, and his wife meekly knitted a pair of stockings.

Jack was to meet his old hunting friends at dinner at the Hall.

"You'll be late, my young friend," said the Vicar kindly, as he drew forth a hugh thick silver watch. "Come, children, kiss and part. What are a few minutes more or less? Come!"

"Good-bye, Jack," faltered the tender-hearted Mistress Freeman; and she put down her knitting, embraced Jack, and hurried out of the room, that she might not be present at the parting; as some persons are wont to disappear when a tooth is about to be drawn.

At the Vicar's words Jack grew pale, and felt very cold and slightly tremulous, whilst his heart beat very fast and loud, and his voice stuck in his throat. As the Vicar's lady vanished, he walked to the window, stood an instant gazing at the lawn and walked back again; turned his back to Lydia, who



was silently weeping with her handkerchief to her eyes, and, seizing the Vicar's soft warm hand with a cold hard palm, cried, in a voice that would have sent Sir Thomas Warren from life to death, could he have heard it:

“Good-bye, sir—good-bye——good-bye!”

“Good-bye, my dear young friend, good-bye! Heaven bless you, and bring you safe back. If business calls me to London, I shall find you out.”

Jack wrung the Doctor's hand again and again; then seizing his velvet hunting-cap, he turned suddenly round, bit his under lip violently, and gasped forth: “Lydia!”

“Jack!” sobbed Lydia, and they were locked in each others' arms.

The Vicar gave vent to his feeling in a tender Latin quotation, and Jack dashed from the house, brushing a tear from each eye, and drawing his cap well over them.

How little he thought—— But we must not anticipate and spoil the story.

He reached the Hall just as his uncle and his guests were returning from their day's sport, and warmly and loudly they all greeted him.

Dinner passed off merrily. Poor Jack was rather *distract* and melancholy at first, but he did his best not to prove a “kill-joy,” and every time Lydia's suppressed sobs arose in his memory, he strove to

dislodge the sorrowful recollection with a bumper. After dinner, when the company were assembled round the fire, and the squire had sent round the smoking punch, he arose :

“Gentlemen,” he said, “we’ll drink Jack’s good health. This is his last dinner with us for the next two years. Send he may come back the good honest young fellow he leaves us ! He’s no taste for fopperies and tomfooleries, thank heaven !—Gentlemen, I shall expect that not a man leaves this room till he has done his best ! There are beds for you all, and a clean floor for those who can’t reach them ! Jack’s very good health and safe return ! ”

The Squire’s little speech was received with thunders of applause, and Jack’s health was uproariously drank. The poor fellow began to feel more *en train* ; though, in spite of the merry company and the noise, a chill every now and then came over him. The meeting became more and more jovial and hilarious. Lights were brought. The sturdy “four bottle men” maintained their senses. Bowl followed bowl of punch. Supper came : more wine more punch. At last one little fat squire arose to say a great deal about nothing, and fell under the table. Squire Warren gravely rang, and had him carried off to bed. By degrees everybody sang and talked at once. The good old Squire fell asleep with his head on the table ; snores proceeded

from beneath it. Very late in the evening, Jack and three more were the only waking beings in the room, and the three complimented him over and over again on his prowess, and dared him to go on; which Jack did.

Now, fair and gentle ladies! who imagine that love makes a demi-god of a man, abstracts him from all earthly deeds, and causes him to pronounce continually one loved name when no one hears, to knit his brows and make his fair one his *idée-fixe*, to the utter neglect of eating, drinking, or ordering new garments; who imagine that a man by falling in love has his nature entirely changed, and from an ordinary mortal becomes the extraordinary phenomenon brought forth for your admiration and deception in a novel produced by some sister fair one; who imagine that to enjoy a good dinner, or to laugh, or to attend to any sublunary concern is incompatible with love, because it is what you prettily call “so *very* unromantic” (as if love implied romance: love being a reality, romance a vision); now, fair and gentle ladies who cherish such fond delusions, do not read the little bit about to flow from my veracious pen!

I write of a man who, as such, must act according to his nature, though love happened to be added to his other feelings.

Well, then! Jack continued to drink with his

three friends, till only he and one of them remained; and still he drank on mechanically, and even Lydia, and his father, and his journey, vanished from his brain. At length one alone was left. Jack fell heavily on the floor, closed his eyes in sleep, leaving the victor to "hurrah" by himself, over his prostrate form.

When he recovered his consciousness the clock in the hall was slowly and tranquilly striking five. He was stiff and cold from lying on the hard floor, his head heavy, and his throat parched with a burning thirst. Rising and stretching himself, he looked around. Two sleepers were extended, snoring where they fell; the red light of the expiring embers dimly lighted the remains of the feast, and the candles burnt down to the sockets. Jack sought the sideboard, and from a large silver tankard allayed his thirst with a long draught of cold fresh ale. Then, being fully awakened, the recollection of his misfortunes returned. London—Sir Thomas Warren—Lydia—education—poor Jack!

He lighted a wax-light from the sideboard, and proceeded to his room, the old oaken staircase creaking beneath his steps, the cold air causing his frame to shiver and creep. He threw himself on his bed, and staring at the steadily burning candle reflected on his fate; and never was there a more miserable being than Jack at that moment; about

to quit the life he loved and was formed for, to meet that future life he detested and was so entirely unfit for.

The shrill crow of the cock aroused him from his reverie, and he proceeded to pack his saddlebags, and load his holster pistols, which lay on his table. Then he began to despoil himself of his much-loved hunting garb, in order to array himself in the Lincoln-green suit, which Sir Thomas desired he would wear on the journey. Jack, when he beheld himself in his glass, previous to making his toilette, could certainly not compliment himself on his personal appearance. His face was red and swollen, his eyes were dim and heavy, the powder was half shaken from his hair, and his shirt spotted with wine. Oh, Jack ! if Lydia could have seen you !

“ Hang it ! ” thought the poor fellow. “ I can never take leave of my uncle : I ’ll write to him, and put the note under his door ! ” and so he indited the following epistle, in a large thick hand, and shot it under the Squire’s door ; listened a few minutes to his sonorous snores with fond affection, gave a groan, and rushed back to his room to put on his heavy jack-boots and depart.

“ MY DEAR UNCLE,

“ I can’t take leave of you. God bless you ! Thank you for everything you have done

for me since my mother died. Give my love to Lydia. Take care of yourself. I hope we shall still have many a good run together. Give my love to all my friends. Farewell.

“Your affectionate nephew,

“JOHN WARREN.”

Such was the note of the intended statesman and fine gentleman! Not very promising, it must be confessed, though simple and honest.

But Sir Thomas Warren had decreed that *his* son and heir was to be both statesman and fine gentleman, and his word being as the laws of the Medes and Persians, as he was accustomed to observe with pompous satisfaction, Jack was to be tortured into the man he needed. Sir Thomas never considered that the training would begin rather late in life; Sir Thomas never asked himself whether the elements of the character he had fixed upon for his son were to be found in him; Sir Thomas never asked himself whether, if they were not there, it would be possible to make a statesman and fine gentleman, one or both, without them; Sir Thomas never inquired which would be most likely to make Jack happy, the life he had traced out for him, or that which he would himself have fixed upon, and for which nature had formed him. No! Sir Thomas Warren's son *must*

be a statesman and fine gentleman: such was his word; and his word was as the laws of the Medes and Persians!

Sir Thomas Warren had been all his days a pompous man of pleasure. He married late in life, at two or three and forty, a beautiful girl of seventeen, Lady Lucy Harvey: not that he particularly cared about her, but all the young men were wild for her. She was an Earl's only child, sole heiress to great property; and therefore, having arranged the affair with her mother, the Countess of Ilfley, a handsome widow still young, and not desirous of being eclipsed by her own daughter, he pompously courted Lady Lucy for a couple of months, and then as pompously married her. Poor Lady Lucy expired at the end of four years, through chagrin and *ennui*: it was said she had been forced, in order to marry Sir Thomas, to give up her lover, a young officer of great merit; that he, broken-hearted, had joined his regiment in the West Indies, and plunging into a career of the wildest dissipation, soon ceased to exist; that his death, combined with Sir Thomas's neglect, had helped to mine her constitution and conduct her to the grave.

Her husband, in the most elegant mourning suit, continued sedately to gallant about the metropolis; and, as he hated children, he was delighted to hand little Jack over to his brother, who adored them.

He hoped, now and then in his letters, that his son's education was properly attended to ; to which Squire Warren was enabled to return the most satisfactory answer ; as, indeed, the good Squire opined that no education could be more perfect than that which he afforded his cherished little nephew. The curate instructed him in reading, writing, arithmetic, and morals ; while his uncle undertook his bodily exercises, and made him a first-rate sportsman in all the various branches—hunting, coursing, shooting, and fishing. The boy grew apace. At ten years old he was out with the harriers, at twelve he had followed the fox-hounds. His education was perfect of its kind ; but by education Sir Thomas Warren and his brother the Squire meant very different things.

As he grew older the Baronet twaddled in diplomacy with great pomposity, to console himself for the small success he began to meet with among the fair ones of the rising generation ; for Sir Thomas could never pay his court to any woman who was not young and pretty. In diplomacy, however, he was not particularly happy, although he was far from imagining such to be the case ; and a decoration he received from a petty prince, who could not endure any man about his court who was not *décoré*, very much enhanced his already very good opinion of his statesmanlike qualities.



At length, at the age of sixty-three, he returned home to worry poor Jack. He was, to be sure, very much startled by his son's appearance and manners: the goodness of his heart and the kindness of his disposition he cared not about; but, after the first shock, his *idée-fixe* returned with additional strength, and he placed the whole happiness of his empty life in changing every idea, taste, movement, and look of honest Jack Warren from what they were to what, some persons might have opined, they never could be. And all this, not for the young man's good, but because he, Sir Thomas Warren, chose it so to be.

He arrived in town two days before his son.

Already, l'Abbé Potelle for French, mathematics, and Belles Lettres, Dupuis for dancing, Couderc for fencing, beside Lord Langley's tailor and hair-dresser, were all engaged to be in attendance on the day following Jack's expected arrival in town.

Now, some well-disposed persons might have imagined that all these preparations denoted great and affectionate solicitude on the part of a fond father. Not at all! Sir Thomas rather disliked Jack than otherwise; but he was to succeed to *his* title, and to *his* estates, and to perpetuate *his* renown: at least, so the Baronet imagined.

Jack's apartment, too, was prepared: a large back room on the second floor, with a view of roofs and

chimneys; destined to impress the poor lad with a vehement and melancholy longing for the country, the fresh air, and wide-spread view he had been accustomed to. The room was embellished with one or two mythological pictures, with deities in airy garb; but Jack would have preferred hunting subjects, and never heeded the others. There was a case of books, in tongues unknown to Jack: in short, not one genial object was he destined to view in his new abode, save his hunting-cap, whip and spurs; which he himself hung up in his room, a melancholy trophy of past happy days.

It was on a wet foggy evening that Jack Warren made his entry into the metropolis. The paved streets were dirty and greasy, the lamp-lighters were just lighting the oil lamps, that shone with dim and rushlight shine through the heavy atmosphere. Jack had beheld no town but the little post-town some five miles from Denham Park. The dingy aspect and thick air of London, the silent hurrying passengers, the noisy traffic of the city, with the prospect of meeting his father, all combined to sink his spirits and make him already sigh to be home again: for so he called Squire Warren's kindly abode. Through street and street he rode, oft-times asked his way, directed aright by sober-minded persons, and very wrong by "*wags*." His stout iron-grey steed, unaccustomed to city sights and objects, shyed and

curvetted, and the beholders laughed at the rider for a clown. What is more supremely ridiculous to the cockney mind than a countryman in London, or more supremely laughable to the rural mind than a cockney in the country; each on his respective ground, pluming himself, and feeling his enlightenment, and his superiority over his ignorant and inferior neighbour?

After much ado he reached his father's house, with well-splashed boots and riding-cloak. The porter, who was looking from the window pitying all poor wretches who were not porters in large leather chairs before huge fires, saw Jack draw bridle, and, on a sign from him, grunted and opened the door. He was a cross porter, and habitually overate himself, which might account for the above phenomenon.

"Well! young man," he cried, filling up the doorway, and looking at Jack as if he had travelled from the antipodes purposely to vex and insult him.

"Is my father, Sir Thomas, at home?" cried Jack, eyeing with feelings of repugnance the guardian of his father's stately home.

"Gone to the coffee-house!" returned the porter, with a surly bull-dog bow.

"Oh! where's the stable?" asked young Warren.

The porter, turning about silently, presented a spacious back view, and Jack heard apoplectic grunts, but could not distinguish the words uttered. They

were to this effect, addressed to a young underfootman.

"Here, you sirrah! run and call Sam to take his horse!" jerking his thumb over his shoulder to designate the object he alluded to. "Look sharp!"

The porter then returned to the door, moodily eyeing Jack, till the footman and groom appeared. Jack saw that Sam was a steady fellow and kind, from the manner in which he approached and took the horse, he therefore gave him up to him, with the accompaniment of a half-crown; he then resigned himself and saddle-bags to the young footman, who winked at the porter as he looked at the little baggage, and ushered Jack into an immense dark dining-room, into every panel of which was inserted the full-length portrait of an ancestor of the house of Warren.

Here he threw off his cloak and drew a chair to the fire, when the door opened and Larrazée appeared.

"Ah! monsieur," he exclaimed; "your very humble servant! Ah! so enchant to have the honour to see you here at London. You ought to be broke with fatigue, indeed. Shalls I conduct you to your *appartement*, and command you some supper? Yes! Ah! your mantel—suffer me:" and Larrazée took Jack's dirty cloak without wincing, and preceded him to his room. His lively face and manner, and the interest he manifested in Jack, and all his kind

and polite *prévenance*, were as a ray of sunshine to the poor young squire.

“What would monsieur *préfère* for supper? A little *potage*, one or two *pree-ty* little *entrées*, a cream, some pastry, and then the dessert? A bottle of Champagne to take away fatigue, cup of coffee and a *chasse*? Voilà un joli petit menu, tout-a-fait gentil!” and Larrazée stood in a bowing attitude awaiting the young gentleman’s approbation.

“Much obliged to you,” replied Jack: “but I’d rather have some cold beef and pickles, and a tankard of strong ale.”

“Ah! bien, it will be as monsieur desire,” said the valet bowing, but looking disappointed. “Up here, or in the dining-room will monsieur be serve?”

“Up here, thank you, *Lazarus*,” replied Jack meekly. “I suppose it will be late before my father comes home?”

“*Sire Varenne* will return at eight, to make his toilette to go to Lady Ilsley, Monseigneur’s mamma-in-law: they play very much at cards, and your papa perhaps remain till the morning.”

Larrazée disappeared, and anon appeared a couple of footmen with Jack’s supper; to which he did ample justice. Having dismissed it, but retained the tankard, he drew a large arm-chair to the fire, and proceeded to solace himself, as country squires of that epoch were wont to do, with a long unbroken

clay pipe slightly curved, (none of the black *dhudeens* of this age) filled with fragrant tobacco, the smoke from which tranquilly curled about the apartment in a light grey cloud; and the smoker dwelling intently on his past life and pleasures, thanks to the composing ale and soothing tobacco, began entirely to lose sight of his present situation.

In the midst of his happy reverie, the door was gently opened, unknown to Jack, and his father, softly stepping to the fire, stood before him, like a pale ghost emerging from a mist, *i. e.*, the tobacco smoke,

Jack took his long clay pipe from his lips, arose, gazed an instant at Sir Thomas, who kept his much dreaded grey eyes coldly bent upon him, and then in the very voice which so shook his father's nerves he muttered, "How are you, sir?" and extended his hand.

Sir Thomas took it not.

"I must beg, sir!" he said severely, "that for the future you do not turn *my* house into a tavern! Smoking may pass with fox-hunting squires and country parsons, but no gentleman ever dreams of such a thing. The staircase smells like a tap. What will my people think, and what character will get abroad of you through them? Remember that servants have eyes and ears, and like some secret society confer among themselves of the upper class;

that valets and lady's-maids know more of your friends than you know yourself; and that at the toilet they enliven their master or mistress with sprightly gossip gathered from their own coteries. Pray let me see you throw that long vulgar pipe from your window. And never again let me behold you sitting over a tankard, like a country bumpkin. I have plenty of wine in my cellars which is quite at your service. Ale thickens the understanding and stupifies the brain, and I cannot allow a son of mine to brutify himself with it. Now *obleege* me by throwing away your pipe!"

Having witnessed the execution of the offending pipe, and heard it break on a roof beneath, Sir Thomas wished his son good night, recommending him not to startle the mansion by getting up next morning at cock-crow, and so stalked pompously from the apartment.

Poor Jack finished his tankard and retired to rest, greatly astonished at the luxurious ease and softness of his bed; where he soon sank into a sound and renovating sleep.

So much for Jack's first evening beneath his father's lordly roof.

The next morning his troubles began. The room was so darkened he did not awake till Larrazée stood by his bedside with a tiny cup of chocolate on a silver salver.

"What's that?" asked Jack in a sleepy voice, and rubbing his eyes: "physic?"

"No, monsieur, it is your chocolate!"

"Oh! well, I may as well take it. Gad, it's very nice: only next time, Lazarus, I should like a bowl-full."

"Monsieur shall be obey!"

Larrazée proffered his services to assist at Jack's toilet; which he refused, with the assurance that he should be up "*in a jiffy*."

A knock at his door shortly after was followed by a voice announcing that Sir Thomas waited breakfast for him in his study. Jack opened his door, and stared with amazement at the staircase and ceiling painted in the Louis XIV. style with gods, and demi-gods, and cupid, and the goddesses all arrayed *à la romaine*, not *à la grèque*, and every one with the unmistakable Louis le Grand stamp on them, from Jupiter to Cupid. Mars appeared making a leg to Venus; the warlike god being arrayed in a long Roman cuirass with a Gorgon's head on the breast, a scarlet mantle looped about him like a curtain, a helmet surmounted by a scroll-like dragon, with very large open mouth and clutching paws; knee-breeches, rather wrinkled, descending to the swell of the calf, *cothurnæ* nearly meeting them, decorated with a Gorgon's head at the top, and a drapery proceeding from the said head as a finish to the *chaussure*,



much as a top-boot is finished by its top. I omitted to mention that the dragon on the helmet was shaded by a large plume of scarlet ostrich feathers, and Mars wore his hair long and curling, like the "grand monarque's" periwig. Cupid looked roguishly from behind the god's oval shield; and as for his mamma, she wore her hair dressed like a Court beauty's. Yet, with all this, the whole painting wore an air of majesty and grandeur peculiar to "*le siècle*" in which it was painted. It made unsophisticated Jack Warren quite giddy to look at all these divinities, depicted in the dome which rose above him, and the servant turned on one side to indulge in a grin at his amazement.

On reaching Sir Thomas's study, he found his father arrayed in a magnificent white brocaded dressing-gown, his head covered with his embroidered nightcap, and a slight smell of maréchalle emanating from him. He was counting his winnings of the previous evening, and dropping them into a very long finely netted white purse with gold slides and tassels, smelling of the then elegant odour of musk. The grey eyes were fixed on Jack as he drew near.

"My dear child, you enter a room just like a post-boy coming for orders, and you smell most detestably of tobacco and horses. Sit down. I intend that you should dine and breakfast with me,

whenever I happen to be at home, in order to form you."

Jack sat down with a ravening appetite, and surveyed the table. There he beheld a beautiful tea-service and coffee service, two eggs in Dresden china stands, two rolls, a small pat of butter, and a china cover, beneath which, on a china plate, reposed one muffin.

Jack soon devoured a roll, an egg, and all the muffin, took tea and coffee, and longed for his accustomed beef or ham, and the silver tankard.

"You would no doubt wish to proceed here as you did at your uncle's, like a young cannibal!" said Sir Thomas; "but, my dear child, you must *fine down*: get rid of your red face and coarse appearance, which you will never do on a beef and ale regimen. Why, you live every day of your life like a boxer in training!"

Sir Thomas taking up the paper, Jack imagined he might effect a retreat.

"Where are you going?" asked the Baronet from behind his journal.

"To see my horse," croaked Jack.

"Remember, I absolutely forbid your going to the stables: I have proper people to look after the horses, and it is not necessary you should superintend them. You must break yourself of all those country habits; and recollect, once for all, I intend you for a gentle-

man and a statesman, and not for a stable-boy. Remain where you are; there is yesterday's paper for you: I am expecting two or three people to be here presently on your account."

Jack took the proffered paper and held it before his face; and there he sat, with hungry stomach and vexed mind, staring at, but not reading it, till it was announced that "Mr. Sayers" had called to see Sir Thomas.

"Desire him to come in. This, my dear child, is young Lord Langley's tailor. Your servant, Mr. Sayers."

"Servant, Sir Thomas."

"I want you to dress my boy here, and give him as much an air of fashion as you can. He must have *everything*, from a dressing-gown and morning suit to a full dress suit; two of each."

"I never wear a dressing-gown!" said Jack hoarsely.

A look from his father was his reproof.

The tailor proceeded to measure the victim, tightening the measure round Jack's waist most distressingly. Jack was about to remonstrate, but the grey eyes were upon him. The tailor eyed the young Squire's Lincoln-green suit with supreme contempt.

"Ah! he'll look better soon, Mr. Sayers. I hope you'll do your best."

"You may depend on me, Sir Thomas. I've quite made beaux and '*smarts*' of even more awkward young gentlemen than young Mr. Warren here. I'll show you my patterns, Sir Thomas."

Mr. Sayers' boy being introduced with the patterns, Sir Thomas and the tailor proceeded to choose from among them, without consulting Jack on any one point: he, poor fellow, looking on quite amazed at the velvet, the satin, the silk, the gold and silver lace and embroidery, of which patterns were spread all over the table. He did not in the least understand what his father had ordered for him, though he comprehended that his clothes would be composed of very grand materials.

"What a fool I shall feel like," thought honest Jack.

The tailor was followed by Lord Langley's hairdresser, M. Hippolyte. Jack was made to sit down, and the Frenchman proceeded to untie and examine his hair, talking French with Sir Thomas all the while. Presently several boxes were brought in, from which many wigs in various styles were extracted, and one after the other placed on Jack's head; the hairdresser and Sir Thomas falling back and viewing him, as a painter does to view his picture.

M. Hippolyte next proceeded to the rear, and taking the young man's hair in his left hand, Jack

felt a cold pair of scissors against his poll, and in one instant his tresses were for ever gone !

“Hang it! what the devil are you doing?” shouted Jack, quite forgetting himself, and jumping up.

“M. Hippolyte finds your hair much too coarse and strong ever to dress properly, you must therefore wear a periwig, like most other young fellows of your age.”

So spake Sir Thomas, and laying his thin hand on Jack’s arm, he reseated him.

Larrazée was summoned to assist, and before M. Hippolyte had left the house Jack’s head was shaved as smooth as a pawn’s, and decked with a most becoming powdered wig and bag ; over which the Baronet, valet and *perruquier*, all ecstasised, whilst their martyr steadily averted his eyes from the glass, and felt no spirit for anything.

The next person announced was l’ Abbé Potelle, a tall thin handsome man about fifty, with large gleaming black eyes, his hair cut and powdered, according to the ecclesiastical fashion in France, and surmounted by a black leather *calotte*. He bowed politely to Sir Thomas, and with a friendly air to Jack ; Sir Thomas having announced him to the Abbé as his future pupil.

“Enchanté!” cried the Abbé, and sat down between them.

Jack felt as if the Abbé saw nothing but his new periwig, that he was aware it was a new periwig, and that he thought Jack looked like a very great simpleton in it; which caused Jack to blush and wriggle about on his chair, whilst the thought crossed him that the Abbé must have had a terrible "*crack on the head*" to be obliged to wear that great bit of sticking-plaster over the back of it.

After a few compliments between Sir Thomas and his visitor, the Abbé politely bending towards his pupil, with a pinch of snuff held in the vicinity of his nose, said, "Vous parlez un peu français, mon ami?"

"Eh! I don't understand," replied Jack, gruffly.

The Abbé took his snuff, whisked a few grains of it off his shirt frill, and only pronounced a long-drawn "*Ah!*"

Sir Thomas proceeded to confide to him that his son had lived all his life "*eng province*," and to hope that *Mousiou* l'Abbé with his talent would be able to civilise "*ce povre sauvage*." L'Abbé bowed, ejaculated, smiled, took snuff, and departed; agreeing to commence his lessons the following day, and to send in the necessary books. "*Sire* Thomas, j'ai bien l'honneur de vous saluer. Mr. Ouarrenne, your *homble* servant. We shall do very well, I do not make any doubt, and I shall soon make you speak French like a true *Parisien*. A demain donc!"

The polite Abbé in his heart did not expect much pleasure from, or success with, his new pupil—" *mais enfin*," as he said on quitting the house.

"My dear child, do not sit up there, as though you were a wig-block. Be easy and natural; walk about, take up a book—converse with me: for heaven's sake do something! What do you think of the Abbé?"

"The what, sir?" asked Jack, whose ears were itching and burning from the effects of his new head-dress.

"That French gentleman who has just left, l'Abbé Potelle."

"Oh!—I don't know: he's very thin and yellow, though!"

"My dear boy, you're a simpleton. If you can't make a pertinent remark you had far better make none."

"The dancing-master, Sir Thomas!" said a servant at the door. "I've shown him into the dining-room as you bid me!"

"Very well;" and the servant vanished.

"Now, sir, you are to take your first lesson in dancing of M. *Doopwee*, the greatest master in town, and I hope you will not allow any foolish country *môvaise honte* to interfere with his instructions. There is nothing more vulgarly degrading than *môvaise honte*!"

"I wonder what it is," thought Jack, as he followed Sir Thomas and his rustling dressing-gown into the dining-room.

There he beheld a very little man, surveying the family portraits, and humming a minuet. He was delicately rouged, and wore a black velvet patch, in the shape of a half-moon, at the corner of his left eye. His toes were so much turned out that a spectator standing in front of him would behold the inside of his calf instead of his shin. His neck was long and thin, his shoulders sloping and narrow, his head well poised, his back well drawn in; he carried his arms *en guirlande*, but just then he held his violin behind his back and tapped his right toe with the bow. His wig was irreproachable, with a high tuft in front to add to his stature. He was dressed in pea-green satin and silver, with very high red heels to his shoes, and paste buckles. His nose was of the Roxalane school; a pleased smile ever dwelt on his lips. With the exception of his calves, which were immense, as most dancers' are, M. Dupuis was very thin, and as light as a feather.

Sir Thomas spoke to him a long time in French very emphatically, Jack standing by, at whom M. Dupuis looked from top to toe, with his head thrown back rather on one side, and his eyes half-closed.

"Bien, bien! ah! je comprends—au fait—mais



c'este juste—il est bien guindé—oui, oui, soyez tranquille—remettez-vous-en à moi—j'en ai vu de pires—il n'est pas souple—mais que voulez-vous?—je le rendrai méconnaissable—ah! il fera des progrès il faut espérer—au reste nous verrons—c'est un Hercule—mais tout-a-fait.” These and such like observations accompanied Sir Thomas's speech and little M. Dupuis' survey.

As the Frenchman could not speak English, the Baronet was obliged to interpret all he said to Jack.

“Stand in the middle of the room!”

Jack obeyed.

After a little preliminary drilling, during which M. Dupuis forced back Jack's gigantic and stiff shoulders and arms, at the risk of dislocating his own, he uttered, “C'est fatigant,” and stood before his pupil, heels together, toes in line, chest out, back in; then collecting the fingers of each hand in a bunch, he brought their tips together with well rounded arms, raised them united slowly above his head, turning his chin over the right shoulder, and, spreading them slowly out, brought them by degrees to his sides, and his face to the front; and so on, alternately looking over each shoulder.

“Comme ça—allons!”

“You're to do as M. *Doopwee* has just shown you.”

Jack, with crimsoned face, put his hands together,

and precipitately went through the evolution, without looking over his shoulder, and with feet wide apart.

“ Non, non—voyez—regardez-moi donc—comme ça—cambrez-vous—voyons ! ”

Sir Thomas explained, and Jack did as before.

“ Et les pieds ! ” cried Dupuis, pushing them together with his toe. “ Ah ! tournez-les au moins, allez, allez ! ” and, finding he could not turn Jack’s feet out with his fiddle-stick, he stooped down and pushed them out with his hand. Jack tottered, and spread out his arms.

“ I shall tumble down, sir. ’Pon my soul I shall, if he goes on ! ”

“ Nonsense, sir ; pay attention ! ” and Jack stood *tant bien que mal* with his toes turned out and his heels together, whilst every now and then little M. Dupuis pushed his knees back to straighten them. Next came “ *les pliers*. ”

The dancing-master placed a chair before Jack, which he, in the innocence of his heart, imagined he should have to jump over.

M. Dupuis stood before him, curtseying up and down, his heels close together, and his knees at his lowest bend forced back in line with his shoulders. He allowed Jack, as a beginner, the indulgence of holding the back of the chair, but Jack, being long-legged and tall, could descend but a very little way ;

his knees, not being forced back, coming in contact with the back of the chair.

M. Dupuis curtseyed and talked, and rapped Jack with his bow, and sang, clapping his hands to make him bend in time; he even played his violin, raising it up and down, and marking the notes and stamping his foot with the same view; but Jack had no idea of time, and went up and down anyhow, hurting his knees against the chair, feeling very red, very hot, very hungry, very melancholy. Sir Thomas fretted and fumed, and took snuff, and began curtseying himself to show Jack how, and beat time with M. Dupuis; but all without effect. Jack thought it all abominable nonsense, and was too shy even to try and do better: had he been of modern days he would have said "*humbug*," but the word was not then invented.

After half an hour's torture, M. Dupuis declared that that was enough for the first time, and took his departure; very much tired by "*ce colosse*," as he inwardly called Jack, and retained to resume the lesson every other day.

Directly he left, Jack rubbed his knees, rounded his shoulders, and fell into his every-day posture; while Sir Thomas rang for his "nooning," as luncheon was then called. Jack rather cheered up, but his countenance fell when he beheld a plate of Savoy biscuits and a bottle of Cyprus wine. Sir Thomas

elegantly dipped his biscuits in his wine, lecturing his son all the while. Poor Jack had four biscuits for his share, his father eating two; and then he took two glasses of wine, Sir Thomas contenting himself with one. Still the poor fellow felt like a Newfoundland dog fed on pound-cake, and, after a little deliberation, hunger getting the better of him, he hoarsely said—

“I’m so hungry, sir! if you object to meat, couldn’t they bring me some bread and cheese—I shall die!”

“Immortal gods!” shrieked Sir Thomas, cowing his son with the most supercilious of smiles. “In two hours you will dine! Bread and cheese! Perhaps you would like to go down and dine with my people? I shall now dress, and then carry you abroad in my chariot to one or two shops before dinner. You may go to your room till the chariot comes round. Don’t keep me waiting.”

Jack flew to his room, tore off his wig, threw himself on his bed, and swore like a fox-hunter. Hunger does not improve the temper. Then he thought of Lydia and his uncle, and his favourite dogs and horses, and the fresh air and good cheer he had left, and it seemed to him a whole year since he had bade farewell to all his delights.

“Two years,” he thought, “two years! If my father goes on in this way I shall be dead long before

that! I can *never* learn to dance, I'm sure I can't; and as for French—oh! hang it all!” and he began again to swear and bemoan himself. After a time he fell asleep.

“Sir Thomas is waiting, sir!” and a tap at the door aroused him. He jumped up, seized his hat, and darted downstairs. Porter, footmen, and butler, were in the hall, which he passed to reach Sir Thomas's study. A titter arose on all sides, which grew to a laugh, loud and irresistible, as he closed the study-door.

“What's the matter?” thought Jack.

“If you behave in this manner, to brave and insult me, sir! you will live to repent it,” said Sir Thomas pompously.

There was a silence. Jack looked about him with open mouth, and said—

“I don't know what you mean, sir!”

“Look in the glass, sir. Larrazée, hold the glass to him!”

“Ah! monseigneur,” cried the valet, doing as he was desired: “I am quite certain *M. Varenne* forgot. Was you not forgot by accident, sir?”

Jack cast his eyes on the glass, and there beheld a blushing face and shaven crown! He, in his hurry, had forgotten to put on his new periwig! Poor Jack felt inclined to roar with rage on seeing himself in the glass.

"How Lydia would hate me and my shaved pate," thought he, not heeding the remarks and sarcasms of his father.

Larrazée, muttering "Pauvre jeune homme! c'est bête, mais c'est pas méchant," had darted up to Jack's room for the wig, and now returning with it on his hand, soon made Jack as smart as ever; then he and his father being seated in the chariot, gilt, painted with pastoral subjects which Sir Thomas much loved, and lined with pale straw-coloured silk, they drove off; three footmen up behind, two sleek white Flanders mares to draw them, and the fattest of fat coachmen on the box.

The chariot smelt of musk, only one glass was a little way down, Jack's head throbbed, and the veins in his forehead swelled. His father made a very long speech on his lack of *amour propre*, and his "low tastes;" all unheard by Jack, who gasped in his corner, and longed to kick his foot through the glass in front of him.

At length the chariot stopped before a jeweller's shop. Sir Thomas ceased talking and looked round. "My dear child, what an insufferable lout you are. Arrange your wig, sir! you've contrived to push it forward over your eyes!" but Jack's little efforts made matters worse, and his father was obliged to do it for him.

"How blood-shot your eyes are, like a stage-

coachman or a boatswain's mate: you must have some rose-water. Get out, sir! don't you see the door is open?"

Poor Jack obeyed, but not bending low enough, hit his head, and, missing his footing at the same time, fell back on the soft carpet of the chariot in a sitting posture, his legs out on the steps. The servants with their long canes were convulsed; whilst Sir Thomas swore, and the little "*gamins*" stared in, supposing the gentleman to be taken ill in his coach. Sir Thomas having administered a series of little pettish kicks to his son, Jack awoke from the stupor into which his sudden fall had plunged him, and the two gentlemen entered the jeweller's shop.

Great was Jack's amazement at the treasures there displayed, and the glitter that surrounded him! He turned about with the slow, open-mouthed demeanour of a peasant at a *ménagerie*; whilst Sir Thomas, with his cane suspended to his wrist, and his hat beneath his arm, made the purchase of four pair of knee-buckles, and the same number of shoe-buckles, of silver and gold, in paste, and in diamonds: all for Jack. Turning to ask Jack's opinion he beheld his gigantic son, with his hands in his pockets, "*moon*ing" about him. Sir Thomas said nothing, but desiring the man to send the buckles, tapped Jack's arm and regained his chariot. Jack followed.

"Draw up the glass," said Sir Thomas with a pettish wave of the hand.

Jack obeyed, pulled up the heavy glass, let go the holder, and down it slid again; Jack was not initiated into carriage mysteries. Sir Thomas shrugged his shoulders, took snuff, gave him a lesson in putting a glass up and down, and the chariot rolled softly on; the Baronet lectured Jack; the musk smelt, the young squire felt suffocated, and so they arrived at the sword-cutler's.

As the carriage drew up, a gentle pleasing voice was heard at the glass which Sir Thomas had let down. The Baronet leant forward and blocked up the opening, in order that the person addressing him might not see Jack: deemed by his father not yet *présentable*; and whose round and burning face certainly contrasted strangely with his very white wig, giving him the appearance of a red rose tipped with snow.

"Delighted to see your *Ludship*: hope you're well!"

"Quite well, I m *obleeged* to you," returned the voice.

It proceeded from a young man of five-and-twenty, well made, light and active, upright as a dart, but with the ease and grace of a man accustomed from childhood to bodily exercise. In those days the tutoring of the body was deemed essentially neces-



sary to every gentleman: to move with ease and *disinvoltura* was as much to be desired as any other accomplishment. Ah! could one of the élite of those days arise from his grave just to behold a modern young gentleman shoot into a *soirée* imagining he is "*being looked at*," stare wildly for the lady of the house, wring her hand, and subside with his back against a doorway, like a Guy Faux propped up and waiting to be carried his rounds!

To return to the young man at the carriage window.

He was very fair, with fine features and good-natured eyes of turquoise blue. He wore a plain morning suit of claret-coloured velvet, a black stock, and long boots. His attitude and manners were distinguished and easy, and his bow and mode of raising his hat, when after a little further conversation he took his leave, were quite perfect.

"There, my dear child," said Sir Thomas, turning triumphantly to poor Jack. "There! That was young Lord Langley! There is a model for you. I intend soon to present you to him, and I desire you will copy him most attentively. Good heavens! what is to be done with that red face of yours? I do believe I must have you let blood!"

After the purchase of three swords and as many canes, for different degrees of dress; also two gold-laced tiny French hats, and two silver-laced, the

best being decorated with a fringe of white feather ; after, furthermore, purchasing for Jack an embroidered nightcap, a watch and different seals and chains, and half a dozen snuff-boxes, Sir Thomas gave the word "*home*." The victim, to his infinite relief, had done with the scented chariot for that day, at all events.

Larrazée was desired to fill one of Jack's snuff-boxes with "*scented rappee*," that Sir Thomas might instruct him in the art of snuff-taking.

"I can't take snuff, sir; 'pon my soul I can't: it makes me sneeze so," cried Jack, as Larrazée, with a bow, put a little enamelled oval snuff-box into his honest brown hand.

"I desire you will try, and persevere till you overcome the habit of sneezing:—a very low, nasty habit. Now observe, and do just as I do. Open your box—easily, gently! Take a small pinch between your fore-finger and thumb, so; round your other fingers gracefully; bend slightly on one side,—not so, as if you were going to fall off your chair, but so, as I do; and take your snuff quietly, without snorting or noise. Gods! you make a noise like a pig: gently, sir! gently, now——"

Sir Thomas was interrupted. Jack, who had followed his movements as a child follows those of a leader in a game, now burst into a paroxysm of sneezing, loud and deep; drawing in his breath, shutting his eyes, bowing his head backwards and

forwards, uttering the most astounding sounds without intermission, till he had perpetrated above twenty sneezes—cyclopean sneezes, violent enough to break the windows and kill his father; whom he confronted with red face and streaming eyes, as he gruffly muttered—

“I told you so, sir!”

“You must take two or three pinches a day, sir, till you accustom yourself to it. At present you take it like a bear. But patience! we shall form you in time.”

Jack only responded by blowing his nose like a trombone, and giving a few more parting sneezes. Sir Thomas sighed.

“I had no idea,” he said, “any human being *could* be so uncultivated! The more I see of you, the more astonished am I. If you blow your nose in that detestable and overpowering manner, you will shatter every one’s nerves, and throw our fine ladies into hysterics: it is just like the newsman’s horn. Your exploits of this morning have quite unstrung and fatigued me, and you do not appear to do your best to co-operate with me. However, I must hope better things of you in future. Heigh-ho! Would I had had Lord Langley to my son!”

“I wish you had,” thought Jack, “with all my heart,” and gave his last sneeze.

The announcement of dinner put an end to the

scene, and poor starved Jack really hoped he should have something to eat. Sir Thomas kept two cooks, a plain cook for the servants, and a French one, with all his *appanage*, for himself. There was soup, of course, into which Jack put a quantity of bread, and sucked it with a hungry and loud noise. There were various little dishes, to which he helped himself three or four times from each; there were various kinds of *pâtisserie*, which disappeared before him like snow before the sun. He filled his mouth too full, and once, perceiving Sir Thomas's grey eyes fixed wrathfully upon him as he was in the act of drinking, he put the finishing stroke to his enormities by a loud and strangling choke.

Dessert was placed on the table. Jack had not half dined, although he had done his best: Sir Thomas eat so little, and the dishes were so light, and the courses removed so soon, that he really had not fair play. Imagine a strong, healthy, gigantic young man from the country put on the same regimen as an old town beau—a young man accustomed to field sports and country cheer. If such an one should, by the most remote chance, read this little tale, he will fully enter into the unfortunate Jack's feelings.

The servants having quitted the room, Sir Thomas cleared his throat drily, and proceeded to point out all the enormities Jack had been guilty of during

the repast; instructing him that he should not suck his soup, that he should help himself but once to each dish, that he should break his bread and not cut it, &c., &c.; and lastly, that if ever he heard him choke again he would disinherit him. Now, Sir Thomas was perfectly right in all his remarks and lessons: but the idea of making Jack the object of them! There was much more difference between a country squire and a town gentleman of those days, than there is between their descendants; and Jack, without mother or sisters, and brought up by a bachelor uncle, was a very rough specimen of country manners. After his oration, Sir Thomas dozed, and Jack took that opportunity to raise his wig and rub his head, and help himself to wine, cake, and fruit like a schoolboy.

The next move was to the Baronet's room, where a little card-table was laid out, at which he placed himself, making a sign to Jack to take the chair opposite to his own.

"Have you any idea of cards? Can you play any game?" inquired Sir Thomas, as he took up a pack and shuffled it, with his thin delicate hands.

"An old gipsy once told my fortune, and Lydia's with them, and said we two should never be one: an old storyteller! That's all I know of 'em," returned Jack, blushing at having spoken of Lydia.

"It is absolutely necessary," said Sir Thomas,

“you should be able to play cards. Not that I mean you to be a gamester: far from it; but you should be able, with indifference, to win or lose, every night, any little sum you may set apart for that purpose. And pray never again let me see you blush like a bumpkin, because you happen to speak of a young creature you have a fancy for.”

Sir Thomas then endeavoured to teach Jack piquet, as a beginning. He had no idea of cards, was obliged to be taught the difference of spades, clubs, hearts, and diamonds, the value of the court and other cards: all which amused him very little indeed, and puzzled him extremely; then he could not contrive to hold his cards without dropping some, never could tell the king from the queen, felt very sleepy from the faint heat of the room, and finished, after swallowing an infinity of small yawns, by opening his red mouth and giving one like a lion.

“Upon my word, Jack, you will destroy me! you will indeed! If I were not your father I should call you out, supposing you meant to insult me. I cannot present you in company till you get rid of some of the most violent of your habits. You might actually yawn before ladies. Good heavens, what an idea! Come, sir, it is your turn to play.”

The game dragged on till the announcement came that “Mounseer Couderc” was in the dining-room.

“Your fencing-master,” said Sir Thomas; and,

turning to the servant, "light the dining-room, it is growing so dark!"

Jack felt a degree of pleasure. Fencing promised well; but he wished his father would not employ so many "French frogs" as he termed them.

M. Couderc was a very fierce "frog" about forty; strong, square-built, and active; his natural strength and activity rendered still greater by continual exercise in active sports. He stood up so lightly and strong on his feet, that he appeared to rest only on the point of his great toe; he was set up on his haunches, and when he turned his head his chin was in line with his shoulder. He was stout without being fat, his countenance lively and sharp, his face slightly marked with small-pox and pale. He wore his own hair well dressed, curled, powdered, and tied, a very dark green velvet suit with a narrow silver lace, and an immense enamelled ring on his fore-finger. M. Couderc was a *fanfaron*, and detested the English.—"Chiens de *rosbifs*," he was wont to say to his allies, "canaille de première force; mais leurs *guinées*, c'est différent—ah; mais *très* différent, vois-tu; et d'ailleurs il-y-a du plaisir à leur flanqué de bons bottes même avec un fleuret! Sont-ils gauches? sont-ils guindés—sont-ils mal appris—sont-ils gourmands—sont-ils detestables?—mais aussi sont-ils riches—sont-ils *bé-ê-êtes* à trois accens circonflexes ces milors *godems*, bourrés d'or, ces *boule-dogues* sans

cervelle?—c'est à faire crêver de rage ou de rire, l'un ou l'autre, *nom d'un petit bon homme!*" And thus did his bile overflow: but M. Couderc contrived to pocket his guineas and his rage at one and the same movement.

He bowed with supercilious politeness and a slight dash of ferocity, as the two gentlemen entered, and listened with his chest stuck out, as Sir Thomas recorded how Lord Langley had recommended him, and how he was expected to aid in the enterprise of civilising Jack.

"Bien!" he replied, and turning to Jack with a taunting air, "you are not *abel* to fence, sir, I think?"

"Yes, I am," said Jack.

"It does not appear as if you could," said his master, taking up a foil; "allons! en garde!" and M. Couderc fell into his position with the greatest ease and grace imaginable, looking at Jack with a sarcastic smile, and stamping his foot resolutely.

"Thank Heaven! you are able to do something," cried Sir Thomas. "Come, take up your foil; don't you see you are keeping M. Couderc waiting?"

Jack did as he was bid, and crossed his foil with the Frenchman's; but Jack was very slow and heavy, and more fitted for quarter-staff than for fencing: he was no match for M. Couderc's strong supple wrist and quick eye. Poor Jack was touched



whenever the Frenchman chose, and his foil sent flying perpetually, much to his wonder and mortification.

“You see now!” cried M. Coudere, putting his left hand into his breast, and resting the button of his foil on the tip of his right toe, “you are capable to make infinite pokes with a foil, but for fence—no! You are like a piece of iron, so *steef*, so hard; you take too much force—you have not a wrist I don’t think at all—you fence with your shoulder—it is the wrist! *souple*—delicate—strong—firm—light—*c’est ça!*—and your position!—no grace—no ease—nothing—and *longe* so heavy, like a great *beer*-horse—no spring—*pouf, pouf, pouf,!*—ah! *c’est détestable,*” and making a pirouette on his heels, and putting his foil on the table, he informed Jack he must perfect himself in a variety of suppling exercises before he would allow him to touch a foil, even with the end of his finger: and so the lesson was passed in manœuvres and postures that made the young Squire ache all over.

M. Coudere remained above an hour, and before he left he had informed Sir Thomas and his son of the number of duels he had fought, the number of wounds he had received, and the number of men he had slain. This was a favourite theme of his; though he was apt to vary the mode of slaying the same person every time he recounted his death. One

story he much delighted in, and in the finale of that he never varied. He told how, having insulted a "*chevauleger*," the soldier had challenged him; how they had met, had fought; how his sword broke and his enemy's entered his shoulder! "Tout autre que moi se serai rendu!" But no, he jumped one step to the right, made a dart at his foe—"crac!"—ran between his legs, and, "flan!" threw him over his head, which so stunned him he could fight no more.

"Lor!" cried Jack.

"My dear child!" said Sir Thomas, when the professor had taken his departure, "I do not wish you to copy M. Cooderc in anything but his fencing, which is excellent. It is a most ill-bred proceeding to take up the attention of any company with histories of yourself, your affairs, your maladies, your griefs, your exploits, your sentiments—in short, to make 'I—I—I' the theme of your discourse. Epictetus condemns this vulgar practice; and yet it is still too prevalent. If another be guilty of it, listen to him most attentively, without impatience or ill-humour, but beware of it yourself. You may be days with a man of the world or a man of quality, and you will find that you know nothing of his domestic concerns or of himself; you cannot be an hour with a vulgar cit, but you will have learnt his income, the number of his children, the illnesses he has endured, his domestic griefs, his politics what dishes he likes and

dislikes, his name, his age ‘*come Christmas,*’ the street he lives in, and even the number of his house. He never considers whether his information entertains you or not, but grinds on that he may have the intoxicating delight of talking of himself. He does not care who listens to him, and two such beings meeting will contrive each to be talking of himself at the same moment.”

Here ended the lecture, and Jack looking very heavy and stupid, Sir Thomas dismissed him to rest, and desired Larrazée to wash his eyes with rosewater, and anoint his bluff visage with an emollient cosmetic.

Thus passed Jack Warren’s first day in town, and for six weeks more each day was much the same; except that his father having one day asked him who conquered England, and he, Heaven knows why, having answered “*Marshal Saxe!*” Sir Thomas thought fit to undertake a course of history with him: whether more tedious to the teacher or to the learner I will not undertake to decide.

Jack appeared every morning in a magnificent sea-green brocaded dressing-gown, and cherry-coloured nightcap embroidered in gold; and his toilet was put under the superintendence of Larrazée. By this, Jack was a gainer. Larrazée, like a shrewd clever Frenchman, good-natured withal, saw, as he said, the situation at the first glance—namely, that it was madness of *Sire Varenne* to suppose he could ever

make anything of Jack, and that it was a shame so to torture and torment such a “bon diable” as that, instead of letting his days run peaceably by “dans ce vieux trou,” where his childhood had been passed; that if he underfed a “gross rosbif” like Jack, he would give him the dropsy and kill him; wherefore Larrazée took him under his protection, and instead of the morning chocolate, supplied him with his much-loved tankard and beef, and the same when he attended him at bed-time. “Pauvre garçon,” he would say, “mais comme ça mange, pristi!”

Lydia had felt very forlorn after Jack’s departure: she had been accustomed, from childhood, to see him run in and out at the Vicarage whenever he thought fit so to do. She missed him sadly, and loving him as a brother, easily imagined she felt a very tender passion for him.

Christmas came with its good cheer, and the mirth which then attended it. Poor old Christmas! he is very old now, and I fear in his dotage, so dull has he become.

However, then, a merry Christmas came, all holly and misseltoe, and feasting and dancing and laughing: all charming things in their way, though better would it be to fix them for New-year’s day, than on such a solemn *fête*.

Lydia loved dancing with all her innocent little heart, and would go any distance to dance, and

would smile all the time she danced, and would never be without a partner. All the young squires were her humble servants, and the poor curate was her unfortunate slave; but she loved "*dear Jack*" better than any of them, and missed him dreadfully at the Christmas gaieties: though her engagement with him being a secret, every man not the *soupirant* of another was on the *qui-vive* to win her for himself.

Lydia could not dance minuets, but a good country-dance was her delight, and she danced so well and lightly that the Vicar would follow her with his eyes up and down till he felt inclined to go and caper himself. The country dance is a good honest old English dance, fit for this land. See how every one brisks up when a country dance is announced, and how much at home every one appears directly to be! See the same beings labouring at a polka: which most of the men have learnt from sisters or other young ladies, and which they usually dance flat-footed with bent knees! See them hug their partner so close as to crush the bouquet on her corsage; which lack of courtesy the young lady feels, and is too timid to resent or resist, but continues to hop up and down among the *cohue*, breathless, her chin over her partner's shoulder, her face flushed and terrified, and her eyes wild; whilst he takes her on, his forehead more than moist, panting, stamping, running against other barks in the agitated polka-sea, voting

it “*such fun*” and that “*the girls*” like it. Anon they stop, like overdriven posters after a long stage. The young lady, with heaving shoulders, hides her face in her bouquet; the gentleman “*blows*” and draws forth his handkerchief; they gasp a few words—after a space he puts his arm suddenly round her waist, utters “take another turn”—and off they go again, jerking up and down, and looking like two tumble-down wax-work figures from “*Mrs. Jarley’s wax-work show*” stuck up *pro tempore* with their heads over each other’s shoulders.

Oh! young ladies, how the polka puts you at every stranger’s mercy: but there are bright exceptions. See it danced abroad! No jumping mob all over the room, but a regular order preserved. See the *cavalier* take his *dame*, upright, light, merely touching her hand and waist, her toilet not *défraichie* by him; see him conduct her the proper number of turns and stop every now and then, before either of them can look ugly or disarranged from heat and lack of breath; and see the *cavalier’s* polite inclination when they are about to start again! Some persons say the polka is “*so ungraceful*” and “*such a romp*.” The English—with, as I before said, some bright exceptions—make it so: but then it is “*great fun*” and “*so easy*.” Papas and mammas allow it, and tell their daughters they should not permit their partners to hold them so tight; and the

young lady's dresses are made dingy by the young gentleman's black coat sleeve around her. Imagine a *Parisienne* allowing such a thing, or a *Parisien* being guilty of it!—But so it is here, and parents say not “*nay*,” and the sport continues; and then comes a descent for ice, in which there is “*more fun*,” and the young lady talks nonsense, and the young gentleman draws her out to a large extent: especially if he is a good match, or very good-looking; and that over, he hands her back to her mamma again!

Little Lydia underwent none of this “*fun*” and bouquet-crushing; no squire except old Squire Warren had ever caught her under the mistletoe; she danced away gaily and innocently, and poor Roger Brown, the curate, would sit in a corner and sigh, and never take his eyes off her,—Roger did not dance. And, the festivities over, Roger would return to his lodging, two rooms in a farm-house, where a dim rushlight awaited his arrival, and plunge into his hard bed, and wonder whether he should ever have the courage to pay his addresses to Lydia, and if he did, whether she would ever return his affections! No, Roger Brown! Lydia would never love *you*!

Poor Roger! He was the gentlest and most humble of human creatures. The greater part of his little salary went to the poor, his time and

advice likewise; the charity he could not give in coin. he gave in care and kindness: he had been known to sit an hour nursing a sick baby by a cottage fire, to enable its mother to go and visit her dying old father, which she could not otherwise have done. Every one loved and respected him, both high and low, and listened fondly to his meek sermons pronounced in a feeble voice and low. But Roger was ugly to look upon; thin and bent, his face sharp and pale, and his faded blue eyes were rimmed with pink. A large clerical wig, rusty garments, that always seemed to flutter in the breeze, thin calfless legs arrayed in black worsted stockings, huge feet in yet larger shoes, these decked with immense clumsy steel buckles, large thin hard hands, red in summer, blue in winter, hesitating speech, shy awkward manners and downcast eyes. No, Roger! Lydia would never love *you*, except as the rest of the parish loved you. And poor Roger instinctively felt this; and yet Roger loved on, without a gleam of hope: except now and then, when he was in very good spirits, he might for an instant entertain a spark of it, much such a feeble ray as his rushlight would have shed in a fog, and then reason stepped in and—out it went! Once, indeed, elated by a good supper and subsequent punch at a neighbouring mansion, Roger's imaginations quite ran away with him, and he actually made unto himself a lovely



and cheerful picture, in which Lydia was represented as Mrs. Roger Brown, and there were some little Browns, and a good living, and happiness without end, and he so *very* kind to Lydia, and Lydia so fond of him, and Dr. and Mistress Freeman coming to stay with them, and Lydia going parish rounds with him! He slept, he awoke. Alas! a dreary foggy morning—his beautiful picture rubbed out—and Roger with the headache! Roger must have been tipsy the night before—a meek and humble tipsiness!

Lydia now and then heard from Jack, and received many little gifts from him; all pretty little delicate toys and trinkets, which proved the poor fellow's affection for her. His letters were short and clumsy, but Lydia always smiled, and said "*dear Jack,*" when she had finished them; and she kept them tied up with a pink riband, in a sweet smelling little Indian cabinet in her room; in which she also deposited his various gifts: little shoe buckles, fans, necklaces, knots of riband of different colours, a gold *etui*, a velvet with pearl clasp for her little soft white throat, &c., &c.

When Jack sent the velvet, he said in his letter, "Wear it for my sake, and look like a little tender dove."

"Very good!" cried the Vicar, "a very pretty thought. 'Gad, I shall turn it into Latin verse!

Jack's getting on, upon my word he is! 'Tis not like himself! What a place town is!"

The fact is, Jack had shown his intended gift to Larrazée, who had supplied him with the idea.

He always wound up with protestations of eternal love; which, though the spelling was not quite irreproachable, expressed the real feelings of his heart.

The more Sir Thomas and his coadjutors tormented Jack, the more he detested London and his mode of life, the more fondly his thoughts turned towards Lydia, and the free country life he was firmly bent on leading the moment he could escape from his father's civilizing clutches.

Sir Thomas after a time, and when Jack was becoming a little less stiff in his wig and town garments, conducted him to various public places, where he might see and improve his taste without taking any part himself in the proceedings. But Jack had no taste for any of them except the Theatre, where he beheld the "Beggars' Opera," and could not divest himself of the idea that it was real. As for the coffee-house, it was a purgatory to him. There he sat listening to conversations he could not understand. The men around him talked politics, fine arts, literature, travels, scandal, town life, and adventures—all so much Hebrew to Jack: except sometimes the latter topic, from which he gleaned ideas of midnight

riots and of fighting watchmen, at which he sat grinning, much to Sir Thomas's horror and disgust. He imprudently revealed to his father, as they returned home, that he thought it would be good sport to see a little of that kind of life; that he could box capitally, and thought he should make a figure among the choice spirits he had been hearing about.

Sir Thomas absolutely shrieked.

"You are a low ruffian, sir!" he said angrily, "or you would willingly become one. For all you have seen or heard since your arrival you have expressed no approbation; you hear of Mohawk rows, and those you wish to join. You are a shy bumpkin, and *must* mend your ideas. Many a young fellow has been irretrievably lost, through what I can only call *low shyness*. Abashed in the presence of people of his own rank; afraid to move, look, or speak in proper society—more particularly in that of ladies—he plunges into that beneath him. There he is at his ease; there he laughs, talks loudly, treats every one, is flattered, caressed, made a god of, and ridiculed behind his back! There he sacrifices reputation, fortune, health: and why? Because, forsooth! he is *so shy* with proper people; thinks them so stiff, cannot take his proper place, or feel his proper dignity and self-respect. My dear child, you absolutely shock me. If a young fellow happens to make one

in a gay party—of gentlemen, understand me; if they happen to take a little too much—enough to fluster them, I am not so cynical or prudish as to condemn them for any little rows they may get into: far from it: I like to see a man with the spirits of his age, provided he acts as a gentleman; but to wish to mix in that sort of town life you have been hearing about because you box well, and fancy you should make a figure among those ‘*choice spirits*.’ Gracious heavens!—what a grovelling idea.

“I will suppose you are not aware of the enormity of your wish; that you do not know the degradation and vice it would lead you into, shy and foolish as you are with your equals. Never again repeat it: at all events in my hearing! I shall keep watch over you; and send Heaven, you may improve more rapidly than you have hitherto done! Of all earthly misfortunes there is none, in my opinion, greater than for a gentleman to be so shy and abashed in his own grade, that he must needs look for comfort and *laisser aller* to that beneath him. Take my advice. Mix as much as possible among your equals and superiors, and persevere, in spite of your feelings, till you have overcome your *gauche* foolish shyness; but never dream of evading it by mixing with *riff-raff*. That would be to fly from it—not to conquer it. Here we are at home; so good-night: and pray do not forget your cosmetic.”

Jack's aspirations kept Sir Thomas waking, and he determined to hasten his introduction into society, with a view to giving him more elevated and elegant ideas.

Whilst Jack was busy with l'Abbé Potelle next day, the old Baronet sallied forth in his chair to call on his mother-in-law and Jack's grandmother, the Countess of Ilsley.

The Countess of Ilsley had been a supreme beauty in her day. Little, *mignonne*, with a lovely pink and white complexion, dark hair, and eyes, the most delicate and perfect features, and the most *piquante* expression, a skin of satin, the smallest hands and feet in the world, she now at sixty could not forget what she had been. To be sure she did not look so old; indeed, if you did not see her face, you would have supposed her to be still young. A soft twilight was preserved during the day in her apartments; by candle-light the illusion as to her age was complete.

Sir Thomas found her in her boudoir, weeping over a French romance. An Indian folding-screen shielded her from the door, as she reposed in a commodious *berçère* of Chinese rose-coloured damask. The room was panelled with the same material, with curtains to match; the glasses were surmounted by paintings of little Cupids with very fresh pink extremities, and a great *luce* of blue ribands. A large white Angola cat, also decked with blue riband, reposed on the

Countess's lap; who rested her little foot, with its silk and gold slipper, on a little tapestry stool with crooked gold legs. Beside her stood a very small Louis XV. table in marqueterie, sustaining her ladyship's little tea-service, from which she was breakfasting, and also her ladyship's *flacon*, and the second volume of the touching tale she was perusing.

"My dear Sir Thomas," she cried, wiping her eyes and extending her hand, which her visitor gallantly kissed: "you have come just in time to save me from a dreadful fit of the vapours. Have you read 'La Coquette malgré Elle?' It is charming; but so dreadful! You must read it. Sylvandre is such a sweet fellow, all the women are in love with him; and poor Chloris, in order to bewitch him—but you *must* read it; and do give it to your boy, and recommend him to study Sylvandre's character. It would be of the greatest advantage to him."

"I will certainly follow your ladyship's advice; although, to tell the truth, I do think, if your ladyship would take pity on the poor wretch and give him the entrée here, your ladyship's influence and grace would serve my undertaking more than the example of any pretty fellow that ever was, or ever will be."

Here Sir Thomas bowed, and her ladyship smiled.

"But, my dear Sir Thomas, you have given me such a shocking picture of your boy, the bare thought of him quite frightens me. Suppose he should sit

down on my dear Sappho, he would crush her! Wouldn't *zat* be shocking, my angel, mon petit bijou, ma fée," said the Countess, raising her cat, and kissing and fondling it with infantine grace.

"Would I were a poet," sighed Sir Thomas; "what a sonnet I would now write!"

The Countess looked laughingly at the Baronet, and patted her pussy, which opened and shut its eyes and began to purr.

Before the termination of the visit, Sir Thomas prevailed. It was decided that honest Jack Warren should make his *début* at Lady Ilsley's the following week, when she gave a card-party to a few intimates; and she graciously allowed Sir Thomas to come as early as he liked, in order to save Jack the embarrassment of entering a room full of company; in which manœuvre he was not yet perfect, in spite of all M. Dupuis' energetic teaching: but Jack *was* so stupid, and in truth set his mind against everything he was taught.

It was a grand sight to see M. Dupuis seat himself by the fire, in a *fauteuil*, to represent the lady of the house, and Jack (sent out of the room to be readmitted by Sir Thomas, in order to walk up to M. Dupuis,) make his bow to him, and two more, supposed to be addressed to the company at large. Jack had more the mien of a bull entering the arena, than a "*pretty fellow*" entering a lady's

drawing-room, so red and angry did he always look at this part of the lesson: in fact, it "*made him shy*;" gave him that extraordinary suspension of the faculties, said to be unknown in France, and more strongly developed in this country than in any other. A number of people will suffice to produce it; one stranger will have the same effect; entering a room alone, and sometimes so small a thing as wearing a new coat, or having to carve a dish, will bring it on. How paralysing it is! How it affects the voice, the face, the air, the manner; how it does away with conversation and amenity; what suffering it produces: it is even infectious; and you will see a very shy person communicate his infirmity to some who "*stood fire*" well till he arrived. How can society go on easily with that malady abroad? You will find some in the highest ranks miserably affected by it: I have seen them flush, and show all the unerring symptoms of it, as much as the most obscure commoner; and yet they have had brilliant opportunities for getting rid of it. What is it? Where does it reside? In the nerves or in the mind? In both or neither? It is found in children before they can speak, and in old men on the brink of the grave; in high and low, in rich and poor, in male and female, in the fool and in the wise, in the weak and in the strong. Shyness! What is it?

The day dawned which was to see Jack Warren's



*début* in fashionable life without anything remarkable to mark it—neither comet, earthquake, nor tempest. Jack was in a sad frame of mind, hovering between sulkiness, melancholy, a sense of ill-usage, shyness, and a vehement wish to retreat to bed, lock out his father, and stand the consequences. He could form no idea of what sort of place he was going to, what people he was going to meet, what he should have to do; but he opined it would all be very stiff and stupid, and that every one would stare at him and laugh at him, and that he should get very sleepy and *ennuyé*, and have to be dressed up in one of his best suits and tight shoes.

“Hang it all,” he thought, as he walked up and down his room in his smart dressing-gown, cap, and slippers, waiting for Larrazée to come and assist at his *toilette*; “hang it all! how I do wish I was at home again, sitting in my uncle’s little room so snug and comfortable, taking a nice pipe after a good day’s work, or at the Vicarage, looking at dear little Lydia, instead of all this stuff. Nonsense!” he cried, and stamped his foot, as he viewed his beautiful costume, from the delicate laced shirt to the snow-white gloves, spread out upon his bed by M. Larrazée.

“Nonsense! Dressing up in all those fine things, so uncomfortable and stiff. Give me a nice old hunting-suit of good broad-cloth! I shall have to

make my cursed bows, too. Oh, dear! and my grandmother must be a straight-laced, powdered old body like my father; and Lord Langley is to be there, with his girl's voice; and I am to look up to him: sort of fellow couldn't give the 'view halloa' if he tried ever so long; fine ladies, too,—I'm sure I shan't like them. I hate finery. Hang it twenty times over! Once I get safe back into the country, I'll never come to London again; and as for wearing fine clothes, I'd rather wear rags and tatters. What the *dooce* does my father want, I can't think, bothering a poor fellow in this way? I'll stick to my old notions and dear little Lydia, in spite of him! Hang it! here's *Lazarus*: it's enough to make a parson swear."

In this cheerful frame of mind, Mr. Warren allowed himself to be dressed by M. Larrazée; who tried all the while to brisk him up, and to make him take some delight in his "belle taille," and the "toilette toute-à-fait charmante" he was encasing him in.

"Ah! it's all very well your talking, *Lazarus*," he said moodily, "but I hate it all; hang it!"

In fact, Jack had not the least particle of vanity about him, and did not care a pin how he looked, provided he was easy and comfortable.

After a great deal of talking on Larrazée's side, and a great deal of sighing and grunting on Jack's, behold him arrayed for his *début*!

"Ah! what would *Meese* Lydia say to see you, sir!" cried the valet, holding a light very high that Jack might have a better view of himself in the glass.

"Say I look like an oaf," grunted Jack, turning away.

"*Fi donc! monsieur,*" cried Larrazée, giving him his gloves and perfumed handkerchief.

"I hate scent," said Jack, making a face. Jack was an ungrateful varlet. However, his costume was very brilliant. He wore a pale lilac watered-silk coat beautifully embroidered in silver, breeches of the same, a white silver tissue waistcoat, white silk stockings with silver clocks, Spanish leather shoes with high red heels, paste shoe and knee buckles; his sword was silver-hilted in a black and silver sheath, decked with a long lilac and silver bow about the guard; he carried a small white silver-headed cane, decked to match the sword; beneath his arm a little silver-laced hat fringed with a white feather, and in his pocket a silver snuff-box richly chased, with a little miniature on the lid.

"How I do hate gloves!" growled Jack, as he covered his brown hands with a soft Paris pair.

Sir Thomas was majestic in pompadour satin and gold. Having inspected Jack, and given him a few finishing-off hints and orders, and having deplored the redness of his visage and the fatness of his hands,

they seated themselves in the perfumed chariot, and rolled off to the Countess of Ilsley's.

Jack's heart beat, and his mouth felt dry, as he listened to the footman's thundering knock at the door—Jack, who could face any leap in the field, and would have encountered a mad bull, or a roaring battery, without a shiver!

“Now, my dear child, do mind all I have said to you. I wish you to impress the Countess very favourably. Get out, and mind your sword and hat!”

Jack felt the blood rush to his face and ears as they mounted the great staircase; and in his face and ears it chose to remain, whilst his tight shoes made his feet feel stiff and cold. They traversed several large chambers dimly but sufficiently lighted, and softly carpeted. At the end of the suite their conductor opened the door of a smaller room, from which proceeded a blaze of light, combined with an odour of iris, maréchalle, and coffee.

“Sir Thomas Warren—Mr. Warren,” said the servant bowing; and the unfortunate Jack, in a paroxysm of shyness, followed his father into the room.

The Countess was beautifully dressed in a white silk dress, embroidered with a *semée* of very small rose-buds, and forget-me-nots; her hair, frizzed and dazzling white with perfumed powder, was crowned by a little wreath of the same flowers that were

embroidered on her dress, with long ends of blue and rose-coloured riband reaching to her waist ; a string of large pearls, with a diamond, encircled her white smooth throat, and bracelets of the same decked her arms ; she played with a French fan, painted with love scenes from various romances, whilst she took coffee, and talked to Lord Langley, who sat beside her on a small sofa by the fire. Sappho reposed with beatitude on a large soft green velvet cushion before the fire, with a large Sèvres dish of cream beside her, from which she lapped in a very ladylike manner every now and then, without injuring her large rose-coloured bow. Sir Thomas bowed to the Countess, and shook hands with Lord Langley, whilst Jack remained at the door. On a sign from his father he approached. "Countess !" said Sir Thomas, "allow me to present my boy to you, and to intreat your *bienveillance* for him !"

"Vastly delighted to make his acquaintance. A fine figure of a man I protest, and I have no doubt we shall make a very pretty fellow of him before long," and Lady Ilsley gave her little white-gloved hand to Jack, who let it drop as though it had been a toad ; and, conscious it was his duty to say something (the grey eyes were upon him), yet not knowing what to say, he stammered out in a thick hurried voice :

"How-do, grandmother?"

Lord Langley stared, gasped, and took snuff to conceal a smile. Sir Thomas coughed drily, and inserting his forefinger between his stock and his neck, promenaded it slowly backwards and forwards, with his chin in the air. The Countess frowned for a second, then threatening Jack with her fan, she forced a little laugh and said—

"Oh! you wretch, you odious man—there—I forgive you!"

Jack here attempted his bow to the lady of the house. Sir Thomas felt inclined to kick him. Jack, in rising from his bow, let go his hat, with which he fought an instant to recover it, but the hat eluded his efforts, and pitched on one of its three corners into Sappho's cream. Sappho indignantly spit at it, and ran to her mistress. Jack made a dash at it, and picked it up; but in rising, the tip of his scabbard, resting on the back of a chair, instead of resuming its proper posture, there remained, and the bright blade escaping from its sheath slid like a shining snake on to the floor.

"Hang it!" muttered Jack the unfortunate.

Lord Langley, pitying his embarrassment, picked up his sword, and gracefully presented it to him, saying, "Sir Thomas is one of my oldest friends—I hope you will think that sufficient introduction, and in due time place me among yours."

Jack, bewildered, knew not what to say or do, so

he mechanically nodded his head, and exclaimed, "Thank'ee—with all my heart!"—then, replacing his sword, drew on one side, where he was suffered to remain and recover himself.

By degrees the perfumed powdered company assembled, to the number of twenty. Jack, from a corner, gazed around, feeling an instinctive awe of the belles and their *minauderies*, and looking on the men with contempt mingled with envy. He watched them bowing, smiling, and sliding from lady to lady; listened to, but could not understand, a word of their conversation; and felt quite astonished at the ease of their movements, the softness of their voices, and the richness of their costumes. No one looked at or remarked him; which was another subject of astonishment to honest Jack. His solitude in a crowd made him feel very shy; he dared not even clear his parched throat for fear it should attract attention, or take coffee lest it should choke him. He stood up stiff and red and burly in his corner, like a beef-eater on duty; afraid lest any one should speak to him, and yet wishing he had a companion to support him. How he wondered at the self-possession of the daring beaux who actually put themselves *en vidence* by playing with Sappho!—

He shuffled, first on one foot, then on the other; and when after a time he beheld the compassionate Lord Langley making his way towards him, he

averted his eyes and stared at a Chinese monster, hoping by such conduct to keep him off: all in vain! Jack felt that his Lordship stood beside him, felt that he was about to address him, felt very hot and uncomfortable.

“What do you think of the dish of *cancan* all these dear creatures are regaling us with?” asked young Lord Langley.

“I don’t know what sort of dish it is,” croaked Jack, looking about to catch sight of it: “but I’ll tell you a capital one—barbecued pig!”

Lord Langley could scarcely believe his ears; but, such was the kindness of his heart, no one but himself ever became acquainted with young Squire Warren’s attempt at polite conversation.

“Come with me,” he said: “I want to present you to my wife; I’m sure you’ll like her, and be at home with her directly; that is her in pink, with a patch at the corner of her mouth, and the large dark eyes. Come!—Egad, my dear fellow, I shall not let you off!”

“No thank’ee,” answered Jack, hanging back; “I’d so much rather not: I’m not used to fine ladies—don’t know what to say to ’em.”

Lord Langley, seeing it would really distress Jack, bowed and said: “*À une autre fois donc, mon ami;*” and proceeded to make further investigations as to Jack’s tastes and opinions: and a very curious study he found it.



Every one was now taking places at the card tables. Sir Thomas drew near to Lord Langley and Jack.

"I hope Jack is giving your *Ludship* a challenge at piquet," he said, fixing his eyes on his son.

"No—but I here challenge him : there's my glove," and Lord Langley threw it on the card table.

"I can't play," blustered Jack ; "'pon my soul I can't ! I always lose !—I'd rather not."

"Then I take up your *Ludship's* gage," said the old Baronet, giving him his glove, seating himself, and making a sign to Jack to do so beside him.

Right glad was Jack to obey. His smart tight shoes, causing his compressed feet to swell, made them yet tighter, and great was his agony ; whilst the closely fitting waistband just hooked over his hip bones pressed and hurt him sadly. He sat mechanically watching the game ; but his soul was not in it, and sleep was invading his brain and causing his eyelids to droop. He heard the hum of voices, soothing and soft, broken now and then by a gentle laugh ; he felt the faint warmth of the room ; by degrees he shut his eyes—opened them—saw the lights confusedly—closed his eyes—nodded his head, and, with his hands on his knees, fell into the kind of sleep indulged in by a dog sitting in the sun, or a parochial authority at an after-dinner sermon in a close chapel.

Lord Langley beheld him; but his Lordship pitied Jack, and felt for him a species of interest mingled with curiosity; wherefore his Lordship engaged the Baronet's attention that he might not behold his son, whilst he himself was infinitely diverted at seeing Jack's red face and nodding head: only hoping he might not betray himself by a snore.

"I never saw such a specimen of the natural man," thought the young Lord, as Sir Thomas was dealing: "gad if his father succeeds in making anything of him I shall be vastly surprised. I should have given the old gentleman credit for more penetration and discernment, than to have thought he would have attempted such a thing. He will be much mortified, and the boy return to the country just as he left it." Here the game cut short his lucubration, and he beat poor Sir Thomas for the third time.

"Your *Ludship* is too hard upon me—'pon my veracity! Fortune has quite deserted me for your *Ludship*. I really must put a younger fellow in my place, and trust to my boy to revenge my wrongs. Jack, my dear fellow, take my place, and see if you can't prevail on that jade Fortune to favour you!"

Jack returning no answer, Sir Thomas turned smilingly towards him. Jack, with cherub's face, half-opened mouth and well-closed eyes, solemnly

nodded to his parent, and then raising his head again let it fall on his giant's breast, bedecked with fine cambric and flowing softest lace.

The smile on Sir Thomas' wrinkled face became an angry grin: he sat transfixed; whilst Jack with a rounded back continued calmly to nod at him.

"Idiot!" muttered Sir Thomas, "dolt—bumpkin!"

"I hardly think we shall have time for another game," said Lord Langley, shuffling the cards intently, and pretending not to see Jack, or to have observed his pastime. "I heard ten o'clock strike, and I think supper would cut short our battle. After supper I shall be vastly proud to attack either you or Mr. Warren, and give you your revenge."

"A *tonto* then," debonnairely replied the Baronet, with a bow; and as Lord Langley arose and departed from the table, Sir Thomas with the utmost precaution aroused Jack. No tender mother could have awoke her child with greater care and gentleness: so afraid was Sir Thomas lest Jack should end his slumbers with a start, a grunt, and a snort. The grey eyes reproved him, and Jack did his best to look lively; but when that young gentleman had once indulged in an evening's snooze he was comatose till the following morning, and if aroused, appeared to be walking in his sleep. Sir Thomas half wished him back in the country.

"For pity's sake do rouse yourself, sir," he cried;

as, supper being announced, there was a move among the company. "You look as if you were in your cups! You will have to conduct a lady to supper—'Gad, I pity her."

Lord Langley so managed that Jack should conduct Lady Langley to supper, having in a few words told her the sort of being he was.

In those days, when gentlemen conducted ladies, they did not form an angle with their elbow, and poke it towards the fair one like a chicken's pinion; they gallantly, and "*with an air*," presented their hand, and sidled along hat in hand.

Jack took hold of Lady Langley's little hand, extended with the accompaniment of a graceful little curtsey and encouraging smile—both of which were lost on him, as he did not look at her, but marched on by her side, his shoulders, to use a military idiom, "*square to the front*," her hand held by him as nurses hold their "little charges," whilst the other cavaliers were rivalizing in grace and liveliness. Supper was charming—every one doing their best; the *entrain* and gaiety perfectly astounded Jack, and partly awoke him from his lethargy. He had answered "yes," and "no," to all Lady Langley's amiable attempts to draw him out, and put him at his ease; but towards the end of the repast she had so far been successful, that he suddenly said to her, though without looking at her :

“D’ye hunt?”

“No; that is too dashing for my nerves, a great deal.”

“Oh! because Lady Jenny Ravenhill, next county to our, hunts like anything—’pon my soul she does!”

“You quite astonish me, my dear Mr. Warren! She must be quite a Diana.”

“Don’t know about that—can’t say—she’d do for a ‘*whip*’ though, or a ‘*huntsman*,’ with the best of ’em—’pon my soul she would!”

“Is she a young thing?—married, or a maiden?”

“Married; got a milksop of a husband, couldn’t say ‘Bo!’ to a goose!”

“What an odious wretch! A man should have spirit—but I think Lady Jenny goes rather too far.”

“No; ’pon my soul she don’t. Neat scarlet joseph and black velvet cap. Up to anything!”

“But my dear Mr. Warren, she must look odiously weather-beaten and coarse!”

“Reddish about the face and nose—thin as a whipping-post.”

“And does she take all the highflying leaps you brave fox-hunting squires feel such vast pleasure in?”

“Aye! claps her right leg t’other side the saddle—over she goes—hoity-toity—devil take the hindmost!”

“Dear me! I’m afraid you will find the town

belles very insipid. Are all your ladies like Lady Jenny?"

Jack blushed, looked foolish, and shook his head.

"You should see my Lydia," he said, hoarsely.

The company rising, prevented her ladyship hearing his remark. The ladies were re-conducted by their cavaliers.

"*Dooce*d sleepy! Ain't you?" said Jack, gaping as they reached their destination.

"You have been far too entertaining to allow me to feel sleepy," replied Lady Langley, reseating herself, after curtseying to Jack as if he were a fine gentleman.

"Glad you thought so," returned honest Jack.

The assemblage of gamblers did not separate till past three o'clock. Our hero indulged in many nods, likewise in gapes, behind his father's back; he felt as if a month had elapsed since he entered the house: and how people could sit up so late playing at such a stupid game as cards he could not think! Jack did not observe the changes of countenance that the most well-bred among the real players underwent, as they won or lost: even the gentle-looking young belles frowned at their losses, whilst their eyes flashed or gleamed with pleasure when they won.

At length the evening's torture was over, and Jack blundered into the chariot and fell asleep. Sir

Thomas was too much mortified and too irate to say anything to him that night; but the lecture was ready for him next day.

It took place during breakfast; Jack, as he seated himself, felt that it was coming. Here it is:—

“My dear child! I do not know whether I felt more sad or angry at your *début* last night. Are you not aware that no fine creature likes a great gauky fellow like you to call her ‘*Grandmother*.’ Cannot you see that Lady Ilsley wishes to pass for a young thing? You will never make your way whilst you are guilty of such atrocities. And then letting your hat and sword fall! No well-bred man is ever awkward; pray recollect that: and I cannot away with you for standing up in a corner in the clownish hunched-backed attitude you assumed last night.

“For Heaven’s sake do not fall into the idiotic idea that there is anything to be ashamed of in being tall; on the contrary it is a huge advantage. I have known young men of fine stature, struck shy at their height, stand with round backs, bent knees, and drooping heads, endeavouring to shorten themselves half an inch by that mean and timid posture. They only succeed in making their height appear the greater, whilst they gain the appellation of ‘a great ponderous lout;’ whereas if they would take half the pains to set themselves up by fencing and drilling, they would, as it is called, ‘*carry off*’ their

*height,* and people would only say ‘a very fine tall figure of a man.’

“Zounds, sir! what is the use of all *Doopwee* and *Cooderc*’s lessons if you sneak about as though you were going to rob a hen roost? I really feel so shocked and dejected when I reflect that you actually fell asleep in company, that I would fain think it a vision! What would you have thought if you had seen my Lord Langley, or any other gentleman, sitting nodding and snoozing like a low fellow at a tavern? Think how your actions would appear to you if you saw any other person behaving in like manner? When you are with other people you should think of them, and not of yourself; you should endeavour, according to your ability, to do something for society, not isolate yourself as though you belonged to some other sphere, or as though you thought your fellow-creatures were wild beasts.

“I *must* be just to you, and tell you that you in some measure redeemed your character at supper; as I saw you endeavouring to entertain my Lady Langley, who appeared to enter into what you were saying.”

“Aye, that she did,” said Jack; “no nonsense about her: no finery or stuff; though she don’t look so.”

“For Heaven’s sake hold your tongue, sir! Never let me hear you disgrace yourself by talking about



‘*nonsense, finery, or stuff.*’ It is the jargon of the vulgar, applied to their superiors when they feel the coarse inferiority of their own modes and manners. What subject did you find to divert her ladyship with?”

“Oh! let’s see—why—Lady Jenny’s hunting, and how she’ll throw her leg over, and leap like the devil——”

“Gods! did you talk in that way? Her ladyship must have thought you odious and coarse in the extreme. You had better hold your peace to all eternity than talk so to a lady of quality: or, indeed, to any one.”

“All I know is,” retorted Jack, “she made me a grand curtsy, and said I was mons’ous entertaining; and Lord *Thing-a-me* has asked me to go and see ’em. Shan’t be a bad fellow!”

“Lord who?” screamed Sir Thomas. “Everyone has a name, remember, sir. Now bring the Universal History, and we will study an hour or two; and never again let me hear you be guilty of such an expression as *Lord Thing-a-me.*”

In spite of all Jack’s turpitude, Lady Ilsley gave him the *entrée* to her card-parties; whither Sir Thomas never failed to convey him, and by degrees presented him to several of the society. However, Jack could “*get on*” with none of them save Lord and Lady Langley; who, being much amused by

Jack's rough *naïve* country modes, and pitying the life of constraint and torture he led with Sir Thomas, allowed him to go to them whenever he chose: of which permission he failed not to avail himself; his father beholding with pleasure a *liaison* which he thought promised such great things in the way of civilising his young savage.

Sometimes, when they were alone, Jack would dine with them; and they kindly indulged him in a tankard, and were much diverted with his appetite and remarks. Then, at other times, he would sit with his elbows on his knees and his chin in the palms of his hands, and talk about "*my little Lydia*" to Lady Langley for an hour or two; and her ladyship, feeling a real interest in her and in the mutual attachment which bade fair to make both so happy (at least from Jack's showing), became a willing listener—cautioning him against allowing the pleasures and glitter of town to cause him to prove faithless to his little country love.

"Bless you! there's no fear of that," was his invariable reply. "I shall reach home just as I left it—honest Jack Warren. No fops for me! My service to 'em."

Sometimes he would have a silent fit, and take up his position near Lady Langley, and play with her little Blenheim, only opening his mouth now and then to say—"Deris! you're a funny little thing!"

and then Doris would wag her tail and stare fixedly at him till he scratched her little red and white poll; which he would do, again repeating in the very same tone as before, "Doris! you're a funny little thing!" and perhaps stating three or four times that it was his intention to take "just such another to my little Lydia!"

Then he and Lord Langley rode out together into the neighbouring country: that was a real pleasure to Jack; and he became more and more attached to his new friends, and invited them to come and stay with him and Lydia when they were married, promising them sport without end, and a sight of Lady Jenny Ravenhill in her scarlet joseph.

As the season drew to a conclusion, Sir Thomas resolved to convey Jack to a levee. Jack rebelled dreadfully at first, and poured his sorrows on the subject into Lord Langley's bosom; but finding there would be no "*fine ladies*" present, and that the assemblage would be composed entirely of men, he submitted with his usual dogged resignation and a volley of "*hang its*."

Mr. Sayers was called in for the court-suit, and Lord Langley's taste was consulted; and as the eventful day drew near, the costume was sent home—a white satin suit magnificently embroidered in gold: sword in white and gold sheath, with white and gold knots; golden knee-bands and diamond

buckles; shoes of the finest white kid, with the indispensable red heels and a splendid pair of diamond buckles.

Jack viewed these preparations with "*feelings of apprehension and alarm*," and blushed and inwardly fumed as M. Dupuis put him through the various bows and ceremonies to be observed—Sir Thomas, with ease and dignity, representing the Sovereign. For a fortnight before the levee took place, Jack was daily "put through his *facings*," until his father and little M. Dupuis agreed that, after so much study, and with everything so accurately laid down for him, —chairs being placed to represent the various points and persons,—it would be "*pire qu'abominable*" if he went wrong.

At length the day preceding the levee arrived; and, after his last lesson, Jack mounting his horse—not his country steed, but a first-rate London one—proceeded to Lord Langley's, to pick him up for a country-ride. Instead of finding his lordship in readiness as usual, a note was handed to Jack; who, tucking his whip under his arm, opened it, and read that a country friend having unexpectedly arrived, Lord Langley had been obliged to accompany him into the city on business. The note wound up by hoping they should meet at the levee on the following day.

This being the case, Jack trotted off alone, and

proceeded along the Barnet road, and then across country, with feelings of freedom and delight he had long been a stranger to. Over fences he put his horse, galloped over green fields, and sang with joy—he even forgot the levee in the sensations of pleasure the fresh air, liberty, and exercise gave him. Lord Langley was content to trot along green lanes gently and debonnairely, conversing as he went; but now Jack and his high-mettled steed really enjoyed life, and Jack thought if he could but fall in with a pack of hounds in full cry, his joy would know no bounds. But Jack was too near town for that. On he sped, with sparkling eyes, till a sudden turn brought him in view of the prettiest little village possible. As he passed through it, he saw the little inn, neat and clean, with the sign of St. George and the Dragon hanging from a large leafless elm before the door.

“I’m *doosed* hungry!” thought Jack; and the next minute found him dismounted, and knocking with his whip at the inn-door, whilst his horse pawed and threw the foam over its head.

The landlord looked all amazement at the velvet coat and gold lace invading his premises, and Jack, having ascertained that the stable and the ale were good, installed himself in a long narrow room, redolent of pipes, spirits, and beer; after having given an unlimited order for fried eggs and bacon, and a jug of the best ale.

The long room was to the back of the house, and from the windows a prospect of a bowling-green and leafless arbour was obtained. The walls were decorated with gaudily coloured woodcuts in black frames, representing Chevy Chase and celebrated highwaymen, all very near the ceiling and hanging very much awry. A long oak table, benches, and chairs, composed the furniture; the floor was sanded, and not at all in character with Jack's red-heeled boots and massive silver spurs; neither did the white-washed walls correspond very well with the little gold-laced three-cornered hat he hung upon a great wooden peg. A little round one-legged three-footed table was put before the fire, a coarse clean cloth with many darns thrown over it, and the smoking dish of eggs and bacon placed thereon, accompanied by a brown jug of foaming ale, and a loaf of *very* heavy home-made bread. Jack stretched a leg on either side of the little table, and proceeded to eat with great gusto and a healthy young appetite, undestroyable by such trifles as dim-looking knives and iron forks.

Reader! do not imagine because Jack was shy in London society, and is now enjoying himself at the little inn, that Jack liked *low life*. *Distinguish!* Many mistakes arise in this transitory life from not doing so. Jack hated refined society; Jack loved rough country gentlemen of his own rank: but from

this it does not follow that he liked *low* life. That he might do so in time, if Sir Thomas persevered in keeping him from his natural associates, and if opportunities presented themselves for falling into it as an escape from the other, is another question: at the moment in hand he did not love it.

He eat a plain dinner such as he liked, a great deal of bread and cheese, and then turning towards the fire, proceeded to fill a very long pipe with very strong tobacco.

“This is worth all my father’s kickshaws and ragoos,” he thought, as he lighted his pipe—the first he had had for months—and leaning back in his great wooden arm-chair, shut his eyes and tranquilly smoked; heartily wishing for his old uncle Squire Warren to fill up the measure of his happiness.

It was all very pleasant; but John Warren, Esq., with a white and gold court-suit ready for him at the town mansion of his father, Sir Thomas Warren, Bart., had no business to be dining and smoking at the sign of St. George and the Dragon, in a sandy parlour at a public-house.

Jack was at his third pipe when the parlour door was thrown rudely open, to give admission to a thick-set surly-looking man in the dress of a butcher. He marched straight up to the fire, eyeing Jack (or, more properly speaking, Jack’s garments,) with a contemptuous yet envious mien, and stood himself

up with his back to the fire, with an "*I'm as good as you*" demeanour, quite laughable to behold.

Jack, knocking on the table with his whip, summoned the landlord, and ordered a pint more ale, and his bill, which were brought accordingly.

"Might have the manners to say—'*take a drink, sir,*'" growled the butcher; as Jack, having finished his ale, arose to depart: "Manners make the man, want of them the fellow!"

"Eh!" cried Jack, turning sharply round.

"Fine feathers make fine birds," resumed the butcher, turning his bilious discontented eyes on Jack. "Because I comes in, you goes out; as if a man was *pyson*, because he earns a honest living instead of flaunting about in velvets and silks he don't pay for!"

"You're drunk, my good man," cried Jack, taking down his hat, and much astonished at this sudden attack.

The butcher was a discontented spirit, the head of a knot of idle fellows who neglected their business to give their time to bull-baiting, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, drinking, and abusing and hating every man at all above them—either in station or manners.

Jack's velvet costume and *réjoui* mien had caused Tim Spraggs' bile to overflow.

"Drunk yourself," he snarled in return; "I don't see what business you have poking and prying about



in our club-room. You think yourself monstrous grand; but where would you be without butchers, you sneak! You're a fine gentleman, I take it, come to make fun of us poor fellows; but we won't stand nonsense nor sauce—so tramp, will you!"

And the butcher majestically extended his dirty paw towards the door, as a sign for Jack to depart; to which gracious signal Jack responded by cutting him across the face with his heavy riding-whip. Tim Spraggs staggered back—raised his hands to his face—roared with rage—swore—and rushing at Jack, with foaming mouth, and eyes squinting with hate and malice, dealt a blow at him with his heavy fist; Jack parried it, giving him one in return, which sent him rolling against the fender; the clatter of his fall calling the landlord and all his family, and some customers seated about the kitchen fire, to the scene of action.

The butcher was slowly rising, abusing Jack all the time in the coarsest language he could muster, and then darting at him struck him on the mouth; Jack coolly knocking him down as the only reply.

Again the furious butcher flew at Jack; who contented himself at each attack by parrying his blows, till the opportunity came for planting one scientifically, which invariably knocked Mr. Spraggs down. Still Mr. Spraggs continued the fight; but the worthy creature having lost his temper entirely,

rage blinded him: he managed to hit his adversary twice; once causing the blood to gush from his nose on his velvet and fine linen, and then dealing him a blow on the right eye which caused him to see myriads of lights; but neither deprived him of his temper nor of his coolness.

Mr. Spraggs solaced himself with very horrible language; Jack spoke not a word; till, after a few minutes' fight, he stretched the butcher senseless on the sanded floor.

"I don't think he'll insult a gentleman again," said Jack; and, paying his bill, he mounted his horse.

"I'm glad he's had a lesson, sir," said the landlord: "he's the lowest o' the low. Good thing none o' the others were there, or they'd 'a murdered you: they're always half-seas over. I didn't see him come in, or I'd 'a kept him out ——"

Jack trotted off. The weather, as English weather *will* do, had quite changed during the two hours he had passed at the St. George and the Dragon, and he had not gone a quarter of a mile before a thick fine drizzle fell from the low, dark, lead-coloured clouds; the wind blowing it full in his face and against his breast, which was only covered by his delicate shirt and frill; his coat not being made to button.

"Hang it!" thought Jack, "I shall get my finery spoilt; and what will my father say?" for honest

Jack could not shake off by any means the boyish awe and dread he entertained for Sir Thomas. As he trotted on, the drizzle gave place to larger drops, the wind became stronger and stronger, and Jack's velvet garments, wet through and through, presented the appearance of the shining coat of a fat water-rat. The powder in his wig, too, was much damaged, and ran down his back and face; and he felt his mouth, nose, and eye very stiff and somewhat painful.

By the time he arrived home, the hard determined rain had done its work, and made a sponge of Jack's habiliments. The fat porter stared at him, as did the lacqueys; with a whisper among themselves, unheard by Jack, "whatever's *he* been up to?"

"Sir Thomas is a inquiring for you, sir," grunted the porter. "He wished you to step in the study *d'reckly* you come in."

"Very well," said Jack, and obeyed the Baronet's mandate; saying to himself, as he opened the study door, "now for it."

Sir Thomas, as his son approached, drew himself up majestically in his *bergère*; but when he gained a full view of him, horror succeeded to majesty in the air and countenance of the old Baronet. Neither was it to be wondered at. Jack stood before him shining with wet from top to toe, the front of his shirt spotted with blood and marked with the green colour the rain had extracted from his coat. His

wig, wet and shrunk, clung drooping close to his face: and what a face! His mouth, cut by his teeth through the force of Mr. Spraggs' blow, was immensely swollen, the upper lip curling up towards the nose like a negro's, the nose itself being equally swollen with the mouth. And then Jack's right eye and cheek! The eye was quite closed, and the whole side of the face, from chin to eyebrow, one large discoloured swelling. The left eye wore a perplexed expression, wandering backwards and forwards from Sir Thomas to the fire, and from the fire to Sir Thomas, as Jack stood twiddling his riding-whip, confounded by his father's silence and fixed stare.

"The porter said you wanted me, sir," at length cried Jack, in such a voice! the trembling, hoarse, shy voice finding its way through the stiff, swollen, throbbing mouth.

"Where have you been, sir?" demanded Sir Thomas, vibrating with rage. "Answer me! Zounds, sir!—no flinching—where have you been, you young scoundrel? In some pot-house brawl, no doubt! I've seen my Lord Langley: you've not been with him. Don't stand up there shuffling about like a footman in disgrace; answer this moment, sir, or, confound it, I'll cut you off with a shilling! Where have you been? What have you been doing? How did you get that disgustingly

ugly bull-dog's face? Answer, you young scamp, answer!" and Sir Thomas patted the table pettishly and impatiently with his long delicate fingers.

"Yes, sir," replied poor Jack; and, being the soul of truth, he would as soon have thought of picking his father's pocket as of telling him the shadow of an untruth; so, with great difficulty of utterance, he mumbled forth the whole account of the morning's transactions.

"You are a low fellow, sir!" cried Sir Thomas, grinding his teeth with passion. "How are you to go to the levee with that vulgar face? You cannot go! You are deprived of the opportunity of paying your devoirs to your sovereign by the fist of a butcher! You're a disgrace to your family! Eating and drinking at a public-house! squabbling and boxing with a butcher! Pish!"

"He was so impudent, sir: what could I do?"

"Treat the brute with silent contempt, sir: that's what you should have done. But you had no business in a public-house at all. I began to entertain great hopes of you: but now! Go to bed, sir, and rid me of your hideous face. I would rather see you run through like a gentleman, than behold you with the face of a ruffianly, knocked-about prize-fighter. You knew you were going to the levee, sir! Zounds, get out of my sight, or I shall kill you! Go to your bed instantly. I shall send for White,

who may perhaps be able to do something for you by to-morrow : though I doubt it."

Jack asked nothing better than to retire to his bed. The surgeon, of course, was unable to do away with Mr. Spraggs' handiwork in time for the levee on the following day ; and so Jack escaped it altogether, as there was not to be another that season. Sir Thomas insisted on his remaining in his room, and spread abroad a report that Jack was very ill with cold and fever. He visited him daily, and lectured him much.

Jack passed a very dull time till his face was well ; but Larrazée, seeing the wondrous effects of boxing, like many Frenchmen, expressed a great desire to be able to give such awful blows ; wherefore, Jack, at "*Lazarus's*" spare moments, endeavoured to pass the time by teaching him : but the valet could never catch the true spirit of it, or desist from dcfying cries and gestures, no-wise in accordance "*avec ce diable de boxe.*"

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast—  
Man never is, but always to be blest !"

So it was with Sir Thomas in regard to poor Jack. He certainly was not blest on the levee-day, and the polish of his manners could scarcely conceal the vexation and ill-humour of his soul. He was very dejected by his son's last *escapade* : but then in stepped Hope ; and Hope advised him to forget past failures,

and only look to the future. Hope, to use a phrase of a polished lord of the last century, was so vulgar as "*to let off a proverb*,"—not one, but several,—"*Rome was not built in a day*"—"*Avec de petites briques on fait de grandes maisons*"—"Patience and perseverance will move mountains"—with many more in the same spirit: to all of which Sir Thomas agreed, as persons, generally speaking, agree with whatever jumps with their humour. Then Sir Thomas persuaded himself that Jack had made some little progress—that he was not *quite* so uncouth as on his first arrival; that a summer of study in the country, and another winter in town, or perhaps in Paris, could not fail of making him the man he wished to see. Thus Hope, in spite of all obstacles springing in Sir Thomas's breast, firmly persuaded him that he was to be blest!

Jack's disfigured face was nearly three weeks before it returned to its normal state of smooth, soulless good-nature. This saved him not only from the levee, but from three card-parties at his grand-mamma's, and a ball at Lord Langley's: Jack's first appearance at such an affair; and at which he was to have danced his first minuet, Lady Langley having consented to dance it with him. There were great practisings to ensure success; and her ladyship told Jack she was so disappointed at not dancing it with him, that she hoped he would consider himself

engaged to her for their first meeting in public the following season—to which Jack gallantly replied: “’Pon my soul, I’d much rather not!”

Jack felt comparatively happy when, the London season having drawn to a close, he beheld lords and ladies departing for the country, and heard orders given with a view to Sir Thomas’s removal to his country-seat. He cherished a secret hope that his father would then consent to give him leave of absence, for a short visit to his beloved old uncle and his dear little Lydia. He ventured to express his wish. Luckless Jack! he chose an ill moment to do so.

Sir Thomas had just had an interview with l’Abbé Potelle; who, sliding into the study, pressed his three-cornered hat on his breast and bowed over it, and then, after the usual ceremonies and compliments, announced, with great expressions of sorrow and regret, that he had come “*pour donner ma démission!*” that “*hélas! ce bon M. Jac*” was so totally unfit for the line of study Sir Thomas wished him to pursue, that after giving him all his attention and care, the Abbé, seeing that his pupil’s mind was utterly incapable of even a glimmer of light in mathematics, and that he could not make him pronounce or remember one word of French, considered that he should be robbing Sir Thomas if he continued to attend his son. As for *belles-lettres* and history,



the Abbé shrugged his shoulders, and had recourse to a pinch of snuff. It was in vain that Sir Thomas endeavoured to alter the priest's determination.

"Ne m'en parlez plus, *Sire Ouarrène*," he answered, politely but firmly; "vous me ferez de la peine. Je ne consentirai jamais à vous faire un vol; et faire semblant d'instruire ce bon M. *Jac*—ma foi!" and he spread out his arms, shook his head, and bowed. The Abbé concluded by hoping Sir Thomas would not view him with an evil eye for his "*franchise*," as he had persevered till he found his pupil thoroughly impracticable. Sir Thomas assured him of his esteem, and M. Potelle withdrew, bowing and backing out of the room with a lightened heart and a clear conscience.

Jack's little request was peremptorily refused. Jack was obliged to make the best of it, and to look forward to a long summer with his father, and a certain beetle-browed book-worm, in rusty black, engaged by Sir Thomas as tutor to his son during his stay in the country; and from whom the Baronet expected better things than from the Abbé. "The French are very agreeable," thought Sir Thomas, to console himself for the Abbé's secession, "but they are too *volage* for tutors. Jack is not bright, but the Abbé must have exaggerated—got tired of his task: a child of mine could *never* be so idiotic as he makes Jack out to be; *never*! I hope more from Dr.

Spark : beside there are two livings in my gift to lure him on. *Nous ver-rong.*”

That is all the Abbé gained by his honesty. Then the Baronet, his son, and household left the metropolis for the cool woods, fresh streams, lovely park, and fresh air of Stanley Manor.

The winter season was over for little Lydia in her quiet country retreat, as well as for Jack in his father's town mansion. She had seen her crocuses come up, and her innocent-looking little snowdrops, as pretty and as pure as herself. She beheld the smallest twigs of the trees thickening with buds ; these had swelled, opened, and the trees were covered with the beautiful, bright, yellow-green leaves of spring. She made posies of violets, primroses, and cowslips, wherewith to deck the Vicarage and render it gay and fragrant. Then there was such a *battue* of cowslips for the purpose of making wine ! She listened with smiling delight to blackbirds, thrushes, and all the other birds singing and calling from tree and bush, whilst the skylark balanced himself over the fields with the gayest song of all ; the large black rooks sailed cawing to and fro, and sped about in the air advancing, facing about, wheeling, retreating, like a large black regiment, and then scattering like a *Seminaire* let out for recreation. The sweet-briar smelt so sweet, the evenings were so serene, the moon arose so calmly, and the stars looked

out one after the other so tranquilly grand, that Lydia and the Vicar would wander about the garden till supper-time; the good doctor delighted with all his little "*Puss's*" sensible but innocent remarks.

Lydia was one of those happy, but rare beings, who have only to follow the natural inclination of their souls to do all that is good and right; as far as fallen creatures can do so. Her placid countenance and steady gentle eyes could never have been the accompaniments to a turbulent or passionate mind. In them you could read innocence, purity, good sense, sweet temper, patience, gentleness, affection, content, cheerfulness, and consequent happiness; for little Lydia was *very* happy and *very* serene. She was none of those talented, gifted, strong-minded, energetic, "*highly intelligent*," restless, set-the-world-to-rights, turbulent females, selfish, conceited, and arrogant; the pests of every one who has the misfortune to know them: ever meddling, advising, dragooning in all things, from the food of an infant to the politics and faith of a man. Outcasts are they from both sexes; hovering on the confines of each, belonging to neither. Lydia was not of these; but Lydia had her little fault, I grieve to write it: still it was a gentle, amiable defect; against which the Vicar did all he could to warn and strengthen her. The worthy doctor had the same defect him-

self; and well he knew it, and successfully had fought against it.

Her fault was a softness of character, which rendered her easy to be led away by others, and apt to follow the modes of those she might be with, against her better sense and judgment. She might, with this softness and a pure innocence which could not imagine wrong, have been led into the depths of folly and harm. I have known beings like Lydia led away by giddy, headstrong sisters—girls who shrink at nothing, or married women who care for nothing; led away through their yielding nature, their eyes closed by their own purity to all the harm around them; led away till they are lightly spoken of, looked upon as “*one of the set*” they are with, their reputation breathed upon and dim as though they had transgressed, yet remaining as purely innocent as ever.

Beings of this gentle species, beware! Whenever you hear much laughter, one word of slang, one witty saying accompanied by a look neither of which you understand; when you find this passing among men and women, even if they are your nearest and dearest, follow not blindly; think not it is “*great fun*,” but pause and reflect, and turn away. A pure white garment should have no spot on it. No man would have “*great fun*” with a being he could respect or value: pure innocence *must* be respected. “*Great*

*fun*” then, as well as excited laughter and manners *en suite*, are for beings whom, from some cause or other, they cannot respect. Beware then of “*great fun*.” You may not see the *dessous des cartes*, or all that lurks beneath the surface; but where you see that, pause, reflect, beware!

Strange to say I have never met with such a character as Lydia’s but this little defect accompanied it, as the shadow does the substance. But little Lydia was in good hands, and Dr. Freeman strengthened the weak part of her character without injuring or altering the rest; so we may, I think, taking her altogether, look upon her as a very charming, amiable, perfect little creature: as far as perfection goes *ici bas*, which I fear me much is not *very far*.

Matters continued *in statu quo* in Dr. Freeman’s parish, but in the parish adjoining was a great stir. With spring arrived numerous workmen from London and various country towns. These proceeded *en masse* to the “*great shut-up house*,” as a beautiful Elizabethan mansion on the brow of a wooded hill was popularly called in the neighbourhood. This abode and the fine estate it stood upon, were the property of Ralph Addison, Esq., who had not been near it for twenty years; during which time an old man, his wife and daughter—rumour added a ghost to the party—had had charge of it. The proprietor,

being a hater of the country and all belonging to it, passed his days at Paris, Rome, Naples, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, and sometimes London; until the hour arrived in which he breathed his last, leaving his body to Italian ground, a good dower to his widow, and all his estates to his son, Philip Addison, Esq., whose intention it was to dwell in the Elizabethan mansion above mentioned, and to offer a home there to his mother, which she readily accepted.

It was matter of great amazement to Lydia to think that “the great shut-up house” should be opened and dwelt in. All her life long it had been closed, and she could not imagine such a thing possible as that it ever had been opened, or ever could be again! The real name of the house was Abbot’s Manor. The shutters were unclosed; windows mended; paint-brushes at work; tilers and masons repairing; boys weeding; gardeners pruning, tying up, raking, digging; wheelbarrows travelling in all directions; furniture arriving; waggons unloading; coals coming in; servants appearing—rather timid about the ghost, and going about in pairs after dusk; old man, wife, and daughter, who was born in the house, retiring to a snug cot on the estate; and, finally, the master himself one fine evening arrived on horseback, followed by a groom leading a third horse carrying the baggage.

When this event took place spring had turned to summer; spring flowers had given place to their successors; the pale fresh green of the verdure had changed to a darker and more solid shade; the cricket chirped all over the face of the country; the snake lay coiled on sunny banks or dragged his strong but heavy length through the yielding grass and flowers; loudly sang the nightingale throughout the night; summer storms arose with all the majesty of lightning, rolling thunder, and dashing rain; the sun shone fervid and bright, and made dark shadows sharp, and darker still; the Vicar read and wrote and dozed beneath his splendid trees; flies buzzed, and humming bees, from Mistress Freeman's hives, dived into all the flowers; the green outer blinds of the Vicarage being closed, kept all obscure and cool within, till the evening breeze began to blow gently, and lightly, and soothingly among the rustling trees; the droning sound of the church clock, slow, and even, and distinct, told how the summer hours were passing; the distant whistle of a country boy added drowsiness to the drowsy air; the Vicar's kine stood in the pond beneath the meadow trees, lazily lashing away the insects by means of their long tails; the ducks slept on the bank; and the comely well-shaped swine wallowed in the cool, wet, muddy ditch.

These things are of every-day occurrence in the

country, and there are poor human beings in ill-favoured courts and alleys about town who have no idea of them!—So it is!

Hotter and hotter still grew the summer! Dr. Freeman, with an umbrella over his head, proceeded, one dazzling afternoon, at his fat and gentle cob's slowest pace, to pay his respects to his new neighbour, and returned much exhausted, without having found him at home. Abbot's Manor was still in disorder, and the owner's mother not expected till the autumn; remaining until then with her daughter, who was married and lived some twenty miles off.

Hotter and hotter still grew the summer! The air seemed to blink and twinkle with the heat; the earth was parched and cracked, and threw back the sun's rays with oven-like heat.

Lydia, after passing the morning in household duties with Mrs. Freeman, retired after dinner, one enervating afternoon, sleepy and tired as a little child, to repose on the sofa of her large and airy room. The closed blinds rendered it dark and cool; The honeysuckle around the window gave forth a refreshing perfume; Lydia drew from her pocket a letter received that morning from Jack, and began to peruse it. Jack gave her a description, as well as he was capable of doing, of the beauties and delights of Sir Thomas's country seat; saying he was happier there than in town, but that time passed heavily with



Dr. Spark, and that his father gave dinner parties to his country neighbours, insisting on Jack's assisting in doing the honours, which he hated; and that he looked forward more and more to his marriage with Lydia, who was worth all the fine London ladies twenty times over, with their patches, and airs, and graces. He wound up by his usual protestations of undying love, and by assuring her that Stanley Manor was so beautiful and so pleasant that it only wanted a pack of fox-hounds and her "*dear self*" to make it quite complete.

"Dear Jack," sighed Lydia, as she always did when she had read one of his blunt honest billets-doux; and then, arranging her pillows and cushions more comfortably, she began for the third time to peruse his epistle. Sleep was stealing on her: she still heard the buzz of the insects and the hum of the bee, but Jack's vigorous pothooks and hangers swam from before her sight—the letter dropped on the floor—she opened her eyes—the heavy lids closed again, and pretty little Lydia slept, and smiled in her innocent slumbers as she did in the days of her playful childhood. And for two long hours little Lydia slept. The sun began to think of descending towards earth and ocean; but still the heat was great: the village cows were slowly wending their way from fields, along the dusty roads, to their respective milking-places. Mistress

Freeman had looked into Lydia's room, dressed for a charitable stroll through the parish ; but seeing her sleep so sweetly, she gently kissed her and sallied forth alone.

Lydia slept, and Lydia dreamt. She thought she was in a wood under the dark trees, and she heard a beautiful voice, very deep and very rich. She thought the voice sang, and sometimes it was very near and sometimes it was afar off—and then it laughed, and then it sang again—and she ran about the wood to find the owner of the voice—but all in vain : there was the beautiful voice—but no one could Lydia see, nor could she find from whence the sound proceeded. Lydia awoke in part—still she heard the voice : but instead of singing, it spoke ; and she thought, between sleeping and waking, that she should then be able to discover to whom it belonged.

Lydia awoke quite : still she heard the voice ! The voice was the same she heard in her dream, deep, strong, and rich ; but it did not sing : it talked and laughed. Lydia sat up and listened for an instant. “ Who can it be ? ” she thought : “ I'm sure it is not Roger Brown.” She arose and stepped softly to the window ; in doing so she kicked poor Jack's letter, which lay on the floor. Just then the Vicar's voice sounded in answer to the other.

“ Very good—very smart indeed, and well turned !

Ha! ha! ha!" and Dr. Freeman laughed his fat, soft, good-natured laugh. Lydia very gently pushed open her blind, just sufficiently to enable her to see the owner of the voice—the person she had hunted for so vainly in the wood during her dream.

There he stood by the side of the Vicar; both of them with their backs towards the house, in the shade it was beginning to cast on the drive and lawn in front.

"It must be Mr. Addison!" thought Lydia, fixing her eyes on the stranger; and feeling an unknown pleasure and fascination in so doing, and in listening, without heeding the words, to the voice that had so charmed and perplexed her in the dream she had just awoke from.

Lydia had rightly guessed; the man who stood beside her father was Philip Addison, the newly-arrived proprietor of Abbot's Manor.

He was dressed in very deep mourning, his long boots and black spurs powdered with dust from riding along the hot and dazzling road. In one hand he held a pair of fringed gloves, his whip in the other, and both crossed behind him. Lydia thought she had never beheld hands so white or so beautifully formed; and Lydia was right: they were very different from poor Jack's; and even from her "*dear Papa's*" little round fat ones, not to mention the Rev. Roger Brown's.

Mr. Addison was of middle stature; his strong wide shoulders and deep chest were shown off to the greatest advantage by the coat without collar then worn; and there was an easy supple grace in his small waist, and in the firm but light manner in which he stood up on his small well-formed feet, which contrasted strongly with the good old Vicar's portly figure and sturdy *tenu*. His head was firmly but very gracefully set on his shoulders, his little plain three-cornered hat thrown on carelessly on one side over the right eye, with the military air which pervaded his whole *tournure* and manner. Lydia did not note these several particulars; but the *tout ensemble* of this suddenly-beheld personage charmed her, she knew not why.

"I wish he would turn his face towards Papa," she said to herself. As though he had heard her, he did so; but, Dr. Freeman being on his right, the little hat only allowed Lydia to perceive, between that and the soft white stock, a firm well-cut mouth, smiling and handsome, and a Napoleon jaw and chin of the finest proportions. She did not behold his high white forehead, straight and well-shaped nose with the chiselled flexible nostrils, or his deep-set violet eyes, rendered dark by his thick black eyebrows and long black lashes; the whole rendered soft and rich by the snow-white powder in his hair, which was simply turned off

his forehead, curled at the sides, and tied by a broad riband forming a long bow and ends. He was pale without being sallow or sickly looking, in age not far from forty; his expression *enjoué*, with a slight dash of gravity now and then, firm without sternness: a man who had evidently seen much, who could guess thoughts, and understand at one word where some would have required a long explanation.

Dr. Freeman rubbed his hands, stroked his well-shorn double chin, quoted Latin and Greek, smiled, laughed, and gave unequivocal signs of being highly delighted and charmed with his new acquaintance.

Lydia, her little soft hands reposing one in the other, with a half-smile on her pink lips, and animation in her gentle eyes, continued to survey, from the shelter of the green blinds, the person beneath her window; until that person suddenly pointing with his whip to the shrubbery, which led to the stables, exclaimed:

“Oh!—look there—how odd—how *very* pretty!”

This exclamation was caused by the apparition of two individuals from the shrubbery, stepping soberly along, one a little in advance of the other, and both wearing a meek air of virtue and duty and goodness which strangely became them. One gently nodded its head up and down as it advanced; the other, on

the contrary, held it stiff and straight, merely fixing a pair of soft, dark eyes on the Vicar the moment it saw him. He looked fondly towards them, and said :

“Those are Phœbe and Chloe—my mare and Newfoundland ; and huge friends they are, I assure you. Chloe knows when the groom goes to saddle Phœbe, and then she lies down with her nose between her paws, watching him. The minute he has done, up she jumps, the rein is put into her mouth, and she leads Phœbe up to the door as you now see ; and not only that, but she follows me in my ride, and when we get home again, I give her the rein and she leads her friend back to her stable. If the lad happens not to be in the way, Chloe barks till he comes. Now just watch them !” \*

The round, fat, snow-white cob, with its forelock combed meekly down, and its sagacious, good-tempered eyes, now arrived at the door—exactly in front of it, as neither of the friends stopped till they reached that precise spot ; then Chloe, who was also milk white, sat herself down in front of Phœbe, and wagging her long feathery tail to and fro on the gravel, brushed it about, whilst she kept her tender eyes steadily fixed on her master—the cob also looking round at him from time to time.

\* This is a fact.

Mr. Addison expressed his astonishment and admiration, the Vicar looking with proud affection at his two pets.

"They're expecting their little treat," he said. "Lyddie! Lyddie! are you in your room—Pussy?"

"Yes, papa!" lisped Lydia, taking two steps backwards.

"Come down, my child! Phœbe and Chloe are waiting for their treat!"

"Yes, papa," and Lydia trod on Jack's open letter. She stooped, picked it up, smoothed it, folded it, put it in her pocket, looked at herself in her oval glass, with its soft muslin furniture, arranged her hair and breast-knot, and then ran lightly downstairs.

Presently the sound of her little footsteps were heard stepping along in her high-heeled shoes, and she appeared at the hall-door, bearing a china plate, on which were a piece of cake and a large slice of bread. At this sight, Phœbe turned her head and stamped with her foot, whilst Chloe's tail brushed very vehemently; but she did not quit her post or let go the rein: Chloe was a very discreet, well-bred canine.

"Come hither, my Lyddie," said Dr. Freeman: "I must make you acquainted with Mr. Addison our new neighbour—a gentleman of good parts and

great understanding, I assure you!—And this, sir, is my little Lydia—my only child—nearly as great a favourite as Phœbe and Chloe! Eh, Pussy?”

Mr. Addison took off his hat, and bowed to Lydia with the air of a soldier and a courtier, and then, stepping one step back, put his hat under his arm; whilst she blushed, making a pretty little curtsy without daring to look at him, but noting what a sweet smell of violets emanated from him.

Phœbe and Chloe were very much tantalised by these bows and curtseys; their treat so near at hand, but yet withheld from them.

Lydia first gave Phœbe a bit of bread, which she took very delicately and gently with her velvet lips; then taking the rein from Chloe, and putting it into the Vicar's hand, she proceeded to break a piece of cake. No sooner had she taken the rein, than Chloe, with a virtuous, but wistful countenance, sat up and begged, drooping her fore-paws, and holding them very tight against her, till the cake was presented, and taken without any vulgar snapping or noise.

Lydia was very intent on her task, Dr. Freeman very intent on watching his “three pets” as he called them. Mr. Addison therefore seized that opportunity of surveying Lydia, as intently as she had some minutes previously surveyed him. She would have started if she could have seen his dark



keen eyes fixed upon her: when Dr. Freeman looked up they were benevolently watching the cob and Chloe. The result of his survey of Lydia was the following inward exclamation to himself:

“’Gad! she’s the sweetest, most innocent little creature I ever clapt eyes on!”

The repast being over and another steed having joined the party, brought round by the groom, the two gentlemen mounted their horses; which were quite in character with the appearance of their riders.

Mr. Addison’s was a splendid animal, with gleaming eyes, small head, wide open nostrils; large, powerful, swift, and spirited. His master gathered up the reins, put his toe in the stirrup, and mounted. Lydia had seen Jack on his hunter, but Mr. Addison was very different. He seemed one with his horse, and so easy and supple, his position so perfect from head to foot, that the Vicar, from Phœbe’s back, launched out in a quotation respecting the Centaurs.

“I vow, Doctor,” said the man so addressed, “you put me to the blush! Mistress Lydia, I am the most humble of your slaves!” And so saying, with another courtly bow, he turned to depart; the Vicar telling his daughter not to expect him back till bedtime, as he was going to Abbot’s Manor to pass the evening and see the improvements.

Lydia watched them down the road; Phœbe steadily trotting, Mr. Addison's horse prancing, curvetting, and, as Lydia thought, behaving very ill. Little did she think the rider was the cause of it, all for her especial gratification. He felt sure she would watch them quite out of sight; and so she did: and then the cloud of dust they had left behind them subsided, and Lydia returned to her room. She pushed back the blinds and looked out, and thought the garden appeared quite deserted!

She then went to the little Indian cabinet, took from it the paquet of Jack's letters, untied the pink riband, added the last comer to the collection, and shut them up again.

Mistress Freeman returned from the village, bringing poor Roger Brown with her, whom she had invited to tea and supper; Roger, like an insect who will persevere in buzzing into and burning himself with the flame of a candle, having accepted. Mistress Freeman was the most compassionate of human beings. She was of a pensive nature, sad, and pitied everything and everybody. Roger stood high in her compassion: she always called him "Poor, dear Mr. Brown;" and many little comforts and luxuries did he owe to the compassionate kindness of Mistress Freeman. Could she have seen the thoughts of "poor, dear Mr.

Brown's" heart, and his miserable, dejecting passion for Lydia, what would she have said? I think she would have shot him: with pitying compassion ending his hopeless misery. She did sometimes say, "If poor, dear Mr. Brown were not so good and pious a man, I should think he had something on his mind!"

The party was not very gay. Mistress Freeman was tired and pensive, Lydia silent and thinking about Mr. Addison, Roger Brown shy and taciturn; looking hideous, as he sat up with his tea-cup in one hand and a large slice of cake in the other. Roger was always hungry and always thin.

Lydia, as the evening wore on, listened to every sound; thinking it high time the Vicar should return, and relate the events of his visit. When at length he did arrive, he was in raptures with Abbot's Manor and its owner.

"Mr. Addison," he said, "is the most polished of men: a true gentleman—not a fop, but a gentleman both in mind and manners. Then, too, he is vastly erudite: he seems to know everything, and can listen to, and talk on, any subject without pedantry or affectation; not as if he had ever been at the pains of acquiring knowledge, but as if it were natural to him—born with him! I never met with so charming a companion. He has travelled everywhere and seen everything thoroughly: not merely

scampered here and there, just to say he had been at such and such a place. He relates his adventures and makes his observations, too, with so much plainness, and in so unaffected, easy a manner, that it adds tenfold to the charm of his conversation. I hope to see a great deal of him. Lyddie, my child, did not you think him very polished, and very good-looking to boot?"

Lydia, thus addressed, bent her head over a little china jar of flowers, and concealing her face by smelling them, she replied:

"I don't know, papa; I hardly saw him!"

Roger Brown's heart was fluttering with agony. He alone had observed Lydia. They say Love is blind, and they say Love is lynx-eyed! Which is it? *De deux choses l'une! Lynx-eyed?* The little fellow would look *very* ugly! However, poor Roger *had* observed Lydia, and Roger assured himself that Lydia *had* observed Mr. Addison; that Lydia thought him perfect, that Lydia loved him, that he of course *must* love Lydia; that *they* would marry, and *he* should die. He knew nothing about Jack Warren. Roger felt very faint, and, in a meek, faint voice, he said:

"I must bid good night—it's getting late," and he arose and took up his stick and his great clumsy hat.

"No, no, my friend," said the Doctor, "you must **stay** a little longer, and we'll smoke a pipe of

tobacco under the trees. Mr. Addison can't smoke: he said he did so in Turkey, to conform to the mode; but that the Oriental tobacco is so very different to what we smoke here—as different as satin is to sailcloth, he said.”

But no!—Roger *would* depart: and depart he did: rushing along as though there had been a hard frost, and arriving at his two rooms as miserable as it was possible for mortal man to be.

“Poor, dear Mr. Brown!” exclaimed Mistress Freeman, with a sigh. “I’m sure he is going to be ill!—Poor man!”

“Who would suppose,” cried the Vicar, “that my poor scarecrow Brown and Mr. Addison were of the same race? Both men; yet how different. You should have heard my new friend talk of Rome and Greece—’Gad, it set me madding to be off there!”

“Lor! my dear,” cried his wife: “what Rome? Why ain’t that where the Pope lives?—poor, dear benighted man!”

“To be sure: but I don’t think he’d eat me, my love. There are at Rome such mighty remains of the great city, such magnificent ruins, such works of art, such—oh! dear, oh! dear, I do think I shall never die in peace till I see it all!”

“Well!” said Mistress Freeman, with a sigh, “for my part I’d rather have a cot in England than dwell among the heathen! I’m afraid poor Mr.

Addison's a very dangerous companion for you, my dear—unsettling your mind, and making you so wild!”

The Doctor laughed.

“Why do you call him ‘poor Mr. Addison?’ he’s a fine strong fellow, and as rich as a Jew! Abbot’s Manor is such a lovely place, and Mr. Addison’s taste is so refined! I’m to take you over there some cool evening, my Lyddie, to see it all; and I am sure you’ll be hugely pleased with it. He has some very fine paintings—in short, he’s quite a *virtuoso*. But come, light my candle, Pussy, and I’ll be off to bed, or I shall stay talking of our accomplished neighbour all night.”

The good old Vicar kissed Lydia’s forehead tenderly, and so withdrew.

Philip Addison began life as a younger son; was sent to school as soon as he came from nurse, and there well flogged and kept in order according to the old-fashioned plan. At sixteen his father submitted three different paths in life to him—Church—law—army! At nine years old the navy had been offered to him; but, much as he hated school, he rejected the offer, having even then made up his mind for the army. The army then he selected, and left school for “*a pair of colours in a marching regiment.*” He was the “*beauty*” of the corps—a wild fellow enough—uttered a “*demme,*” or any other little oath

then in vogue with a peculiar grace—made love wherever he went, *pour passer le temps*—fought the proper quantity of duels with coolness and effrontery—wrote poetry and played the violin—gambled—drank as a gentleman—could break the wildest horse and ride anything—observed everything—studied every character around him without appearing to know that one man’s mind differed from another—in his wildest moments never made a mock of grave and solemn matters—was the friend of the distressed—a hater of fools—a capital drill—a thorough soldier—a promoter of athletic sports—kind hearted—as brave as a lion—and an universal favourite with the fair sex. A merry life he led! A wild young ensign—a gay young lieutenant—a brilliant rattling captain! Many bleeding hearts he left behind him whenever the regiment got the route; he whistled “The girl I left behind me!” and looked forward to fresh conquests. At length his life was changed!

Captain Addison was detached with his company to a quiet little country town. He was then about five-and-twenty. His lieutenant, a young man about his own age, named Gwynne,—a fiery, impetuous Welshman, above all things anxious to outshine his captain among the ladies, perpetually supplanted in his wish by Addison, who supplanted him without knowing it—had conceived a hatred of the most bitter

kind for him, founded on mortified vanity and unsuccessful rivalry. Gwynne was a flat-faced, sandy-haired being, slightly marked with small-pox; strong as Hercules, but clumsily made; wishing to be handsome, he believed himself to be so, and envied Addison his undoubted superiority in looks and manner. A charming companion to be detached with! Addison despised, but never mortified him; except involuntarily. This added to Gwynne's inveterate hatred: he had nothing to complain of except that his captain was handsomer and better-mannered than himself, and that he lost all his little conquests, real or imaginary, the moment Addison appeared. I believe great hatreds have sprung from less causes.

Quiet little country towns have their belles, as well as London or any other great metropolis. Charlotte Paget was the belle of the little town in question: and on Charlotte Paget did Mr. Gwynne fix his affections a few days after his arrival. He spoke to no one of the lovely being he had beheld: meaning to keep the discovery a secret and the lady to himself. It was in a field near her own dwelling that Gwynne lost his heart. His great dog had run at and terrified Charlotte's little lapdog; he gallantly flew to the rescue, allayed her fears, praised her favourite, and left his inflammable heart in her keeping. She was a young fresh girl about



seventeen, a blush-rose in complexion, an angel in disposition—far too good for Mr. Gwynne, although Mr. Gwynne did not think so. She was one of a large family, children of Colonel Paget, a *brave en retraite*, of a good but poor family, living in an old house about a mile from the town.

On the Sunday following Gwynne's discovery, Captain Addison strolled into the country, and seeing the door of a little village church open, he entered. It so happened that this was Colonel Paget's parish church; and there, in a huge pew lined with green baize, sat the Colonel surrounded by his wife and family. Addison's scarlet coat, handsome face, and military mien, were a great distraction to the little congregation. The old soldier viewed him with feelings of soldierly pride. Charlotte thought him much superior to the ugly officer with the great rough dog; and as for Addison, before church was over his heart was hers. Never had he beheld any one who had so charmed him! Love in those days would appear to have been much more sudden—more frantic, and more lasting—than in the days of steam, platform oratory, and “women's *rights*!”

On quitting the church, the Colonel, bowing to Addison, addressed him as a brother soldier; told him that he too had once served in his corps—the gallant—th. (Reader! you may fill up the blank with the number of any regiment you may most

favour!—Then inviting him into his “quarter,” Addison was soon as much at home there as if he had known them all his life.

The visit was repeated again and again, and matters ended by Philip adoring Charlotte seriously; and, after a time, finding that nothing would make him happy but marrying her. Charlotte’s thoughts were precisely of the same nature towards Philip; and many pleasant hours they passed in each other’s society.

Poor Gwynne knew nothing of all this.

A ball was given at the Town Hall. The officers of Captain Addison’s company as well as the captain himself were, of course, present. Gwynne commenced a process then in vogue among impertinent fellows of spirit: namely, that of “*ogling*” the object of his affections. What was his horror! what was his rage! when he saw his captain lead her out in a minuet, to the admiration of all beholders. Smothering his feelings, or at least concealing them, he carelessly begged Addison to introduce him to her; which Addison did immediately. Gwynne, led on by his passion, and fearful that Addison should gain any advantage over him, made furious love to Charlotte: told her she was “a *dem* fine creature, ’pon honour!” and, before the evening was over, so far lost sight of reason and all things save Charlotte, that he actually made her an offer of his hand;

which she refused, with a laugh. Gwynne, furious, left the ball and returned home; love for Charlotte and hatred of Addison flaming in his breast with redoubled fury: for he felt sure that it was Addison—"that infernal Addison"—who stood in his way. He knocked down his servant—kicked over his table—and so to bed.

Addison's frame of mind was very different from his lieutenant's, when he reached his room, next door to Gwynne's, about two hours after. The wall between them separated a furious man boiling over, tossing and rolling impatiently in his bed, from another, calmly and softly sleeping, happy as an angel.

Addison having made up his mind that life would be as a bleak desert without Charlotte—that a good march and whistling "the girl I left behind me!" would be powerless towards forgetting her—had that very morning proposed—been accepted—got the old Colonel's consent—written to his father to say how matters stood—and had passed a most happy evening in dancing with his beloved Charlotte.

The "*happy day*" was fixed—parson and clerk applied to—friends invited—everything in readiness. Gwynne, concealing his black hatred and wrath, was to be Philip's "*best man*." Addison was radiant in smiles, and full dress uniform, *bien poudré*, perfumed—handsome—a model bridegroom. The

soldiers of that day wore their uniform, as foreigners do: there was no odd-looking "*mufti*" to be seen—a strange choice of raiment, semi-civil, semi-military.

The wedding took place in the little village church where Addison had first seen Charlotte. Merrily and loudly rang the bells as the bride and bridegroom left the building. The bridesmaids, her sisters, smiled on the "*cavaliers*" who led them. The spring sun shone warm and bright, the birds sang sweetly among the surrounding trees. Addison looked happier than man ever looked before. Gwynne smiled, but heard not a word that had been spoken since he entered the church: his throat was parched, his heart beat thickly and loud. As they reached the churchyard gates, he dropped the hand of the lady he led, and springing forward, in one instant he seized the bride firmly by the arm, placed the cold muzzle of a pistol against her soft white temple, fired, threw the pistol violently in Addison's face, crossed his arms, grinning like a demon, nor attempted to escape, or resist the young men of the party who seized him.

There lay Addison's bride in a deluge of blood! disfigured not to be recognised. Poor Addison! his happiness in one minute flown—gone! He stood bewildered—scared; looked on heaven—on earth—it seemed a dream. He stood in Charlotte's blood—

he looked on her without appearing to see that on which he looked.

On that day week he followed her coffin to the grave. The sun shone as brightly, the birds sang as sweetly as on his wedding-day. He looked on the spot where she fell—hurried home—called for brandy—drank madly—was carried to his bed in a raging fever.

When he recovered he found that his company had rejoined head-quarters, that Gwynne was in the county gaol awaiting his trial, that the regiment was under orders for Ireland, and that he himself had been at death's door. His soldier servant was with him, and had nursed him, with a soldier's care and cleverness. He easily got leave for the purpose of recovering his health, went home, found quiet insupportable, rejoined his regiment, found all his former pleasures insipid and tame, sold out and went on the continent. Gwynne was executed, of course.

Abroad all was new to Addison. Paris fixed him. He had good introductions, was in the first society, about court, very *répandu*, very dissipated, and known by the name of "*le bel Anglais*." But still he did not forget Charlotte; and her image always spurred him on to fresh dissipation and excess. He was ever restless and craving for novelty and excitement, joined as a volunteer in the wars then going on, and received many a dangerous wound; but

death ever spared him, as he said, for more misery.

After a few years of this excitement, and feverish existence, reflection came with soothing powers. Addison had a lodging at Versailles, and at the window of it he lay one evening on his sofa, feeble, ill, and sorrowful: he had but just arisen from his bed, and that after many a weary day and night of pain and restlessness. "And what for, in the name of Heaven?" he asked himself. "What for? I wish De Liancourt had made an end of me? Confound it! Women are all alike, every one of them. I risk my life for one, and she gives me up and goes over to my rival, because he half-killed me! Talk of the tenderness of the sex! Tender enough as long as you flatter them, cajole them, and pass your time on your knees at their feet! meet with a reverse, and see what becomes of their tenderness. Ugh! The *Marquise*, too, making a show of hating De Liancourt and despising marriage, and then, because he runs me through, she turns about and marries him: marries him, after all her vows and protestations to me! and I fought on her account! *Stop my breath!* I'm a fool and a madman: and she was the *only* woman, of the mob of fine creatures of whom I've been the humble slave and victorious despot, that I really cared about. Well! *vogue la galère*; there are plenty more of 'em, and I've only

to choose: I never saw the woman yet who could withstand me!"

So it was: "*le bel Anglais*" had been the slave and despot of a charming young widow, who had "registered a vow," made to be broken, that never again should wedlock fetter her. The Vicomte de Liancourt, a friend and rival of Addison's, also sighed for the enchanting Marquise de Villefort, and irritated at the young widow's preference for Addison, insulted him with a view to being called out. He succeeded, of course; they fought; the Vicomte, after a skilful combat, ran Addison through; and before "*le bel Anglais*" had half recovered from his dangerous wound, his rival was married to the Marquise; and there was Addison, on a sultry summer evening, sick and weak, left to his own reflections.

He reflected long and profoundly, and when midnight struck slowly and with a long vibration, and the moon was shining down upon him, his mind was made up. He had sifted his soul thoroughly, and found that he was tired to death of dissipation, excitement, and gaiety; that the recollection of Charlotte was now nothing more than a pale, melancholy shade, present only when he chose to recall it; that he cared for nothing, and looked forward to nothing, and could never be at the pains to begin his man-of-the-world life again: in short, that what was novelty and delight

six years before, had now become old, faded, and flat. At this point of his reflections, atheism and suicide presented themselves to him, as Vice and Virtue did of yore to Hercules; but Addison shook his head, frowned, and the visions disappeared; leaving him to battle on with the “vanity and vexation of spirit,” which he saw all sublunary things to be.

When his valet had undressed him and helped him to bed, when he was left by the soft light of the moon and his lamp, and a feeble breeze blew through his window, when he had heard the old church clock strike one, he sank to sleep, determined, as soon as he should have recovered, to retreat to Switzerland, and lead a life of mingled exercise and study, recruit his purse and health, and try simple pleasures, after the turmoil and flutter he had plunged himself into.

Addison put his resolve into execution. The usual “*three days’ wonder*” complimented his departure; rivals rejoiced, the powdered belles lamented—but only for three days. He installed himself at Lausanne, and seemed to breathe freely.

He made the acquaintance of the pastor, and of his brother, a medical man; both of them studious and learned, of sound judgment and cool heads, and therefore very well suited to his present purpose. With them he studied theology, philosophy, and medical science; walked with the pastor



over mountain and valley, or rowed on the lake. By degrees his natural cheerfulness returned, in place of empty excitement: though it must be confessed he found his new life rather insipid at first, and more than once meditated a return to Paris. His two friends, however, strengthened him in his good resolutions, and urged him on to perseverance; services he never forgot as long as he lived. His health, too, became perfectly restored; and the death of his brother made him an elder son, and effectually recruited his purse.

His next move, after two years passed in Switzerland, was to make the tour of Europe, which occupied him seven years, so thoroughly did he accomplish it. His father's demise, which made him heir to vast estates, recalled him to England after an absence of fifteen years. He had left it full of despair and raging youth—he returned to it calm, consoled, contented, wise, and happy.

Such is a brief description of Addison's life. Small wonder that little Lydia should have viewed him with such astonished fascination: she who had hitherto only dwelt on the image of honest Jack Warren. Here was a man who had been mixed up in the most refined and elegant life of France, and who wore the air and manners of that life. Small wonder that Dr. Freeman should be so captivated with him; his mind polished by study,

travel, thought, and mixture with the best society.

Dr. Freeman was never tired of talking of him to his "little puss," and she never weary of her father's theme. As for Addison, he never let more than three days pass without visiting the Vicarage. He told the Doctor that it was his intention to give England a fair trial, and if he found it answer his expectations, that he should undoubtedly settle in it.

"Suppose, papa," said Lydia, when the Vicar mentioned this resolve: "suppose, papa, that Mr. Addison should not find England to his taste after being so long in foreign parts, what *would* become of you? You would be obliged to go with him!"

"And as I could never leave my three pets, why, Lyddie, and Phœbe, and Chloe must come too!" Hereupon Lydia laughed; but her laugh wound up with a little sigh, unheard by the Doctor.

Mr. Addison never appeared to take more notice of Lydia than politeness warranted: indeed not half so much as he did of Mistress Freeman; who thought him "All very well, poor man, but too Frenchified to suite my taste." Addison saw without looking, and not a gesture or look of Lydia's was lost upon him. Lydia only looked at him,

as it were, by stealth: but that was quite enough; and pretty little Lydia sat at work with downcast eyes, listening to every word he said; not exactly understanding them all, but thinking the voice she first heard in her dream more charming from day to day.

It was quite a *fête* for her when she visited Abbot's Manor, "*the great shut-up house*," one lovely summer evening. Phœbe was led up to the door by Chloe, and on Phœbe's back was a pillion; on which, behind the Vicar, Lydia was to proceed to Mr. Addison's.

She looked like one of Greuze's most lovely pictures, wrapped up in her black silk mantle with its black lace trimming; her face shaded by a little straw hat, with a wreath of blue satin riband and long ends; one little hand in a black mitten passed through the strap round her father's waist, the other holding her fan, resting upon her knees; her little feet, encased in Spanish leather shoes, decked with "dear Jack's" gift of gold buckles, rested on the board attached to the pillion. Phœbe nodded her head and stept firmly and soberly along, Chloe frisked and ran to and fro, the Vicar talked and laughed, and so did Lydia: but Lydia thought they should never arrive at the "*great shut-up house*."

At the lodge-gates they found Mr. Addison waiting for them. A pleased expression beamed in his

look as they drew nigh, but his mouth remained firm and grave. He greeted Lydia with his usual courtly bow, and shaking hands with the Doctor, patting Phœbe, and noticing Chloe, he proceeded to walk by the side of the cob, just between Lydia and the Vicar, resting the tip of his fore-finger on the extreme edge of the foot-board. Lydia had opened her fan, and gently fanned herself, with a little air of agitation marked by Mr. Addison. She observed him from time to time from behind her fan—cunning little manœuvre for Lydia, but he saw it without her being aware of the fact.

Lydia thought him quite perfect, in his black velvet suit, his thin silk stockings, and thin high-heeled shoes with black buckles. "*Le bel Anglais*" had been famed for the beauty of his leg and foot—which in that day was an essential mark of "blood"—and they remained as perfectly well formed as ever. Lydia could not help thinking of her absent lover's thick ankles and clumsy shoes; also of the Lincoln-green suit so heavy and ill cut, and the way his sword dangled against his legs, instead of being *en broche*, like Mr. Addison's. She hung her head, closed her fan, opened it, sighed, and said to herself—"poor Jack." The Doctor was repeating Greek verses, and marking the emphasis with his whip. Addison looked from beneath his eyebrows furtively at Lydia, and was struck by the pensive air

she wore. "There is no doubt of it," was his inward observation; he smiled, and the Doctor having finished his harangue, he responded in the same sonorous tongue; which little Lydia thought showed off his voice to great advantage.

On reaching the terrace, which extended the whole length of the front of the house, Mr. Addison lightly clasped Lydia's small round waist with both his hands; she gave a spring and stood on the ground before him. Lydia's heart fluttered, and she said to herself, "How very shy and silly I am: poor Jack has often jumped me off Phœbe, and I never minded it at all!" Foolish little Lydia.

A groom having taken the cob, the Doctor began to ascend the steps of the terrace, extaisising over the splendend view. Mr. Addison with a bow presented his hand to Lydia, who placed the tips of *her* fingers along *his* forefinger, where he lightly retained them with his thumb; but, slight as the touch was, he felt a tremulous vibration in Lydia's soft fingers, which without a muscle of his face moving spread an universal smile over it.

"*Eh! chère petite,*" he said to himself as he gal-lanted her up the steps and across the wide stone terrace into the large cool hall.

Abbot's Manor formed three sides of a square, the blank side being to the rear of the mansion. The terrace (which, as before observed, extended the

whole length of the front of the house) was very wide and paved with stone, surrounded by a heavy stone balustrade, except where it was approached by the long shallow steps. The hall reached to the top of the house, the dark oak staircase being on the left. Mr. Addison conducted his guest to a large long room on the right, entirely covered with paintings: some originals, others splendid copies from the best masters. In the middle stood a marqueterie table, on which tea, cakes, fruit, and preserves were placed.

"You will like some refreshment after your ride," said Mr. Addison, seating Lydia at the table; "I came here on horseback, and I have neither coach nor chariot yet: not so much as a sedan chair, or I should have made bold to have put them at your orders."

"Thank you, my good sir, thank you," replied the Vicar. "My Lyddie is well used to jaunt about behind her old father. Many a pleasant mile we've been together."

Lydia had in her short life beheld no paintings, save a few family portraits. After tea Mr. Addison conducted her round the gallery, much interested and pleased at her *naïve* questions, and modest little observations. Some of the large sombre pictures—a martyrdom of St. Sebastian, especially—struck her with a vague sensation of awe and dread. The

saint was represented the size of life, his face pale and full of agony, the arrow wounds awfully real; he appeared faint, at the very point of death, the whole brought out by a misty and very dark background. There was a silence and majesty in the air of the painting, and a life-like reality in the figure, which made Lydia shiver. Mr. Addison perceived it, and said:

“That is a fine picture; but I think this little painting will be more to your taste: St. Sebastian has an air of grandeur, but these little persons have something infinitely gay about them, and are more likely to please you.”

Lydia looked at the picture he pointed out to her. It was a small oval, representing a little Cupid at the feet of a little fat girl of his own age, to whom he was offering his weapons with an air of passionate gallantry, which she was accepting with a little air of lively coquetry; the two doves fluttering around them as though they were showing their approbation of the scene. There was a bright rosy tint over the painting, and little Lydia smiled with delight at it; could hardly tear herself away to inspect the others, still returning to the gallant Cupid and the charming little girl.

Mr. Addison took the painting from the wall.

“You must do me the favour, Dr. Freeman,” he said, “to allow me to engage Mistress Lydia to hang

up this painting in her room. I hope she will not refuse to do so."

Lydia raised her eyes and endeavoured to speak, but in so doing her eyes met Addison's, and the look darted from them caused Lydia to look on the ground, open and shut her fan, and say nothing. Dr. Freeman, not having perceived these little particulars, spoke as follows:—

"Indeed, I cannot find it in my heart to forbid my dear little pussy's accepting so pretty a gift. I shall only require her to place it in the parlour, where all eyes may view it. Gad! I shall turn it into Latin verse, and send my attempt to an erudite friend of mine. I must leave my Lyddie to thank you herself, sir! Her little rosy lips will do so far better than I can."

"Indeed, my dear papa, I do not know what to say," lisped Lydia, in a soft and rather tremulous voice.

"Thank you, Mr. Addison," she added, and put out her hand to him, which he gallantly raised to his lips. It was a common *politesse* in the world, but the Vicar's daughter had never been in the world; and when she felt her trembling hand touched by Mr. Addison's lips, her heart beat so violently that poor little Lydia felt as though she were going to faint. Mr. Addison clearly perceived it, and addressed himself to the Vicar; giving her time



to recover herself by so doing. He then presented his hand and conducted Lydia and the Doctor over the house.

His own room gave Lydia the greatest pleasure. That, too, as all the other rooms, was ornamented with paintings; portraits of celebrated warriors, pictures of battles, some of them by Wouvermans, landscapes by the best masters, and, in an oval frame, delicately wrought, the representation of a perfectly beautiful little *Marquise*! There were bookcases filled with volumes of all sizes, redolent of Russia leather; there was a large marqueterie secrétaire with slender legs; there were small copies in marble and in bronze of antique statues; there were three trophies, one composed of Turkish arms and armour, another of those of the middle ages, a third of swords, pistols, and various arms of the day.

Lydia looked on all these things, but her eyes ever and anon returned to the lovely picture in the oval frame. Mr. Addison quietly observed the fact with the greatest pleasure and delight. Lydia would have given thousands, had she possessed them, to know if there had ever been an original to the painting; and if so, who and what she was: whether Mr. Addison was acquainted with her, and whether—but there she stopped, lacking courage to frame the question even to herself.

Dr. Freeman was busily engaged in looking at

various relics and antiquities which Mr. Addison had brought home from his travels, and which were contained in the drawers of an immense Indian cabinet.

"I could look at these till midnight," he said; "but it won't do to keep you, sir, and my Lyddie so long. Gad, a *mons'us* handsome creature," he added, looking at the picture in the oval frame.

"Faith! doctor, she was," said his entertainer; "and used me like a dog, 'pon honour. She was nearly causing my death; and as I was lying but half alive, run through and through, she marries my rival. Come! we will go forth into the shrubberies; and if you've a mind to hear it, I'll tell you the whole affair."

"I'm your humble listener, sir. Gad, she *is* beautiful! But how can you favour so faithless a lady by having her always before your eyes?"

"I know better now," replied Mr. Addison smiling; and going up to the picture he turned it with its face to the wall—"There, *Madame la Marquise*; for the time to come that will be your position!" The Doctor laughed, and Lydia felt a great weight removed from her heart by the mere turning of a picture with its face to the wall.

The quadrangle, which was to be traversed in order to reach the shrubbery, was laid out as a Dutch garden, with trim borders and many statues representing heathen gods and goddesses. Along

the blank side of the square ran a stone balustrade, on which a couple of peacocks were perched, shining in the rich red evening sunlight and screaming with their melancholy, discordant and yet pleasing cry. Beyond the balustrades the ground dipped into a valley, at the bottom of which ran a clear, murmuring trout-stream; beyond this arose a hill higher than the other, and covered with thick wood. The descent beyond the garden was cut into three terraces, communicating by stone steps and ornamented by elipt yew-trees, vases, and statues; from the last terrace a stone bridge was thrown over the stream, and a winding path led to the entrance of the wood.

As Mr. Addison led Lydia over the bridge, they stopt an instant to look into the cool fresh stream, and to observe the trout quietly swimming about with an occasional fan of the tail, whilst the summer insects skimmed along the surface of the water or danced about in the glowing rays of the sun.

"Fine fellows," cried the Doctor, eyeing the fish—"very fine fellows, upon my veracity!"

"You must do me the favour to give me your opinion of them, sir, at your breakfast to-morrow; at which some of them shall not fail to appear," said Mr. Addison bowing.

They reached the wood, in which paths were cut with the greatest taste and discrimination, and where the birds were loudly singing their evening

songs. On gaining the top of the hill they rested on a rustic seat beneath an aged oak, wide-spreading and thickly leaved. From this spot a view of the whole surrounding country was obtained, the trees having been cut away with that intention. Lydia had never felt so happy, the Doctor had never been in better spirits; Mr. Addison was very polite, very smiling, and extremely brilliant and entertaining.

They gazed on the view stretching far away beneath them, as they seated themselves under the oak-tree.

"Oh! there is the Vicarage, my dear papa," cried Lydia, pointing it out with her fan.

"You see I have my eyes upon you," said Mr. Addison laughing. Little Lydia laughed too, but a blush accompanied her laugh.

He then, at the Doctor's request, recounted the story of the faithless *marquise*, and how he had engaged a first-rate artist to follow her to all public places, in order to paint the portrait they had seen in his room; and which was a most valuable painting, and a perfect likeness. Lydia was very much interested in the recital, and expressed her surprise at the perfidy of the beautiful French lady.

"I think she deserves to have her face turned to the wall," she said, gently fanning herself; "but it is a great pity: she is so handsome and has such an air. Do forgive her, Mr. Addison, and turn the picture back again!"

"Your wishes are a law to me," he added, gallantly bowing, with his hand on his breast.

"You have so interested and entertained us sir," said the Vicar, "that if we can ask the favour without indiscretion, I am sure my Lydia will join with me in the request that we may hear any other passages of your life which you may be so indulgent as to favour us with."

"Oh yes!" said Lydia, softly.

Mr. Addison sighed, and then laughingly said, "I am sure you take me for a free and independent bachelor. Faith, I must make my confession, and let you know I am an old married man: married before Mistress Lydia Freeman was born!"

"Ods so!" replied the Vicar, opening his eyes. Lydia's fan had fallen to the ground, and her colour had fled. Mr. Addison picked up the fan, and observing the pallor without appearing to do so, he said to himself — "*c'est bon*" — cleared his throat—prepared his listeners for a touching story, and recounted that of his wedding with poor Charlotte Paget.

"I never really loved but twice," he said in conclusion; "you are in possession of the histories of both my loves: am I not an unfortunate fellow?"

Lydia had listened with the same attention she used to bring to the Vicar's recitals of the "*Babes in the Wood*," and "*Little Red Riding Hood*,"

when she was a little child; and at the termination she was silently weeping, with her handkerchief to her eyes. Mr. Addison looked at her with an air of triumph and pleasure, whilst her tender old father drew her towards him and said, as he kissed her:

“Never mind, dear pussy, it happened when you were a little thing: it’s all over now, and our good friend Mr. Addison is quite happy again; and will ever remain so, I hope.”

“I am more than happy,” he replied: three is the charm, so old housewives tell us, therefore I must hope my third love will be so happy as to make me amends for my past mischances.”

“What! venture again, my good sir? You’re a bold man!”

“I’m an old soldier, doctor,” replied Mr. Addison laughing, and they began their return home.

Lydia did not feel so happy as she had done half an hour before: she suddenly recollected Jack—honest Jack Warren—a pang shot through her heart—she cast down her eyes—the voice she heard in her dream sounded in her ears: she heard her father’s laugh, but could have given no account of what had passed since they left the old oak, had she been required so to do.

The Vicar became more and more *en train*, Mr. Addison fell in with his humour, and as he conducted Lydia, secretly surveyed her, and inwardly

joyed at her silence and abstracted air. He had never heard of such a person as young Squire Warren.

On reaching the upper terrace, they remained awhile to taste the fresh evening breeze, survey the blood-red sunset, listen to the distant sheep-bells in the park, and observe the cawing rooks going through their curious evening evolutions.

Lydia thought it "very pretty," and sighed. Mr. Addison wished the good old fat Vicar safe in his Vicarage, and himself *en tête-à-tête* with his daughter. The innocent old ecclesiastic quoted the classics, and made some beautiful and moral observations drawn from his own righteous heart.

On regaining the house, they proceeded to the dining-room, which was well lighted by wax-lights in ancient silver candelabra of foreign design and execution: the windows remained open to admit the fanning breeze. The supper was served on plate of curious form, and Sèvres china, delicate and fragile. A sweet perfume of flowers pervaded the apartment. The supper was cold, and followed by splendid fruits and foreign preserves. There was champagne, too, in long Flemish glasses. The Vicar did ample justice to it; so fresh and vivifying after the heat and dryness of the day. Lydia had never met with it before. Mr. Addison informed her of its treacherous deluding properties: unlike the chivalry of the pre-

sent day, who think it such "*great fun*" to make the young ladies frisky with champagne, and then boast of their prowess.

The time for parting came. Mr. Addison had left the room, and returned in his riding-dress, with his hat under his arm. The Vicar was asleep in a large soft satin chair; there he gently snored whilst Lydia looked from the window, over the garden, at the silent lightning playing beyond the wood. Her pleasure was gone, or at least sadly diminished. The form, the clumsy form of Jack, stood between her and Mr. Addison! Did she feel angry with Jack? No! Lydia never was angry; but she sighed, and felt she loved Jack precisely the same as she had always done, without the least shade of alteration: and yet she could not think of Jack without shivering, and he and Mr. Addison were perpetually together in her mind.

As Mr. Addison entered the room, he saw at once the Doctor sleeping, and Lydia looking out at the lightning. He drew near her softly (he could walk as lightly and silently as a cat, when he chose), and stopped about three paces from her, with the light full on his face. The Doctor, with a long-drawn snore, awoke; Lydia turned round and saw Mr. Addison's eyes gleaming on her: he purposely designed that she should do so.

"Come, my child," said the Vicar, slowly rising,



“we must ride home by the light of the stars; and a most pleasant time we have passed, sir, owing to your urbanity and kindness!”

“Since it is so,” returned his host, “I hope you will confer on me the favour of repeating your visit.”

Lydia could say nothing. Mr. Addison helped her to spring on Phœbe, Chloe danced around, and Mr. Addison’s horse was led up pawing and foaming to the terrace. He rested his hand on it and leapt on its back without touching the stirrup; then reining it in, made it walk quietly beside Phœbe, so that the rider was precisely between the Doctor and Lydia.

The champagne, fatigue, and subsequent doze had somewhat stilled the Vicar; Lydia spoke softly now and then; Mr. Addison furnished the conversation for all. The evening was soothing and still, the tramp of the horses’ feet sharp and distinct, the cricket cheerfully singing, the distant watch-dogs barking as though in answer to each other.

As Mr. Addison talked to her, Lydia once again forgot Jack in the pleasure of listening to him, and the ride home appeared much shorter than the ride to “*the great old house*.” it appeared too short; and when Lydia heard Mr. Addison gallop off, they seemed to her scarcely to have left Abbot’s Manor. He galloped off with an air of triumph and a smiling countenance: with the mien of a man certain of

success. He sang, too, as he pranced along, and put his horse through all sorts of paces. The fact was, that Mr. Addison, with his natural shrewdness, added to his knowledge of the world and of the fair sex, had a better insight into Lydia's heart than Lydia had herself. He perceived the instant it was touched, and rejoiced accordingly; for Lydia was, as he told himself, the "*soft moonlight*" he needed to make him completely happy. She was so young, so fresh, so innocent, so different to the women he had been accustomed to and grown tired of, that a passion for her did more towards the curing the *blasé* state of his feelings than travelling, philosophy, or any remedy he had hitherto adopted.

"Gad!" he said, "it makes me gay and boyish again!"

He reached home, took a bottle of champagne in a huge silver goblet to Lydia's health, and so retired to bed to dream of her, as happy as a king; having only to speak to be accepted.

As for poor little Lydia, no sooner had he quitted her, than Jack again arose in her imagination. In the parlour was Mistress Freeman, busily knitting, and on the table beside her the little oval painting sent by Mr. Addison to greet her on her return.

"This is for you, Lyddie, my dear! How pretty it is: but bless me! poor little dears, they must be very cold, with nothing to wear but blue ribands and

a thin scarf. Poor dear Mr. Brown was sitting with me when Mr. Addison sent it. It seemed quite to upset him: he grew scarlet, and went away, poor man!"

"Brown has no taste for the classics," said the Vicar. "That's the prettiest little subject I ever clapt eyes on. I say, pussy! what would worthy Jack say? You'll have the lad jealous, gad you will; so take care!"

"He knows me too well," faltered poor Lydia, feeling inclined to cry; and, lighting her candle, she asked permission to go to bed; she "*felt so tired!*" Oh, Lydia, you were *not* tired.

Lydia did not sleep. Mr. Addison's stories of his life; the horrid death of poor Charlotte—the painting of St. Sebastian—the "*great old house*"—the portrait of the *Marquise*—the large wide terraces—Mr. Addison himself, so handsome in his black velvet dress—and eke Jack Warren, her affianced lover, in his Lincoln-green, not so handsome as Mr. Addison; all these things occupied her mind so strongly that sleep she could not. Twelve o'clock pealed forth from the old square tower—one o'clock—two—three—Lydia heard them all—and four. The birds were twittering, the silent day-break and rising sun succeeding the summer night. Lydia could see the oval painting hanging on the wall. With day came sleep, and dreams from all her previous thoughts.

Next day brought a letter from Jack, announcing, with the utmost glee, that Dr. Spark had “given him up”—that he was enchanted to get rid of “so bookish a man,”—that Sir Thomas was furious—that he hoped his father would let him go home, as Dr. Spark had said “*in so many words*” that he would never be fitted for Parliament, and “the old Frenchman” in town had said the same thing—that Sir Thomas still insisted on making a coxcomb and a fine gentleman of him—that he’d find it would not do, it wasn’t in him—that he was sure his “little Lydia” did not care for fine learned fops, and would love him better as plain honest Jack Warren with his heart in his hand—that he meant to do all he could to set himself free and hasten their marriage—his father, indeed, talked of a match in town for him, a rich and handsome lady—that he had stood a good deal out of respect to his father, but he wouldn’t stand that; *hang him!* if he did, indeed: that nothing on earth should ever force him to forget Lydia. And so, with his respects to the Vicar and Mistress Freeman, the worthy fellow concluded.

Lydia read and re-read the letter.

“Poor Jack,” she sighed. She wished he could love the young lady in town; and then she felt ungrateful towards him, and reproached herself with her wishes. Then Mr. Addison arrived, with his good looks, and his deep voice, and charming

manners—and then she quite forgot “poor Jack”—and when Mr. Addison departed, with him departed little Lydia’s serenity; for Jack’s gigantic form reappeared in her mind, and she read his letter again and put it among its fellows, and sighed, and looked at Mr. Addison’s gift—and hoped, before she knew what she was hoping, that Sir Thomas would detain Jack—and then she thought town training would do him good, he was “*so very rough*”—and then she put off answering his letter; and put it off, and put it off, till poor Jack wrote to inquire if anything was the matter, and why she did not write to him?

It was quite true that Dr. Spark, a most erudite and clever eccentricity, thoroughly disgusted with his pupil’s obtuse brains and sheer incapacity for gaining knowledge, sought out Sir Thomas, and addressed him as follows:—

“Sir, you’ll never make anything of that boy of yours—he’s a paper-skull, sir—a paper-skull—paper—yes—paper. Send him back to his hounds, sir—send him back—yes—send him back. I’d sooner teach a hog, sir—a hog—more capacity in a hog, sir—more capacity—ininitely more! The young fellow’s torpid, sir—torpid—quite torpid—stupid, sir—stupid. It’s an insult to give one such a pupil, sir. Don’t be alarmed, sir, I’m not a fighting man, sir—no—not a fighting man, sir. As for Parliament, sir—Parliament—might as well send out a bear as

ambassador, sir—a bruin, sir. Ambassador, sir!—quite unfit for the senate, sir—yes—senate. Never met so sluggish a brain, sir—never: no notions, sir, beyond the chase, sir—none—except a tankard, sir—beer, sir:—sottish, very sottish. Lost time—lost time—never make anything of him, sir—never—as long as the world lasts, sir—never—as sure as my name's Spark, sir—Spark. Fine man, sir—very—very much so, sir—very much so indeed, sir—no fire—no life, sir—you'll live to find I speak truth, sir—truth. Give it up, my good sir—give it up—send him to his dogs, sir—his tankard, sir—his choice country spirits, sir—marry him, sir—save him from ruin, sir. I wash my hands of him, sir—yes, sir—leave this the day after to-morrow, sir—early coach, sir—humble servant, sir—boy's a numskull, sir!”

The Baronet chafed and fumed. The speech of the tutor tallied too well with his own unbiassed judgment: but his will, his darling scheme, stood out against his judgment; and he was determined, if obliged to give up his idea of making a statesman of Jack, he would still try his efforts at breaking him in for a fine gentleman.

“Was ever man more cursed than I?” he said to himself. “I cannot away with the boy—given up by both tutors! I did hope more from Dr. Spark! That a boy of mine should be such a consummate lout! The more I dress him the worse he looks—

the more pains I take with him the more shy and awkward he grows. And here he is left on my hands. He'll be gallanting with the dairymaid for want of something to do. Gad, I wish he'd form a *liaison* with some woman of fashion! 'Twould be the making of him—but no!—Lydia, and Lydia, and Lydia—and blushing and looking like a clown—confound the fellow! I'll try him next season, do all I can for him—insist on his giving up that country wench—make up a match for him—set him love-making—take him everywhere—give him a spirit—zounds, that I will—or if I fail '*strike me moral*' I'll marry, and cut him off with a shilling!—the foolish bumpkin!"

Dr. Spark left by the early coach, with few clothes, but many books: rare works, choice editions, his cherished treasures. Sir Thomas left alone with Jack, himself attempted to illuminate his brains. During the hot summer mornings Jack, *en robe de chambre*, sat in the fine old library reading to his father, and writing from his dictation. He read and wrote mechanically: all the works on history, philosophy, and human nature, reached no farther than his eyes and tongue. Jack's mind was quite left *in statu quo*; his thoughts rambled to far other subjects: horses, dogs, foxes, runs, fences, leaps, ale, beef, venison, bread and cheese, shooting, fishing, coursing, a pipe of tobacco, Lydia, and old Squire Warren. Such

were the materials of Jack's divers thoughts, put into different forms, like a Chinese puzzle: the same squares with a variation in pattern.

Sir Thomas bethought him of making his son keep a common-place book. What insanity! Jack was a long time before he could understand the object in view.

"You are to write down," said his father, "your opinion of the divers works you read, and to make extracts from them."

"What's extracts?" asked Jack.

"To copy out of them into your book anything that you think may be of use to you, in order that you may not forget it. You have this morning been reading the reign of William Rufus, and a work on manners and politeness done into English from the Italian. Now sit down, take up your pen, and enter your thoughts on your common-place book. Take your time; and for Heaven's sake do endeavour to show some interest in what you are about, and try to be more like other young fellows of your own age. When you have done, we'll go into the shade of the avenue and fence a little."

Jack sat down drowsy and dull, spread open his common-place book and the reign of William Rufus, looked at the ceiling, and out of the window, and at the end of a quarter of an hour's rumination wrote as follows:—



## WILLIAM RUFUS.

“ William Rufus had red hair. He was a king of England. He liked fox-hunting and stag-hunting. It don’t say how many packs he had, nor how many horses. I suppose a good many, because he was a king. It don’t say anything of harriers nor beagles; perhaps he was above them, because he was a king. I should like well enough to have been in his shoes, except at last. Out stag-hunting one of the company shot him with an arrow he meant for the stag, but somehow it went wrong; smack into the king and killed him. I wonder why they had arrows out hunting. If they must have arms, I think they would have found their guns more handy, but I’d rather have nothing for my part. Give me a good hunter, and devil take the hindmost.”

“ Please, sir,” said Jack, in a thick schoolboy voice, “ I’ve done William What’s-his-name!”

“ Heavens, you young ruffian, you’ll destroy me. Have I not told you hundreds of times how detestable it is not to give every person his proper name? Now then go on to the other work, and then I’ll see how you succeed.”

Jack found this harder work than the last, but after pushing back his nightcap and rubbing his smoothly shorn pate, and furtively gaping a great deal, he brought forth the following remarks:—

## MANNERS AND POLITENESS.

“ I don’t like this book, and so I don’t want to copy anything out of it. It has got a great many pictures of fops and coxcombs bowing and scraping, and turning out their toes, and drawing in their backs. I have no relish for them. I don’t remember much what the book says. I like William Rufus best.”

Sir Thomas having left the room, Jack looked at his watch, gaped with good will as wide as his jaws would extend, stretched out his legs and arms like a tiger, and *tilting* back his chair made amends for two hours’ constraint and misery.

Sir Thomas returned, gently opening the door as was his custom. Before him, he beheld Jack taking his ease, and stood aghast at his mighty stretch, and the wild-beast-like noise of his gape. “ Oaf ! ” he faintly exclaimed. Jack heard him not. Jack’s ponderous muscular back was too much for the back of the chair. With a crack, it separated from the scat. Over went Jack, his toes in the air, his capless head on the floor at his enraged parent’s feet, his eyes looking up imploringly at him, his arms spread abroad—and there he lay.

“ When in the name of all the furies, sir, are you going to leave off your pothouse habits ?—Who ever saw a gentleman stretching and yawning like a beast

of prey? You know it is wrong, or you would not wait to begin your ignoble performances till I had left the room. Breaking the back off a chair, and falling over like a drunken fellow! Why do you lie there, sir, staring at me like a booby? Gracious heavens! get up, or I shall do you a mischief."

Jack arose, replaced his cap, and carried his literary toils to Sir Thomas. He read them—pale and trembling with suppressed rage and vexation. He read them three times over, put the book on the table, and said:

"Is it possible that a human being of your age can write such stuff? Is that all you have gleaned from your morning's study? Are those the only remarks you have to make?"

Jack thought for a few minutes, and replied,

"That's all, sir!"

His father, taking a pinch of snuff, eyed him superciliously.

"Go and fetch the foils, and wait for me in the avenue!"

Jack departed; Sir Thomas read his performances over again.

"What writing!" he exclaimed. "What ideas! How puerile — how utterly devoid of anything brilliant! Gad! I fear the Abbé and Dr. Spark were right! One-and-twenty next February; and this is the performance of a child of twelve years

old! He's fit for nothing but to break his neck out hunting: but that he'll never do! Well! I suppose I must give up all notion of seeing him a statesman! I can get him into Parliament; that will look well: and as for speaking, he won't attempt it. Then I must see to getting him well married to Lady Betty, or Lady Flora, or some modish woman or other. That will give him a little more weight in the world: a fine woman might put the fellow on his mettle, and make something of him. I'll try him this winter—make love for him myself—the lout has no idea of it: he'd be chucking the lady under the chin, or some such enormity, if I gave him his head.

The persevering old Baronet thus continued to row against wind and tide, in the vain hope that by some means he should somehow make something of Jack; whilst every one but himself saw plainly enough that he might just as well hope to discover the "philosopher's stone," or turn black to white. He had neglected his son in his boyhood, when he might have been sowing the seeds which might have produced something near akin to what he wished him to be; he now reaped the fruit of his desertion and negligence: still persevering in cruelly keeping him from all he loved, and debarring him from the only pursuits he was capable of engaging in. And why? Because he, Sir Thomas Warren, in his old age, had taken it into his head to think of his heir,

and in his selfish vanity imagined that the successor to all his imaginary superiority and importance must be a person of first-rate attainments ! Jack decidedly was far, very far, from being such an one ; but Jack was his only son and his heir, and Jack must be moulded to his ideas. Sir Thomas's conscience was mute so far ; the voice of vanity alone was heard ; his eyes were blinded ; divers defeats might half unclothe them for an instant, but vanity, aided by selfishness, closed them again as fast as ever.

As for poor Jack, he did not think very profoundly. He complied, as well as he was able, with his father's wishes ; doing so, if I may be allowed the term, with *sulky good-nature*. He looked forward to being of age as to a grand epoch, when he should be able to "*speak his mind*," and marry his darling "Lyddie ;" hunt with his old uncle "*and the rest of 'em*," and turn his back on the great metropolis for ever.

He little knew the changes that were going on in his Lydia's mind ; neither could he have imagined them. He felt that nothing could ever make him care for any one but her ; he clung to her remembrance as a faithful mastiff would to that of an absent master. If he had been told that she could think of any one but faithful Jack Warren, he would not have believed it. If he had been in her company together with that of Mr. Addison, he would,

with his unsuspecting mind, have had no idea of their feelings; he did not know that such a thing as faithlessness was to be found, out of a pathetic ballad twenty verses long: in short, he bore the present with a species of dutiful enduring philosophy, which was natural to him; much as a young recruit from rural districts would stand in square, *en but* to the enemy, from morn to eve, because he *was* there, without thinking it possible things might be otherwise: and so Jack remained where he was, patiently looking to the future.

Time rolled on, the green summer gave place to the rich autumn. Little Lydia had ceased thinking; and led away by the softness of her character, gave herself up to the pleasure of loving and being loved by Mr. Addison, without looking to the future. She was so quiet, and he made so little outward show of his feelings, that the good old Vicar perceived not the state of affairs; well pleased with his new friend's society, his anecdotes, quotations, and the deference with which he listened to all the Doctor said. As for Mrs. Freeman, as Mr. Addison always appeared gay and cheerful, she did not bestow much thought upon him or his doings; and thus the fire smouldered, unseen by the Vicar and his lady.

Lydia continued to receive Jack's missives and to answer them; but she now read them over but once; said "poor Jack," when she had so done, instead of

“dear Jack,” as heretofore, and consigned them at once to their resting-place in the little sweet-smelling cabinet. Old Squire Warren was wont to repair to the Vicarage to dinner every Sunday, to dine, talk of Jack, read the weekly letter he received from him to “his pretty little niece,” as he called Lydia, and denounce Sir Thomas’s conduct with all his heart. This had once been pleasing to Lydia; now the presence of the Squire made her pensive, and she dreaded his arrival after church. He thought he could not please or console her better than by talking of Jack and their intended marriage, and bidding her cheer up and keep up her spirits, as the time was rapidly passing, and Jack would be back and her happy husband “before she knew where she was.”

“Thank Heaven!” he would say, “the boy’s true to himself; not led away by the dazzle and fooleries Tom wants him to take to. He’s my own boy: a lad after my own heart; and they’ll never spoil him for me—never. He sends me such nice gifts, too: all sorts of bits and spurs; and such whips! Dear grateful fellow, how I long to see him again with his good-natured face; and to hear his manly voice and hearty laugh! Then for a good ‘run!’ I tell you what, my pretty little niece, take honest Squire Warren’s word for it, he’ll make you the best of husbands, and spoil you as he would a puppy. There’s many a

young Miss will be envying you, I'll be bound. What a wedding we'll have, eh! Doctor. I mean to open the ball with the bride; and mix the punch strong and stiff. We'll have it all at Denham Park; and I'll give the young couple the run of the house, so they'll leave me my little den. You needn't blush and look down, Missie," he added, pinching Lydia's soft cheek, "we'll have a merry time of it, and be as happy as so many kings—that we will, once we get Jack amongst us again!"

It may be imagined the effect such little sallies as these produced on poor little Lydia. But Monday came, and with it Mr. Addison; for by degrees his visits, from once a week grew to twice a week, from twice to thrice, from thrice a week they became daily; Sunday being the only day on which he appeared not.

Mr. Addison was fully bent on making Lydia his wife. He went over to see his mother, and talk over his plans; all of which met with her entire approbation. He hurried on the works at Abbot's Manor, resolving that as soon as the house was ready to receive Lydia, he would make his offer to her, and enjoy the happiness he felt sure it would give her; for Mr. Addison knew well enough exactly what Lydia felt for him, and much had he amused himself in watching her, and in noting the simplicity with which her feelings towards him betrayed themselves.



In short, he was himself very much in love with Lydia, and hurried every one so much at Abbot's Manor they could not imagine what had "*come over master*," he was usually so calm and patient.

Lydia was sitting alone in the parlour one splendid afternoon in September, thinking of Mr. Addison, of course; the Vicar was in his study, taking an afternoon nap, with an unfinished sermon on the table before him; Mistress Freeman was superintending the confectioning of preserves, on which she much prided herself; Phœbe was in the paddock, and Chloe lying asleep on the lawn in the rich sunshine.

One of the parlour windows at the far end of the room opened to the ground, and looked out at the side of the house on a small lawn and flower-borders. Honeysuckle twined around the porch, and shed its sweet perfume into the apartment. The brisk autumn breeze was sighing in the trees; the distant report of sportsmen's guns heard from time to time; floods of golden sunshine poured on plains, on hill and dale, warming without enervating; some of the bright rays lighted up the polished oak floor of the parlour through the open window.—Lydia was feeding her little bird, which she had let down, cage and all, from the ceiling, where it hung, according to the mode of the day. The pretty little fellow, in his yellow jacket, knew her well, was pleased to be let out; if she went to the further end of the room

would fly after her and perch on her shoulder ; he would take seeds from her mouth, ride about on her finger : in short, little Philander was the most polished, and the most charming of birds.

He was perched on her shoulder, and she turning her head, gave him seeds and little bits of sugar from her lips ; he, fluttering his wings, gently took them from her, turned his little yellow pate about, looking at her with his beautiful shining eyes, began a little song, and broke off to take another seed. Her back was turned towards the window—she did not see a sharp shadow, black and distinct, cast on the oak floor—she did not see the man who cast it standing looking at her, with gleaming eyes and smiling lips—she did not hear a light tread on tip-toe, or the subdued jingle of a spur, for little Philander was loudly singing ; she gave him another seed ; she felt an arm around her ; she felt soft perfumed hair touch her cheek ; and she heard the voice she once heard in her dream say in her ear :

“ What a happy little rogue that is ! ”

Lydia started, and uttered a faint cry, on seeing Mr. Addison.

“ Don’t be frightened, my Lydia : ” he said, taking her hand and kissing it, as he removed his arm from her waist : “ put that little impertinent rascal into his cage, or he’ll fly at me when he hears what I am going to say to you. Now sit down, and don’t

tremble so. One would think I was an ogre come to devour you, instead of your fond and faithful lover!"

Lydia could not speak. She knew what Mr. Addison was going to say to her, and felt no power to stop him. She leant her head on her hand, her elbow on the arm of her chair, not daring to look at him, scarcely able to breathe. He drew his chair close beside hers, took her little hand in one of his, and placed a wedding-ring on her fourth finger before she knew what he was doing.

"There," he said, triumphantly, "now, Lydia, lovely little Lydia, you are mine. Let any one dare remove that ring, or say the contrary, and I'll run him through. The Vicar must end what I have begun, my Lydia, and we will be happy together for life. I have long loved you, and I know you love me. Dear little creature, say 'yes,' and I'll not torment you any longer!" And herewith he again kissed her hand. But he felt it grow cold and tremble violently; he looked up at Lydia, and beheld her deadly pale. This was not quite the reception he had pictured to himself. Lydia did not see him; she hardly heard him: Jack was before her eyes; she remembered that she was promised to the play-fellow of her childhood.

"What is the matter, my angel?" inquired Mr. Addison. "Why are you so pale?—You love me, do you not?"

“ Oh, yes ! ” replied poor little Lydia, faintly.

“ And you will be my wife, then ? ”

“ I cannot,” murmured Lydia, hiding her eyes that she might not see Mr. Addison’s. He in his turn became pale.

“ Why not ? ” he asked.

“ Because I’m —— ” and poor Lydia’s tears began to fall.

“ Why ?—tell me why ! ” he inquired rapidly, looking eagerly at her.

“ I’m engaged to be married ! ” replied Lydia, scarcely audible, and with many tears.

“ Hell and furies ! ” cried Mr. Addison, starting up crimson and trembling.

There was a dead silence, only interrupted by Philander hopping about on his perches.

“ Who to ? ” at length asked Mr. Addison, in a suppressed tone of voice.

“ To Squire Warren’s nephew ! ” replied Lydia.

Mr. Addison walked up and down the room with jingling spurs and impatient tread, his face flushed, and his hands behind him. He stopped, and leant on the back of Lydia’s chair.

“ Is there no means,” he said, “ of breaking off your engagement ? ”

“ No,” said Lydia, and taking a letter from her pocket, held it out to Mr. Addison.

He sat down by her, opened it, and read as follows :

“ MY DEAR LYDIA,

“ Cheer up !—I think my father is getting tired of me, though he says he shall set about getting me into Parliament as soon as we get up to London. But Parliament nor anything else sha’n’t prevent our marriage.

“ Lord Langley was here for three days, and he got my father to let me off those dull stupid tasks, and took me out shooting. I wish I could send you some of the fine birds we brought down. He’s a good shot, but I’m the best. My father says he shall marry me to a fine woman, but I’ve no fancy for an airified modish wife ! I say nothing, but don’t be afraid, I won’t have her ; nothing can ever make me give up my little Lydia but death. We are to go to London soon for my dancing, and fencing, and fine manners—a plague on them ! As for my marriage, my father may say and do as he thinks fit, but I’ll tell the lady to her face flatly and honestly that I love you, and won’t have anything to say to her ; or I’ll get Lord Langley to do it, for he’s very much my friend in spite of his foppery. The long and short of the matter is, I love you, and no man on earth or woman either shall ever make me give you up—so keep a good heart, my dear Lydia. Give my respects to Dr. Freeman and Mistress Freeman. I

hope Phœbe, and Chloe, and your little bird are quite well.

“ I am, my dearest Lydia, your faithful lover

“ JACK.”

Mr. Addison threw Jack's love-letter on the floor, and stamping on it with the heel of his boot, resumed his walk up and down the room.

For five minutes not a word was spoken.

“ Lydia,” said Mr. Addison at length, going up to her, and standing by her, “ you must marry this man ; and as it must be so, I will say nothing about him, except that he is in no way worthy of you. You will marry him and do your duty—but you love me. I will not make fine speeches about my own misery : *your* heart will tell you the sentiments of *mine*—Adieu.”

“ Take the ring,” said Lydia, bitterly weeping.

“ No, keep it for my sake,” he said ; then kissed her forehead, and rushed away from her.

Philander sang merrily, and hopped about his perch—Lydia fixed her eyes on the spot Mr. Addison had just left—a sharp ringing of hoofs at full speed struck her ear—gradually it died away—Mr. Addison was gone !

Lydia picked up the letter cut by the iron heel, and throwing herself into the chair Mr. Addison had left, cried as though her poor little heart was about to break.

“Pussy, come, and we’ll have a stroll in the fields this fine afternoon. Your mamma can’t leave her preserves.” Thus spake the Vicar, opening the parlour-door and looking in. “*Pussy*” returning no answer but stifled sobs, her father drew near to her, with consternation depicted on his face.

“My child! what is it? What has gone wrong with you?”

“Oh! my dear papa, my dear papa!” cried Lydia, rising and throwing her arms round the Vicar’s neck, while she hid her face on his breast.

“My dear, dear Lyddie, what is the matter. Tell your old father! Are you ill or in pain, my darling? Do speak!”

Lydia tried to do so, but could not.

“Come into the study, my Lyddie; try and calm yourself. You frighten me, Pussy—you do, indeed.”

Poor little Lydia suffered herself to be led into the Vicar’s study. The tender-hearted old man soothed her, fetched Melissa-water for her, taking great care that Mistress Freeman should not see him, or know what was going on.

“Now, Pussy,” he said, when Lydia’s tears had ceased flowing, “now try and tell me what has happened. Take your time, darling. Don’t flurry yourself!”

“Thank you, my dear papa,” replied Lydia faintly;

and, after a short pause, she added, "Mr. Addison has been here——"

"Well!" interrupted the Vicar, sharply—that is, sharply for him. "Has he vexed you?"

"Oh! no, papa," said Lydia; and the poor little thing's tears again began to flow.

"What then?" cried Doctor Freeman, taking his daughter's hand in both his. "You'll make yourself quite ill, my Lyddie. Take heart, and say at once what it is. What has Mr. Addison done? What did he say?"

"Oh! papa, papa, he——" she could not finish, but put forth her hand still decked with the wedding-ring.

"Ah!" cried the Vicar, starting.

Lydia made a great effort, collected her strength, and said, in a hurried voice,

"He put that on my finger, papa, and asked me to be his wife."

The Vicar rubbed the tip of his ear, sighed deeply, and said nothing.

"He galloped away, papa: he's gone for ever!" and Lydia's tears once more began to fall.

"I'm a selfish old fool," thought the Doctor. "I've been encouraging the man here, never dreaming of anything of this kind. But, my Lyddie being engaged to Jack, who would have thought it. A plague on Jack! I advised him not to engage him-



self. Lyddie," he said, aloud, "did you tell him you are to marry Jack?"

"Yes, papa."

"What did he say?"

"He was very angry, I think. I gave him that and he stamped on it," said Lydia, giving Jack's letter to her father.

The Vicar saw the cut produced by the iron heel of Mr. Addison's boot; he read the letter through, again rubbed the tip of his ear, and said,

"I pity Mr. Addison, poor fellow, with all my heart: but do you love him, Pussy? He's so much older than you are."

"Oh! yes, papa, I do! And I love poor Jack just as I used to do; but I never *can* marry him, papa—never!"

"I understand, my Lyddie. The truth is, you love Jack just as you would a brother, if you had one; for he has been your playmate, and is as kind-hearted a fellow as ever stepped; but as for Mr. Addison, you feel very differently towards him. I feel for you, dear Pussy, for I have been in the same plight myself pretty nearly. I married your mother, Lyddie, because she loved me. At the time, I was nearly as miserable as you are now. I was very much in love with a young lady who loved me, but her parents would not hear of her marrying a 'parson,' and matched her with a decrepit old lord.

Your mother had been my playmate, Lyddie, as Jack has been yours. I married her; she never knew of my real love. I have been very happy; and you, my dear child, make amends to me for all the rest!"

Lydia embraced her father, and they talked very long over her sorrows. Dr. Freeman suggested that Jack might perhaps take a fancy for the lady his father would make choice of. Poor Lydia caught at the idea for a moment, but her heart told her that Jack would be faithful to her in spite of everything.

"I wish I had never seen Mr. Addison, papa," sighed Lydia, sadly.

"Never mind, darling! When I lost my love I thought I should have died,—but I'm fat and well-liking now. You'll get over it in time, Lyddie. Marry Jack, and end by being quite yourself again!"

"Oh! my dear papa, I feel that if I marry Jack I shall die: I can't have dear Mr. Addison, but really, papa, I *cannot* marry poor Jack."

"We won't talk about him, my Lyddie; we'll hope he'll make up his mind to obey his father, and marry the town belle."

"I wish he would, papa! Poor Mr. Addison, he has been so unhappy about his two other loves; and he looked so happy when he came, and so altered when he went away, I'm afraid he's going to be unhappy about me!"

Lydia was right. Mr. Addison galloped some ten or twelve miles—returned home—shut himself up in his room—in spite of philosophy kicked a chair to pieces—cut his knuckles by striking out against the marble chimney-piece—took no supper—walked up and down his room all night—and looked like a spectre when the pale dawn broke on him.

Poor little Lydia cried herself to sleep, but dreamt, and started, and sighed in her slumbers. It was the first wretched night she had ever passed: and how wretched was her waking!

Next day came: no Mr. Addison! He was miserable enough, and passed the day on horseback, trying by tiring his body to benumb his mind. Lydia's was her first grief; his was the overthrowing of what he had looked upon as certain happiness.

Lydia's days were blank and dreary; and she clung with greater affection than ever to her father, whilst he did all in his power to comfort and enliven her. They were so much alike in all their thoughts and feelings, that he understood thoroughly every turn of her mind, and every sentiment of her heart. As for Mistress Freeman, she only made her worse by lamenting over her and calling her, "my poor, dear daughter;" classing her, in short, with "poor dear Mr. Brown;" and all the other "poor dears" she was in the habit of pitying.

Mr. Addison sometimes repaired to the seat under

the old oak, and with a good glass would watch Lydia as she strolled in the garden; but as this pastime only made him worse, like a wise man he gave it up, and resolved to travel all through England and Scotland on horseback, to visit some of the places where he had been quartered in his soldier days, and to try if possible to forget Lydia as soon as he could. Moping and thinking about her he knew would do no good to either, and a great deal of harm to himself; so, taking a good resolution, he, one fine morning, mounted his horse, and, followed by his servant, left Abbot's Manor, just three weeks after his hopes had received such a stunning blow.

He was forced to pass the Vicarage. Lydia was in the garden with Chloe, whilst Mistress Freeman was preparing the breakfast. She heard a horse's fast trot—she thought she knew the sound—looked up and beheld Mr. Addison, followed by his groom. He checked his horse, raised his hat, replaced it, kissed his hand, put spurs to his steed, and galloped off like mad. Poor Lydia could only look at him with silent grief. She saw that he was going on a journey; and he seemed more lost to her than ever!

Winter came on cold and bleak, rain and wind, snow and frost, short dark days, Christmas and its gaieties—now so uninteresting and dull to Lydia, though she tried to be gay for her father's sake. Letters from Jack, too, arrived with their usual

punctuality; Mr. Brown paid droning visits, Squire Warren came regularly every Sunday—but no Mr. Addison! He continued his travels in spite of wind and weather—frost and snow: his groom thought “*master*” insane, but “*master*” found no consolation so great for the present, no remedy so effectual, as wearing himself out with fatigue. He visited Charlotte’s grave, hoping to revive a bygone sorrow as a palliative to a recent one. He looked on the grave with interest, entered the old church, stood before the altar where he had stood with Charlotte, philosophized over the past, sighed over the present, and rode till, faint and weary, he was glad to dismount from the horse that had carried him the two last stages, sup on what fare a small inn could furnish, and fall asleep without feeling how hard the bed was on which he lay.

The only incidents that occurred during the winter in the Vicar’s parish and the adjoining one, were the removal of the Rev. Roger Brown to a small vicarage in the gift of the Bishop of the diocese, and the arrival of Mr. Addison’s mother at Abbot’s Manor. “Poor dear Mr. Brown” left Lydia with an aching heart. We will finish his history at once. His mother went to live with him, and remained until her death. Roger never married. After ten years’ assiduous attention to the duties of his parish, he died calmly and contentedly, regretted by all the worthy

portion of his flock, unreviled by the reprobate, pitied by all.

Meanwhile Jack had returned to his purgatory in town, where the old staff awaited him: *minus* the Abbé Potelle, who could not be prevailed upon to resume his functions as tutor to “ce bon M. Jac!”

“My dear child,” said Sir Thomas, “I do hope you will now exert yourself, and do your best to help my endeavours for your welfare. Reflect with yourself what a brilliant existence is open to you, if you will but secure it! It all depends on yourself—entirely on yourself. Your fate is in your own hands; either to become a finished gentleman, a man of the world, with all the advantages attending such a character, both for yourself and your heirs—or to fritter away your days in the country among dogs and horses, bringing up your children like a horde of young Cherokees. You will have a title, a vast fortune—a good person you naturally possess, if you would but set it off to the best advantage. Do, my dear boy, try what you can do!”

“I will, sir, to please you; but I shall never have any relish for town life. Why isn’t a country gentleman living happily on his estate, and following his own bent, as good as a man of the world? And what’s the use of being all one’s life long what one hates?”

Sir Thomas opened his eyes; for Jack had never

addressed him in so long a speech, or spoken so plainly, before.

“Why, sir, it amounts to this,” he replied, fixing his cold grey eyes on his son, and tapping the arm of his chair with his wasted fingers, “either to lead the life of a hog, wallowing in your own inclinations, good or bad; or to polish yourself, learn self-restraint, know the world, and the thousand-and-one things that can only be learnt in the world: to cultivate both mind and body, to study character, to be ‘*homme universel*’—and not tumble into bed drunk every night, after hallooing over a fox all day!”

“Well, but, sir,” persevered poor Jack, “I don’t want to polish myself and learn all those hard things; I’m not made for it at all. I only do it because you tell me. I’d much rather lead the life of a hog, and go fox-hunting; but I never get drunk *every* night; only now and then, once and away—and then I can take my three bottles with the best of ’em!”

“Don’t be flippant, sir, I desire,” said Sir Thomas, angrily. “If you are so degraded in mind, so grovelling, as not to wish these things for your own sake, I insist on your cultivating them for mine. I shall take you everywhere; and I must further insist on your being more assiduous with the ladies: you never address them or look at them. I don’t know what you are made of! At your age I was on the best terms with several of the finest women of

the day. You talk to my Lady Langley just as though she were a great lout of a boy. Begin with *her*: you are on friendly terms; recommend yourself more particularly to her good graces by an assiduous manner mingled with respectful tenderness; when you are at a loss consult me, and I will put you in the way. It will be an amusement for you, and do more towards polishing and softening you than any one other thing in the world."

"I don't understand," said Jack.

"Well then, sir, in plain terms, make love to her; that is, if you know how!"

Jack grew crimson—frowned—and said firmly, "I've no fancy, sir, for betraying my good friend Lord Langley; and my Lady Langley is too good to betray her husband."

"Tut! tut! tut! the boy's a greater simpleton than I took him for! I insist, sir, on your paying your court to some lady or other. You'll never be a pretty fellow till you do!"

"I'd rather not be one. I'm engaged to my little Lyddie, and that's enough. I will never deceive any woman, sir, as sure as my name's Jack Warren. I don't much mind dancing and dressing, and so on, to please you, sir; but I won't be a rascal to please any man!"

"You are growing much too talkative, sir. You are to obey, and not to reason. I do not wish you



to deceive any one, or to be a rascal, as you most impertinently insinuate that I do—for I take it, your flourishing oratory was meant at me!”

“No, sir, it wasn’t.”

“Hold your tongue, sir, this instant. Our fine women will not take you seriously. You must acquire a habit of gallantry; that, and a fiery courage, are essentially necessary to a gentleman. A duel or two would go far towards giving you a little brilliancy and reputation; but there is no immediate hurry about that.”

“Very well, sir, but I don’t want to cut any fellow’s throat.”

“If you cannot favour me with more elevated sentiments, sir, I desire you will remain silent. You can box with a butcher till you look like one yourself, but when I speak of fighting like a gentleman, you talk of cutting throats. I will not put your courage in doubt—that would be too painful a reflection for me to bear!”

“Courage, sir!” shouted Jack, involuntarily squaring and falling into the most approved boxing attitude. “I should like to see the fellow would frighten me! I’d give ’em as good as they bring, that’s all!”

“You atrocious, young ruffian, leave the room this instant. You low, vulgar bumpkin, you absolutely make me tremble. Send Larrazée to me, he is in

your room looking over your suits, and get yourself ready to go out with me—and for heaven’s sake never again let me behold you in the ungraceful, plebeian posture you thought fit to throw yourself into just now. Go ! ”

The Baronet leant back in his chair, and languidly took a pinch of snuff.

“ Shall I ever make anything of that boy ? ” he thought. “ No sooner have I corrected one enormity than he breaks out in another. *Allong, coorage !* I have never been foiled in any thing *yet* that I have attempted, and I do hope to succeed with him still: the greater the difficulty, the greater the glory. He *must* and *shall* be all I wish. He will live to thank me for it,” he added complacently.

And so Jack was taken everywhere, with his father’s eyes upon him. There was the musky chariot to convey him about, and the elegant suits he never felt at ease in, and all the misery of going through all he disliked, and never doing the least thing to gratify himself. Some persons would, under such circumstances, have contracted a sourness of temper never afterwards to be got rid of. Jack’s good temper remained intact, and his friends, Lord and Lady Langley, did all in their power to cheer him on ; even little Doris wagged her feathery tail and frisked with additional vivacity as soon as he appeared.

Jack's greatest pleasure, in short his only one except writing to Lydia, was to be with them.

"What do you think my father wants me to do now?" he said one day to Lord Langley.

"What? Learn to dance on the tight-rope, perhaps."

"Make love to Lady Langley! I told him in so many words I'd be hanged if I would. He shan't make a villain of me, as sure as my name's Jack Warren."

"Jack," said Lord Langley, half-sadly, half-laughingly, "you're an honest fellow. It's a pity your father does not see your true value, and let you shine in your natural capacity!"

"He's a very mean opinion of me!" sighed Jack. "He tells me I am to copy you in everything. If I did so till Doomsday, I should never be like you. You're such a delicate, handsome fellow; and never shy a bit! I see you go and talk to the fine ladies, as though they were so many hounds, and you the huntsman!"

Lord Langley laughed.

"I tell you what, my dear Jack; don't copy me: you would not be a gainer by it. Each man has his own proper gifts: let him improve those to the utmost, and not affect those of his neighbours. I should only be laughed at if I affected the Hercules or the stalwart fox-hunter; you would be equally

ridiculous if you gave yourself the airs of a pretty fellow. Sir Thomas is mistaken, Jack, in what he's about. However, if you take my advice, you'll obey in all things innocent; but, at the end of your two years, stand out manfully for your marriage with Lydia, and then lead the country life you are so well fitted for."

"That's plain and sensible," said Jack, "and jumps with my humour exactly. I'm a lucky dog to have you to my friend."

Little did Sir Thomas dream of the advice Lord Langley gave to Jack! He was busily looking out among the families he visited for a fitting wife for his son. He passed them in review: one was charming, only she lacked fortune; another was rich, but of doubtful genealogy; a third was noble, but too old; a fourth, everything he could wish for, but she looked higher than a baronetcy. At length, all things well considered, Sir Thomas fixed his choice on a young widow of quality, just two years older than Jack, which he thought would be everything for the boy. She was very pretty, knew the world well for her years, possessed a good fortune, a lively temper, and was the widow of a surly, cynical man of talent: the more likely, Sir Thomas thought, to try matrimony a second time with such a good-tempered, open-hearted fellow as his son Jack.

The widow had a large train of admirers, all more

assiduous, the one than the other. These she played off with the most refined coquetry and the greatest art. It was very difficult to pronounce who among them was the "favoured swain." One day you might suppose such-an-one to be the man; the next day all would appear changed: the supposed favourite was apparently in disgrace, and a rival promoted to the honour and pleasure of being next to her, "*gal-lanting her fan*," feeding her squirrel, carrying her little dog, leading her to and fro, receiving playful raps from her fan, whispering love-speeches, and flattering himself that he had distanced all his competitors. He, in turn would be dismissed for another; duels, without end, were rife among her suite: they put the same ardour in hating each other that they did in adoring her. They had, one and all, fits of hatred towards her: at least, so they supposed their frequently recurring transports of "*dépit amoureux*" to be; but then the widow smiled from behind her fan—Love returned, and fallacious hope with him; and she never lost a man from her train. Old and young were there, bright and stupid, rich and poor: Mistress Fairfax enslaved them all. Her "*petit nez mutin*," her large black eyes, her comely form, and charming modes were not to be resisted.

Sir Thomas began his attack by hinting to her that she had made dreadful havoc in the heart of his son Jack, as well as in his own; but as he was an "*old*

*fellow*," he thought it but right to sacrifice himself to the young one: that Jack was such a "*bashful dog*" in her presence, he would never muster courage to approach her, brave as he was by nature: that her charms quite overawed him, and took from him the power of utterance, and all his habitual *sang froid*. "For let me tell you, Master Jack is the most impudent rogue under the sun; but, 'gad, my dear madam, in your presence you would think the boy a very fool. He does not presume to draw nigh to you; let me beseech you to cast but one favouring glance on the poor fellow, and render him as grateful as he is loving: it would cost you nothing to lavish a glance on him, when even the most careless look from your eyes sheds such havoc around. I ask nothing for myself but to mingle with your train, and respectfully sigh at a distance: were I five-and-twenty, I should not be so humble—*dem'me!*"

This little confession suited Mistress Fairfax's schemes most admirably. Her heart, which appeared so fickle to all beholders, was riveted to one Colonel Penruddock, a gallant officer in the Coldstream regiment of foot guards: one of the "*honest Coldstreamers*," as they were called in the days of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, the man who raised the corps. "*Honest Coldstreamers*," bluff, soldier-like cognomen! They are somewhat too "*fine*" for it now-a-days: "*the Coldstreams*"—"a Coldstream"—no "*honest*

*Coldstreamers*”—*à l'heure qu'il est*. Well, Mistress Fairfax loved “the Colonel,” and he adored “the widow,” and the more she loved, the more she ill-used him; and the more he adored, the more peevish and ill-tempered he grew. The widow had tortured him by means of all her admirers; the more she tortured, the more he loved; and the more he loved, the more she tortured: and the widow, being a woman of infinite tact and feeling, knew precisely the strength and effect of every measure she adopted. How it would end none could say, not even the Colonel himself: he perhaps less than any one; but the young widow, in her heart, knew full well, and rejoiced accordingly.

Jack was precisely the new actor she required. She believed all Sir Thomas had thought fit to say about him. The most clever woman in the world will give credit to a tale which exalts her for her beauty, improbable though the tale may chance to be. Mistress Fairfax, then, threw away a few languishing glances on young Squire Warren, which he did not perceive: neither had he ever remarked the widow at all, and was not likely to do so of his own accord.

Sir Thomas, however, saw for him, and congratulated himself on his scheme having had, as he conceived, so prosperous a beginning. The Colonel had seen likewise, and chafed and fumed accordingly.

“A great booby, like Jack Warren!” he cried,

foaming with rage. "A fellow who hasn't a word to throw to a dog—who wears his clothes as if they didn't belong to him—looks like a hog in armour. That is so like women: they take such devilish fancies in their heads! I'll give her up, by George! I will. I'll write her a billet she'll remember to her dying day! To prefer that great overgrown simpleton to me, after all my sighing and languishing! She has never so much as spoken to the lout; and ogling him already! I won't stand it: no, 'curse me' if I do!" And the Colonel wrote a fiery, frantic, contemptuous, polite, rude, sorrowful, indifferent note, and despatched it to the widow; repenting the minute it was gone beyond recalling. Mistress Fairfax returned a verbal message: her compliments, and she hoped Colonel Penruddock would be pleased to do as he thought fit. The Colonel stormed and raved, and returned to the widow a greater slave than ever; and she thought him so captivating, she could hardly resolve to continue her ill usage: but she wished for another year of the freedom of widowhood, and knew full well that, if she relented, matters would be brought to a climax, and she should be Mistress Penruddock before she wished it. Besides it *was* such a pleasure to torment the Colonel: he had such a "*fine mouth*."

"My dear boy," said Sir Thomas to the unconscious Jack, as they were taking their breakfast,



“ allow me to congratulate you on the conquest you have made. Everyone is talking about it. ‘Gad, you sly rogue! how quiet you’ve kept it: but the lady has betrayed herself by her looks. She’s a *dem* fine creature; and report says you have only to speak to make her yours. Really, my dear boy, I’ve great hopes of you: and all the pretty fellows are ready to burst with rage and disappointment!”

The old Baronet spoke all this mendacious speech with such an air of truth, the most penetrating might have been deceived by it—much more honest Jack Warren! He stared at his father a minute, and then said,

“ How? What, sir? Don’t know what it’s all about, ‘pon my soul!”

“ Very well played, Jack—very well!” cried Sir Thomas, gently clapping his hands, as though in applause. “ But you can’t deceive me, you sly rascal: besides, it’s the talk of the town, and every one says what a lucky young dog you are like to be.”

“ Hang it, if I know whether I’m standing on my head or my heels! Please to tell me, sir, in plain words, what you mean?”

“ Why, the Widow Fairfax adores you!”

“ Me?” cried Jack, looking wild.

“ Yes, you scamp—you! Don’t you see the glances she bestows on you?” said Sir Thomas.

“ Can’t say I do, sir,” replied Jack.

“ Well, then, open your eyes ! You will be in her company to-night at Lady Bab Somerset’s : observe her well ; take some pity on her, poor thing, and pay your addresses in style. The game’s in your own hands—pray, do not lose this opportunity of bringing yourself well into notice. The patronage of so fine a woman will help you on, and cover any little defects yet latent in you. Do, my dear boy, I entreat, seize this advantage and keep it.”

The Baronet was on a new tack. He wished to try what effect a little pampering and flattery would have on his impracticable son.

“ I don’t fancy it at all, sir ! ” said Jack, after a pause.

“ Why—may I ask ? ” said Sir Thomas, blandly.

“ Why, you see, sir, I don’t want to marry the woman.”

“ You need not do so, my dear boy: no one can force you to that.”

“ Then what’s the use, sir, of putting myself out of the way to make love to her ? ”

Sir Thomas felt very peevish at this question ; but he suppressed his feelings, and replied,

“ Put yourself under my directions, Jack. All I do, my dear child, is for your good. Enrol yourself among Mistress Fairfax’s admirers : it will cost you nothing, engage you to nothing, and you can form no conception the ultimate advantage it will prove to you.”

Jack could not very well see in what this advantage was to consist; but breakfast being concluded, he said, "Very well, sir," and determined to ask Lord Langley's opinion on the point.

Lord Langley laughed very much when Jack put the case before him; and so did Lady Langley, who was present at the time.

"My good fellow," said his lordship, "the lady in question is an arrant coquette. "She's leading poor Penruddock a dreadful dance. If you have a fancy for a little flirtation with her, it won't injure *her*; only mind you don't burn your own wings."

"I don't want any flirtations," replied Jack; "it's so much trouble: besides, there's my little Lyddie at home, and I don't care for fine ladies."

"Well," rejoined his friend, "then the case stands thus: your father wishes you to be well with the widow; you don't care about it. She's not worth displeasing him about. Keep your heart for your Lydia; but if he insists on your addressing the beauty, do so, for the sake of a quiet life. She'll give you no trouble: all she'll require will be your attendance now and then to vex some other man—Penruddock especially. Only mind what you're about with him: he's a most quarrelsome, passionate fellow."

"Well—thank 'ee—I'll see about it," sighed Jack.  
"Hang it! I wish I was safe back in the country

again, with none of this bother going on. I wonder any fellow can be found to relish such nonsense”

At Lady Bab Somerset's rout, Sir Thomas observed both the widow and his son; gliding about as he did so, and paying his devoirs here, and gallanting there, without seeming to know that there were two such persons in existence as Jack Warren and Mistress Fairfax.

As for Jack, he felt very uncomfortable, and more shy and awkward than ever: his legs and arms were horrible incumbrances to him; he did not know what to do with them, where to bestow them. The buzz of an assembly, the smell of perfume, the dazzle of lights, always produced a flutter of the heart, and a rush of blood to the head, he never succeeded in overcoming; and on the evening in question, the consciousness that the widow's glances and the Baronet's grey eyes were upon him, doubled his confusion and embarrassment. He felt that Mistress Fairfax was “*ogling*” him, raised his eyes, met hers, turned his back to her, and stalked to the furthest end of the next room. Sir Thomas perceived the movement, and seized the opportunity for making play in his son's name with the widow; sidling up to her, and pointing out to her notice Jack's state of bewilderment and confusion, and his precipitate retreat—all of which Mistress Fairfax had perceived and gloried in accordingly.

“ You must allow me to present the poor love-sick wretch to you,” said Sir Thomas. “ Faith! he will never take courage to address you unless I support him. Your charms have taken such hold on the boy, he is losing his appetite rapidly, and I hear him pacing about his room at night instead of sleeping. ’Gad, my dear madam, I shall expect him to throw off a copy of verses in your honour and then shoot himself, unless you take compassion on the miserable Strephon!”

“ We will see about it,” lisped the widow: “ he will be strangely entertaining after the fribbles and coxcombs one meets with. I shall be vastly happy to make his acquaintance.”

Mistress Fairfax inclined her head. Sir Thomas bowed, and went in quest of Jack. The widow was anxious to have him established by her side before Colonel Penruddock should arrive. She had been so gracious to him in the morning—he was so full of hope and spirits—that she knew it would be necessary to “ *take him down*” in the evening. He expected to be by her side, and indulge in a few hours of happiness, wherefore Mistress Fairfax established herself on a sofa capable of holding a lady, a gentleman, and a hoop; where, with Jack by her side, she could bid defiance to the Colonel, and triumph in his rage and misery.

“ My dear boy,” said Sir Thomas, going up to

Jack in the corner, behind a folding-screen, whither he had retreated, "how unconscionably cruel you are to that poor creature. She has no eyes for any one but you, I protest; and you are barbarous enough to fly her. You should have seen the despairing, imploring look she cast after you as you left the room. I suspect you are playing a very deep game, Master Jack," and the Baronet bestowed on him a meaning smile, as though he really was convinced of what he was saying.

"Not I, sir, 'pon my soul," grunted Jack; "all I ask, is, to go quietly home to bed!"

"You 're not ill, I hope, my dear child?"

"No sir, quite well, thank'ee; but I've no opinion of a woman casting sheep's eyes at a young fellow, and I don't want to have anything to say to her."

"Nonsense, Jack! why it's a feather in your cap, my dear fellow! Poor Colonel Penruddock would give his right hand for one of the fond glances she wastes on you, you hard-hearted young dog. Come! let me conduct you to her feet. You need not say a word more than you like. It will be quite happiness enough for the poor enamoured creature to have you by her side! Come!" and the Baronet with his white-gloved finger and thumb seized Jack by his embroidered cuff to lead him away. But Jack resisted, and hung back.

"I'll have nothing to do with her, sir! I can't bear such forward bold minxes."

"You will come with me, sir," said his father, with one of his coldest stares. Jack obeyed. Though grown bolder than of yore towards Sir Thomas, the cold stare never failed in quelling him.

Sir Thomas with a courtly inclination presented Jack to the widow. He bowed *tant bien que mal*. She received him with a gracious smile, and a brisk fluttering of her fan. Sir Thomas, grasping his arm, seated him by Mistress Fairfax, and withdrew to continue his observations.

"Once get him to notice her, and look at her, he will soon be over head and ears in love with her, and she appears monstrously well affected towards him;"—so thought the Baronet, and felt very well pleased with himself and his diplomacy.

Jack sat stiff, gasping, and scarlet beside the fair widow, who left him to recover himself a little, whilst she frequently directed her eyes to the door, in expectation of the Colonel's arrival. She fully believed all Sir Thomas had recounted about Jack, and taking all his shyness and awkwardness for the effects of a mighty and unrequited passion, felt quite elated at her supposed power over him. He amused her too, being so totally different from the pert beings who paid their court lightly and airily to her, as well as from the Colonel, who alter-

nated between a tornado and an ordinary thunderstorm.

At length the Colonel arrived, brilliant in scarlet, gold and gorget, smiles and good looks ; for he was a handsome man, though generally disfigured by an air of discontent and angry contempt. He made the requisite bows with a very good "*air*," and turned smiling towards the widow ! She knew it ; wherefore, from behind her fan, she addressed herself to Jack ; giving herself a pretty little troubled, ruffled mien, as though she were answering to some very tender "*propos*." "You are not long from the country, Mr. Warren, I hear," was all she said.

"No," croaked Jack. "Wish to heaven I'd never left it."

The widow construed this speech into a declaration à *double entendre*, that if he had never left the country he should never have met her, never have loved her, never have been miserable.

"Very pretty !" she thought, and saw the Colonel's smiles turn to a frown, and his advance to a retreat ; for he turned on his heel, withdrew into the next room, and, unseen himself, observed the movements of the enemy in a large mirror, which reflected the form of the lovely widow, and that of poor tortured Jack.

"Charming !—he's wild with rage and disappointment," thought Mistress Fairfax ; and although he



had left the room, she was too cunning to alter her *allure*, and martyrised Jack accordingly. She was right—the Colonel eyed her smallest movement.

“Coquette!—Looby!—And as for me, I’m a fool—a dupe—a plaything. Now she’s dropt her fan: her charming swain don’t move to pick it up—deuce a bit. Dick Fielding is giving it to her, with his confounded titter and jerking bow, and she looks tender at the gaby; and he turns out his ugly feet, hangs his wrist on his sword-hilt, and plumes himself not a little. Now she looks fond again on that idiot, Jack Warren; and he looks straight forward, with his eyes bursting from his head, as though he was about to have an apoplectic fit. I wish he would, with all my heart. How can she love a dolt like that? ’Pon my soul, I think women really *do* prefer those creatures. Just like Titania and Bottom the tailor! And this morning she was all smiles and playful love for me. This very evening, too, I meant to offer my hand! I feel inclined to run all these smiling fools through—madam and her admirer with the rest of them—and then blow my own disordered brains out!”

Colonel Penruddock, after an hour spent in tormenting himself with the mirror, took his departure in a detestable frame of mind; just as Sir Thomas, conceiving matters to have arrived at a very satisfactory point, withdrew Jack, much to his delight;

and left the widow to coquet with Dick Fielding, Tom Knightley, Harry Stapelton, and many more, and to wonder why Penruddock did not re-appear.

"My dear Jack," said Sir Thomas, as they rolled along homewards in the foppish chariot, "you really begin to shine. Did you observe poor Colonel Penruddock?"

"No, sir—don't know him when I see him."

"Why, that handsome fellow with the well-turned leg, in the uniform of the Coldstream Guards. Not the fair one with the small features, but the dark thin man with the marked eyebrows?"

"Aye, sir, I remember him now: looks yellow, as if his face was dirty."

"My dear child, do *not* give way to such expressions, let me entreat you. The Colonel is very sallow, no doubt. You should have seen how vexed and enraged he became when he saw you on such easy terms with the widow. He retired into the next apartment and watched you in a mirror. You were the talk of the whole assembly, and he must have heard a great deal to perplex and annoy him. How do you like the Widow Fairfax?"

"Not much, sir; she turns her eyes about, and gives herself such mighty airs and graces. She's very different to my Lady Langley and my little Lyddie."

Here Jack gave a deep sigh.

“Umph!” said Sir Thomas, aloud.

“*Nil desperandum*,” said Sir Thomas to himself; “the widow will entrap thee yet, honest Jack.”

“I wish she’d have Colonel What’s-his-name, with the yellow face, and leave me in peace and quiet,” said Jack, sleepily. “She’ll get nothing for her pains: I’ll be hanged if she does!”

The chariot stopped, or Sir Thomas would have lectured Jack on his phraseology.

“I wish I was out of it all,” sighed Jack, as he got into bed, refreshed by a tankard of cold bright ale, provided by his ally, M. Larrazée.

Jack’s condition became more insupportable to him than ever: fine clothes, tutors, dancing and fencing masters, French cookery, routs and assemblies, his father’s lectures, and a dearth of ale and tobacco, no hunting and no congenial companions—all this was bad enough and hard to bear, but the Widow Fairfax superadded made the weight intolerable. She was in all parties where Jack appeared, and Sir Thomas insisted on his going up to her, and repeating a little compliment which the Baronet concocted for him each evening; he standing near enough to hear it repeated, Jack croaking it forth, the widow enchanted: she still viewing his awkward bashfulness as the effect of his overpowering passion for her.

As for Colonel Penruddock, his humour became blacker and more black every day: he absented himself from his idol during a whole week; but she smiled on him from her coach in the Park, he followed her home, threw himself at her feet, raved like a maniac, accused himself like a penitent, obtained pardon and soft glances, and the next day was treated more disdainfully than ever.

“ Je veux éviter sa presence,  
Je veux n’être plus amoureux—  
Je veux—mais sitôt que j’y pense,  
Je ne sais plus—je ne sais plus, ce que je veux ! ”

These four lines contain in few words the exact representation of the Colonel’s feelings. He hated everything and everybody, himself and the widow included; but poor Jack was the especial object of his ire and detestation: if looks could scorch and blast like lightning, innocent unconscious Jack would have been reduced to a mass of ashes by Colonel Penruddock’s flashing lurid eyes. But Jack observed him not, although Sir Thomas did; and the Baronet, noticing his wrath and uneasiness, and Mistress Fairfax’s apparent indifference and sang-froid, together with her flattering reception of his son, became, as it were, his own dupe, and imagined that everything was proceeding as swimmingly as he could desire.

“ My dear boy,” he said with insinuating mien and

voice, as Jack, dressed and perfumed for a ball at Lady Ilsley's, stepped into his room;—"My dear boy, I must beg of you, as a great favour, to exert yourself to-night more than ever. The widow is yours, I assure you; that wretched man Colonel Penruddock is quite discarded for you. I heard one of his brother officers say he thought he would go crazy; and his temper has become so intolerable, no one dares speak to him. What a triumph for you, my dear Jack! for it is all your doing!"

"I'm uncommon sorry for it, sir," said Jack, with one of his long sighs. "I don't want the widow; and what's more, won't have her. The Colonel, poor fellow, must be *doomed* unhappy!"

"It's very well for you, Master Jack, to affect pity and indifference, you sly dog; but I see through you! I must have you lead out the widow in a minuet directly you meet her; gently press her hand, without vulgarly squeezing it, in those parts of the dance where the music is most expressive; whisper in her ear, as you reconduct her, that you are dying for her: that, with a little agreeable conversation, will be sufficient for this evening; look tenderly at her from a distance, and reverentially cast down your eyes when she perceives you—this you may repeat three or four times. Just turn round a minute; your sword is all on one side; Larrazée should have looked to it; there, that will

do, I've put it right. I'm really growing quite proud of you, my dear child;" and the wily old gentleman smiled approvingly on his son.

"Glad of it, sir. But I can't dance: I'm sure I should do it all wrong. Hang me! if ever I remember which way my last bow is to be made; and I always make it somehow with my back to *Monjoo Doopouiy*. Might do so to the lady, you know, sir!"

"Nonsense, sir. Pivot round on your left foot, that will bring you with your face towards her—then execute your bow!"

"The chariot is at the door, Sir Thomas!" cried a footman, and cut short the conversation.

"Well!" thought Jack, as they drove off; "I'll tell the widow honestly and plainly all about it, and advise her to give me up, and take to poor Colonel *Thing-em-bob*. I don't like her or her ways, and never shall, making so free: she should wait till I make love to her. She's putting the cart before the horse! Hang me! if I dance a minuet, and make a fool of myself—I've no turn for 'em—always leave off long before the music's over—won't do at all—twisting about like a great fool!"

Lady Ilsley's rooms were brilliantly lighted; the girandoles glittering like diamonds; velvet, silk, and satin, of various colours, making the assembly look like a rich parterre; soft music and sweet perfume

filled the air; gentle laughter and voices sounded around, whilst Jack's ears began, as usual, to burn, and his face to flush. There was the widow, in pale, pink satin, reclining in a fauteuil of white brocaded silk, surrounded by Dick Fielding and several others, in suits of silk and velvet, sparkling with rich embroidery and diverse precious stones; there stood Colonel Penruddock in his aristocratic uniform, leaning against the chimney-piece, frowning on his beloved with scowling brows.

Jack made his bow to his "*grandmamma*," with better success than on his first appearance in her "*salons*." She sat on a small sofa to receive her company, Sappho purring sleepily beside her, with her little round feet just visible beneath her snow-white breast, and a smart bow of silver and blue standing up above her little sharp ears.

Sir Thomas did not quit Jack; but, to the inexpressible relief of the latter, Mistress Fairfax was led past them to dance a minuet with Tom Knightley, so that Jack had only to make a bow and receive a smile as she passed. The Colonel moodily followed her, to watch her exquisite dancing, and collect further matter for uneasiness and discontent.

She was successively led out by Dick Fielding, old Lord York, and Sir Charles Stanhope; so that the evening was passing, and Jack began to hope he should escape without molestation. Vain hope! Sir

Thomas touched his elbow, and rivetted his grey eyes upon him—“ You will now go, sir, and ask Mistress Fairfax to honour *you*, ‘ *the most devoted of her slaves,* ’ by dancing a minuet with you. You understand ! ”

“ I can’t, sir, ’pon my soul : I don’t —— ”

“ Nonsense, sir ! ” cried the Baronet, grasping his arm, and giving himself the air of saying something to his son *en badinant*, whilst his voice was harsh and determined ; “ go this instant, d’ye hear ! I shall follow you, and watch you. Don’t let me lose the good opinion I begin to entertain of you. Hold your head up, and present yourself with an air ! All the world is persuaded that you are the favoured lover ; so maintain your character. Just observe the poor disconsolate, crest-fallen guardsman ! He eyes you, my dear boy, as if he could annihilate you ; and the fair widow is showering such fascinating looks on you ! ’Gad she ’d melt a heart of stone. *Eng avong*, Jack. Victory is in your hands ! ”

Sir Thomas assumed his *pateline* voice as he uttered the last sentences, and pushed Jack forward, took a pinch of snuff with his best grace, and felt certain he should at last “ *make something* ” of his poor patient boy. He put one hand in his well-frilled breast, the other on his sword-hilt, smiled imperceptibly, and followed Jack’s progress with his grey eyes, peering from beneath his huge black eyebrows.



The Baronet was not the only one who thus regarded the young Squire, as he moved, with more rapidity than grace, in the direction of the widow. Colonel Penruddock's malignant glance was on him. Hatred, contempt, and jealousy gleamed in his eye. That very morning, Mistress Fairfax had *carelessly* said—*on purpose*, of course—that she never beheld so fine a man as Mr. Warren—that he possessed so artless, yet so fascinating, a mode of paying his addresses, she was sure no heart could resist him: then she leant her cheek on her hand, looked absent, sighed, and allowed the Colonel to address her twice before she appeared to know that he had done so at all. The Colonel threw himself into one of his most violent tornados, and rushed out of the house. The widow tapped her chin approvingly with her fan, surveyed her charming face in the glass, laughed, hummed an opera-tune, and went to the auction.

The Colonel had not condescended so much as to bow to her, on the evening in question. When he saw Jack proceeding towards her, the muscles of his thin face worked nervously. He placed himself in the way, and, as Jack approached, leaned his hand on the back of a chair, and advanced his right foot directly in Jack's path. Jack hurrying "*to get it over*," perceived not the guardsman's movement. He drew near: the Colonel, contracting every muscle, held his foot firmly planted. Jack tripped: the

Colonel smiled a ghastly smile. Had Jack been lighter or more active, he would have tripped and recovered himself; but the poor fellow was neither: he tripped, stumbled, ran two or three paces forward, and fell prostrate at the widow's feet. Good manners were totally forgotten, and a titter, which grew to a laugh, saluted Jack's misfortune. Sir Thomas swore and fumed. Jack arose: anger and indignation chased shyness and *mauvaise honte* from his soul. Everything around him seemed to whirl and totter; he heard the laughter; he felt the insult. He strode up to Colonel Penruddock like a young Hercules, and, in a loud clear voice, he shouted:

"Was that on purpose or by accident?"

"On purpose," replied the Colonel, bowing, and then drawing himself up to his utmost height.

"Then take that!" roared Jack; and doubling his ponderous fist, he drew it back to his shoulder,—then straightening his arm with the iron strength of a gladiator, he struck the Colonel on the face with the whole might of his thick muscular arm. The Colonel reeled and fell, crushing a chair in his fall. All the men present rushed towards him; the laughter was hushed; Penruddock arose with an oath, the blood streaming from his face. Several ladies fell into "*hysteric affections*" and faintings; but, the gentlemen being all occupied round Jack and the Colonel, they soon recovered their senses.

Sir Thomas drew his son away from Penruddock, anger and disgust stamped upon his features.

The Colonel, followed by three or four of his corps, who were present, hurried from the room. It was in vain that Mistress Fairfax gazed after him, her real feelings flashing from her eyes: his face was buried in his handkerchief, and he saw her not.

“Do not quit me, sir!” said Sir Thomas to his son. “You are a low ruffian! Come and make your bow to my Lady Ilsley, and we will return home. I’m wounded and humiliated by your enormities beyond measure.”

“I despair of you,” continued the Baronet, as they descended the stairs. “You cannot even return an insult like a gentleman. You should have sent the Colonel a challenge—not have behaved like a low villain, turning her ladyship’s rooms into a bear garden. Gracious heavens! what will you do next?”

“He put my blood up, sir, and I didn’t think or care where I was!”

Jack felt a friendly pressure on his arm, and heard Lord Langley’s gentle voice:

“My dear Jack, you will hear further from Penruddock. He has despatched one of his brother officers to Grosvenor Square, to await your return with a challenge. I will be your ‘second,’ if you think fit!”

‘Your *Ludship* is too *obleeging*,’ said Sir Thomas, politely. ‘I’m sure Jack is infinitely indebted to you. I hope he will redeem his character. He has acted rashly, and should have been content with challenging the Colonel.’

Lord Langley slightly shrugged his shoulders.

‘Shall I desire my people to drive to Grosvenor Square after your chariot?’ he inquired.

‘By all means,’ replied the Baronet.

‘I hope, sir, you will not add to your atrocious conduct by showing the white feather and refusing to meet the Colonel,’ he said to Jack, as they proceeded home.

‘Not I, sir: I am afraid to meet no man living.’

‘You have been so well grounded by *Cooderc*, and the Colonel allows himself to be so led away by temper and blinded by rage, you will soon arrange the affair for him. The duel will be everything for you—give you vast *éclat*: the widow will surrender at once. Do, my dear child, exert yourself—carry yourself through it with an air, and thus efface your horribly vulgar conduct this evening. Think that the eyes of the whole town, as well as the fair widow’s, are upon you!’

‘Hang the widow, sir! If it wasn’t for her, I shouldn’t be in this scrape.’

‘Tut-tut-tut! You ought to rejoice beyond measure. I’m sure I do. An affair of honour for

a fine woman! What more can you desire? I regret you should have behaved as you did; but you must efface all that with your sword. Above all things, don't lose your temper: bear in mind all Coodere's hints and instructions: be up betimes, and practise a little to supple yourself before you start; and with all you have learnt, and your superior length of arm and reach, the Colonel will stand no chance with you!"

"I shan't hurt him, if I can help it, poor fellow!"

"Gracious heavens, my dear child, what a lout you are! Do you intend to throw away this immense advantage, as you have done all the rest? Do you mean to allow the Colonel to run you through, and then walk off with the widow?"

"No, sir! I shall defend myself: but I bear no malice to the Colonel. I knocked him down in hot blood; but I don't want to cut his throat in cool blood. As for the widow, my service to her: he's quite welcome to carry her off."

"My dear boy, do not use that odious expression, '*cut his throat*'—as though you were speaking of a pig instead of a gentleman. Mind you bring my Lord Langley home to breakfast with you: don't forget that. You had better go out in your plainest morning suit—the brown velvet one—and put on plain linen: the less you have about your wrist the better."

“Very well, sir.”

On arriving, they found Colonel Penruddock’s friend and brother-officer awaiting them. The challenge was given and received; and Lord Langley and Captain Richmond retired to another room to arrange everything for the meeting, which it was agreed should take place, at day-break, at the back of Montague House.

“I shall leave you, my dear Jack,” said Sir Thomas, languidly, “to say ‘good-night’ to my Lord Langley, for me. I feel so shaken by your violent conduct this evening, I must retire to bed. Ring the bell for Larrazée. Remember all I have said to you: and above all things, don’t slam the doors and stamp about in the morning, as you usually do. Go out gently: if you rouse me suddenly, at an early hour, I shall have the headache all day. Good-night. I recommend you to go to bed as soon as you can—rest steadies the nerves. Larrazée, donnez *moâ* le bras!”

“Good night, sir; God bless you!” cried Jack, eagerly extending his hand to his father! But Sir Thomas saw it not—he was busy telling Larrazée how much shaken he felt.

Jack watched him as he left the room.

“If that fierce fellow spits me,” he thought, “I shall never see my father again!” and he sighed deeply.

"My dear Jack," said Lord Langley, joining him in his room; "we have arranged everything. You meet at dawn, at the back of Montague House. If you will allow me, I'll call for you in my chariot."

"Thank'ee, with all my heart," cried Jack, wringing his white delicate hand, and crushing his fingers against his diamond ring. "My father seems to make uncommon light of it all; but I don't see why the Colonel hasn't just as good a chance as I have."

"My dear fellow, you're right: never make light of your adversary; it's the worst thing in the world. Penruddock's an excellent swordsman, but he often lets his temper get the better of him; you are very cool and even tempered, I know, as we have often fenced together; and in that you'll have an immense advantage over him. However," he added, smiling, rather sadly, "I suppose we ought to go through the usual *routine*, so my dear Jack, anything you may wish done, in case of an accident, I bind myself faithfully to attend to."

"Thank'ee, thank'ee: you're a fast friend. I should like those all to go to my poor, old uncle," said Jack, pointing to his little hunting trophy of cap, whip, and spurs; "and my ebony cane, and plain gold watch, with my love, and I've always felt grateful to him for all his kindness."

“It shall be done; we had better seal them up, and direct them to him.”

Jack walked up to the fire, and stirred it mechanically, saying:

“I should like my Lyddie to have my diamond ring and enamelled watch, with the chain and seals; and my love, and I never saw the woman I could compare to her—never. I’ll also send my enamelled ring to Dr. Freeman, and a fifty-pound note to Mistress Freeman, for her poor people: my respects to ’em—and that’s all.”

“You had better write it down, and seal the things up for them; and I’ll just lie down on your bed, my dear Jack, and not disturb you.”

Jack made his various little arrangements, and Lord Langley watched him with a very heavy heart.

“Are you asleep, Langley?”

“No; what is it?”

“Only, I have just taken it into my head, I should like to be buried in the village, with the honours of the chase: I’ve written it down. And now I’ve nothing more to do, but go to bed: I’m very heavy and drowsy!”

Lord Langley left him to his repose—having promised to bring a first-rate Parisian sword for Jack’s use—and carried off the poor fellow’s bequests.

The Colonel had passed the night in writing a lengthy and furious epistle to the widow, in which



he offered up himself as a victim to her—laid his death at her door—and enclosed a lock of his hair; he walked about his room, viewed his disfigured face in the glass a thousand times, and vowed vengeance on Jack.

“Cursed disagreeable! to fall with such a d—d horrid looking face, if the fellow does for me! Confound his great clumsy fist! Some fool or other will go and tell Arabella how like a low fellow, with a swelled face, I looked, and the jade will laugh at my death; whereas if my features were all right, the pallor of death, and so forth, would make a sentimental description, and, joined to the recollection of her cruelty, would bring Madam to a sense of her faults—revive her love for me, and perhaps bring her to the grave. I’ll do my best: I can’t bear the thought of her jeers with Dick Fielding, and the rest of ’em; or the idea that she will marry one of the set—that looby, Jack Warren, perhaps: wonder how he handles his weapon—clumsily enough I take it. Curse me! if I don’t make an example of him!”

Lord Langley called for Jack half-an-hour before day-break, and found him comfortably seated, taking his breakfast by candle-light, as coolly as if he were restoring nature previously to starting for a journey by an early coach.

“I’m glad to see you so well employed, my dear

Jack ! When you ’ve done, you may as well try this sword, and see how you manage it.”

Jack did so, and expressed his entire approbation of the silver-mounted glittering weapon. Day was coldly and cheerlessly breaking as they stept into Lord Langley’s elegant chariot—an *undress* carriage without arms or decoration, but perfect in form and build.

“ To the corner of Montague House,” cried Lord Langley to the footman ; “ tell the coachman softly, before you get up ! ”

“ Yes, my lord ; ” and off they rolled.

There had been a slight fall of snow during the night, which only partially covered the ground ; the shrill thin voice of the sweep, and the rolling of a few heavy dust-carts were the predominating sounds ; the air was damp and penetrating—the atmosphere murky and dull, and beginning to be charged with the smoke of early fires ; the shops were unopened—few passengers abroad—here and there a workman proceeding to his work, pipe in mouth.

“ It’s very cold,” said Lord Langley, as they walked quickly to the back of Montague House. “ I wonder if the Colonel’s on the ground ? ”

“ I see him drawing near,” said Jack ; “ there’s the Captain with him, and another fellow—the surgeon, I take it.”

Lord Langley forced a smile, and said,

“ To make our party equal to theirs, I begged our family surgeon to be on the ground—and there he is.”

“ Thank’ee—it was very thoughtful of you. My love to my father, and I hope he’ll accept the watch I brought from the country, in remembrance of me. Hang it! I forgot his message—hopes you’ll come home to breakfast with us, if I come off all right.”

“ I shall be delighted.”

Preliminaries were soon settled, and the combatants, stripping off coat, waistcoat, and stock, crossed their well-tempered, glittering, taper swords.

“ What a fine young fellow your friend is, my lord,” whispered Lord Langley’s surgeon to him. “ I never saw a finer man, dead or alive : pity if he falls.”

Lord Langley sighed, and looked sorrowfully at poor Jack. The regimental surgeon, who attended the Colonel, was equally struck with him.

“ Egad, sir, what a grenadier he’d make,” he said to Captain Richmond.

“ I should ask nothing better than to command a battalion of the same sort,” was the reply.

Jack and the Colonel began their duel under very different feelings. Jack was determined not to hurt the Colonel, but merely to parry his thrusts : he had no ill will towards him, and no feeling for duels. The Colonel, on the other hand, felt that he was

opposed to a rival, and a man who had insulted him, and put him in a ridiculous position beneath the very eyes of his mistress. His soul was bitter with hatred and revenge; and he swore that either Jack or himself must die that day.

After a short "*bout*," seeing Jack's play, he dropped the point of his sword, and cried with flashing eyes and angry voice—

"I will not be treated like a child, sir. Fight fairly, and attack *me* as well as defend *yourself*."

Jack obeyed: and presently his bright sword entered Penruddock's right breast. Fortunately for him, the point slipped along one of the ribs, instead of penetrating between them; and anon the fight was renewed. The swords wound about each other like lightning; the clear, light clashing peculiar to the "small sword"—only to be rightly explained by the word "*cliquetis*"—was the only sound heard. Jack received a wound in the thick of the arm, but acquitted himself very well: never lost his coolness or temper, and gave the Colonel a great deal to do.

Still the swords clashed and glittered: seconds and surgeons, breathless with interest, knew not on which of the combatants to pronounce. At last Penruddock, with the expression of a demon, parried one of Jack's thrusts—advanced—lunged—the guard of his sharp sword struck his adversary's ribs in a line with

his breast—the reddened blade coming out beneath the left arm-pit.

“Thank the gods!” muttered the Colonel, as he drew out his sword; and Lord Langley, Captain Richmond, and both surgeons rushed towards poor Jack.

“I don’t think it’s much,” he said, putting his hand to his side. “Is the Colonel satisfied?”

Lord Langley put his arm around him: Jack’s face grew pale—his knees gave way beneath his weight, and he sank to the earth, supporting himself on his hands. The surgeons tore away his shirt, the sooner to arrive at his wound. They saw at once the course the sword had taken, and shook their heads at Lord Langley.

“You’d better not move him or disturb him, my lord—it will soon be over,” whispered the regimental surgeon.

Lord Langley, kneeling down, supported his dying friend, and took his hand in his. Poor Jack feebly pressed it, and with an effort said:

“Will you break it to my uncle and Lyddie? God bless you!”

“I will, on my honour,” replied Lord Langley, his eyes filled with tears.

There was a solemn silence—a silence that could be felt. The surgeons knelt on each side of Jack. The Colonel and his friend were gone.

"It's all over, my lord!" cried Lord Langley's surgeon, and closed Jack's eyes.

Lord Langley laid him gently down, and covering his own face with his handkerchief, wept aloud.

Sir Thomas Warren was selfishly sleeping in his warm and darkened room, on his soft and yielding bed. He dreamt of cards and brilliant assemblies—then turned heavily and half awoke—closed his eyes—awoke more fully—then quite.

"What in the name of heaven, are they about?" he cried pettishly, and listened. He heard the sound of heavy steps in thick and clumsy shoes; they moved along the stone corridor, which divided his room from his son's, as though they bore a weight; there were whispering voices; Jack's door was shut; and all was silent. Presently the door was reopened, and the clumsy footsteps passed the Baronet's room, lumbering along. They were the footsteps of four Irish labourers, who had conveyed his son's body home on a door. Lord Langley had walked beside it, his carriage slowly following.

Sir Thomas rang his bell, with pettish violence, for Larrazée; but Larrazée was wailing over poor Jack, and heard it not. Again the bell was rung, and answered by a knock at the Baronet's door.

"Come in!" he cried, passionately.

"Did you please to want anything, sir?" inquired the timid voice of the housemaid at the door.

“ Send Larrazée to me : I’ve rung twice, tell him : and pray inform whoever it was stumping about in that outrageous way, that I won’t allow it.”

“ Please, Sir Thomas, Mounseer *Lazzarus* is in Mr. Warren’s room.”

“ Well—what of that? Send him hither this instant.”

“ I don’t dare go in, please, Sir Thomas.”

“ You’ll do as I bid you, Madam Pert. Don’t stand prating to me, but obey directly.”

“ Please, Sir Thomas,” replied the voice, faltering, “ the doctors and his lordship *is* there. Oh ! Sir Thomas—poor Mr. Warren !”

“ What of him? Can’t you leave off flapping your hands, and answer? Is he wounded?”

“ Oh, Sir Thomas, sir ! he’s dead !”

“ Nonsense—dead ! Vulgar people always love a catastrophe. Go this minute, and send Larrazée to me—d’ye hear?”

The girl withdrew, and tapped at the opposite door, which was half-opened by Lord Langley himself.

“ Oh, my lord ! master won’t believe about poor Mr. Warren, and wants Mounseer *Lazzarus* directly, please my lord !”

“ Very well, my good girl, he shall go.” And the valet sought his master’s room.

“ Larrazée, what nonsense has that wench been telling me? I suppose that poor, foolish boy has

allowed the Colonel to scratch him. I *never* shall make anything of him, I fear."

"Ah! mon bon maître!" cried Larrazée, clasping his hands: "il est mort!—il est mort!—je l'ai vu—étendu roid mort sur son lit! Ah! c'est affreux—c'est affreux!"

Sir Thomas sat up in his bed, looking like a pale spectre, in his frilled and ruffled shirt, beneath the dark shade of his velvet hangings. He stared at Larrazée—felt as though he were in a dream—and then, with his valet's aid, partly dressing himself, sought his son's room—sure that Larrazée was mistaken: that Jack might have swooned through loss of blood; but that *his* son should be killed, that was quite out of the question.

Sir Thomas had not calculated on the spectacle that awaited him. It had ever been his custom and constant aim to avoid hearing or seeing anything that could remind him of his mortality; or, as he expressed it, that was liable "to shake his nervous system." The sight of a funeral cast a gloom over his spirits; the death of his acquaintances gave him a fit of the spleen: not that he cared for them, or lamented over their departure, but simply because death had stepped into his "*circle*," and forced him to suspect that some day, perhaps, he too might die! Horrible thought!—and he chased it away with all his might! He had never beheld a dead body?



"Hope I see your *Ludship* well," he said, on entering the room and taking Lord Langley's proffered hand, who, bowing, replied not.

"Your servant, gentlemen," he continued, with a gracious bow to the surgeons, and drew near to the bed. "Jack, my dear boy, you——"

He started back Lord Langley's medical man, seizing the sheet which covered the body, drew it on one side, and gave to his view the corpse of his son, pale and cold. The shirt having been torn away, his marble-like *torso* was exposed, with the deep crimson stain of blood dyeing the side. His eyes were closed, his placid mouth partly open; his serene, but fixed countenance wore a sad expression, and seemed mutely and sorrowfully to upbraid his father with having caused his sudden and premature death.

"Gracious heaven! how ghastly!" muttered Sir Thomas, feebly—riveting his eyes on the cold and lifeless body as though he were fascinated.

The military surgeon, who felt for the death of so fine a young man, laying his hand on poor Jack's immense ample chest, said sorrowfully, "With such a chest as *that*, he should have lived till ninety!"

Sir Thomas raised his cold grey eyes towards him—and then again fixed them on his son. His sharp features became pinched—he trembled from head to foot, seized with a cold shudder. He looked around the room. The pale blue watered silk costume Jack

had worn the evening before was thrown carelessly on the sofa, together with his hat and sword. The red-heeled shoes were on the floor, the diamond buckles sparkling beneath the sickly light which struggled through the smoky atmosphere; beside them lay the laced and ruffled shirt. On the table, paper, pens, and wax were scattered about, just where Jack had left them. There were traces, too, of the toilet he had made but a few hours before.

Sir Thomas felt sick and faint—shaken and shattered: a horror had crept over him which he could not withstand. The room was silent with the silence of death: his son's immoveable features and deadly white body took powerful hold on him. He tottered from the bedside, and leaning on Lord Langley's arm, sought his own apartment; followed by Lord Langley's surgeon, to whom his lordship had made a sign, requesting him to proceed with them.

On reaching his room he sank, trembling and shivering, into his large *bergère*, by the fire, and stared wildly at Lord Langley, whilst the surgeon felt his pulse, and proceeded to write down a calming mixture for him.

"You are very nervous, my good sir," he said; "you will take some of the mixture I've written for when you feel you need it. I should advise you to go to bed and keep quiet."

"No, no, no; I cannot go to bed: it would kill

me. I cannot be left alone ! Some one should have told me he was dead, and I should not have gone into the room."

"But you were told," said Lord Langley, mildly ; "and I was on the point of going to you myself, when you arrived !"

"I shall never get that dreadful sight out of my mind ! I am odiously shaken, and all my fondest hopes are crushed. Do you think I shall ever recover my nerves, doctor ?" cried Sir Thomas, suddenly turning towards the surgeon.

"You take your mixture, sir, and don't give way so ; there's nothing the matter with you. Your servant, my lord—your most obedient, Sir Thomas ;" and the surgeon departed, intensely disgusted with the Baronet and his conduct.

"The worst of it is," cried the old man, tapping the arms of his chair with nervous rapidity, "I shan't be able to go out, or see company, or do anything to get this dreadful affair off my mind. Don't leave me, my lord, I entreat you, for heaven's sake : I shall go mad with horror if you do. How could that heartless doctor show me such a sight ? You should have prevented it, my lord !"

"He has been accustomed to *men*, Sir Thomas ; and of course imagined you were come to see your poor boy."

"It was atrocious of him, I shall never get over it."

my throat is quite parched, and my heart flutters like a bird's wing. Wretched, miserable boy! To allow himself to be run through in that way! He had no *amour propre*—no *savoir faire*: never entered into any of my little plans for him. I fear Dr. Spark was right when he said he was a 'numskull,' and that I should never make anything of him. The immense advantages he has neglected, or kicked away from him!"

"Sir Thomas," said Lord Langley, and his soft voice sounded severe, and somewhat contemptuous, "I cannot remain here to listen to such sentiments as those. In this unhappy duel your son behaved like a thorough gentleman. He wounded the Colonel severely in the right breast, and fell and died with the courage of a man. You must recollect that you tore him, against his will, from the mode of life he was fitted for. He obeyed you as very few sons would have done. Well knowing that he had no feeling for town life, still you persevered in rendering his existence miserable. I *must* beg, now the poor fellow is lying dead, that, in my presence at all events, you will refrain from speaking of him as you did just now: he was my friend, and a more worthy young fellow I never met with," and he sighed deeply.

Sir Thomas looked abashed, and then, with horror in his voice, cried—

"It was not my fault that he died. I did everything in my power to promote his well-being. No one can attach any blame to me! Can they, my lord?"

"Your own conscience must decide that question. Some arrangements should be made about the funeral, sir. Poor Jack wished to be buried in his uncle's parish, with the honours due to a fox-hunter; and I pledged myself to see his desire fulfilled: and also to go myself, and tell the sad event to the poor old Squire, and to his 'little Lydia.'"

"No, no, no, my lord; I won't hear of it. It's all nonsense—he must be buried in the family-vault, like a gentleman. It is extraordinary the low tastes the poor boy indulged in, even to the last! To be buried like a vulgar huntsman! I'll not hear of it;" and Sir Thomas patted the soft carpet rapidly with his long thin foot.

"I'm sure you owe your poor son some little reparation, sir."

Sir Thomas trembled, and cast his eyes down beneath Lord Langley's mild but penetrating glance. He breathed hard, and a shudder crept over him as he thought of the sight he had so lately seen: there was something in the recollection that awed him. He tried to think of Jack as the "*lout*" he had vainly essayed to form to a statesman and fine gentleman: but, despite his efforts, he saw the huge white chest

so cold and dead, the wide marble shoulders, the crimson blood, the calm reproachful face, the half-opened mouth—he saw, in short, a “*man*,” in the flower of his youth and strength, lying dead and ghastly—and conscience whispered, faintly it is true, but distinctly, that *he* was not wholly innocent. As for grief—he felt none: nervous horror was all his selfish soul endured, with a beginning of remorse which he strove to stifle and turn away from.

With much ado, Lord Langley prevailed on him to grant Jack’s wish. He, with his usual kindness, undertook to arrange everything, and then departed for the country on his sorrowful mission.

The darkened house, the silence and solitude, the recollection that there was a dead body so near him, worked Sir Thomas up to a pitch of nervous terror he had never before experienced. Larrazée was not allowed to leave him day or night. The Baronet bade him read to him from a light and airy French work in verse; but he could not fix his attention to listen to it: he tried piquet—the attempt was equally vain.

“I shall go mad—I shall go mad!” he cried to Larrazée, who sighed and shrugged his shoulders. “I wish to heaven it was all over! I shall get better when I can go out and see company. Don’t you think so, Larrazée?”

“Faut espérer que oui, monseigneur!”

“Do speak English, can’t you! I have a tremor all over me; send for White, and give me some of that mixture. Lord Langley is perfectly odious! He seems to think it is my fault. No one can suppose that for an instant; can they, Larrazée? *You* know how much I had that boy’s interest at heart, the pains I took with him, and how ungratefully indifferent he was for all my efforts.”

“Yes, Sire *Varène!* but poor *Mistère Jac* your son, he had no dispositions for *petit maître*—he was quite English *hunter-for-foxes*—quite!”

“Hold your tongue, sir—ring the bell, and send for White, or I shall go mad. You are *so* unsatisfactory: read the paper to me. Oh dear! oh dear! when will this horrid time be over?”

At night, Sir Thomas would not allow Larrazée to undress. He passed the time in an arm-chair, with strict orders to sleep lightly, and wake his master if he appeared to dream or move restlessly. The Baronet fancied that Jack, as he had last seen him, was lying stiff and stark beside him; and he repeated incessantly, and without intermission, “It was not my fault—it was not my fault!” Then, with a shriek he awoke—rated Larrazée for allowing him to dream so—arose—ordered his valet to light all the candles, and paced up and down during the remainder of the night, leaning on Larrazée’s arm. Faint and exhausted, he returned to bed at day-

dawn, and sank into a lethargic slumber; from which the awakening was most horrible.

Each day added to his misery. His conscience was becoming clamorous—a veil falling from his eyes! He felt, now that it was too late, the hopelessness of the task he had undertaken; and conscience told him that he had cruelly torn Jack from his happiness, and that, but for his senseless schemes, the poor fellow might yet be alive and enjoying an innocent life, far from turmoil and worldly vanities.

“*Everything is for the best,*” he would say; but the words were a sound only, and brought no consolation to him,—did not for one second still the voice of conscience, his ceaseless, secret tormentor.

It was on a lovely January evening that Sir Thomas arrived at his brother’s, to act as chief mourner at his son’s funeral. The winter’s sun was setting like a blood-red globe of fire among the light and ruddy clouds. The frosty air was bright and clear, the sky appearing speckled by the homeward-bound rooks. As the heavy coach drew up at the hall-door, Sir Thomas recollected that he had there met poor Jack, and that he had taken him for a footman.

“I wish to heaven I had never seen the boy,” he thought, “or that I had left him to his low pursuits! However, I have done my duty!”



"That is false," whispered conscience.

Lord Langley had remained at Denham Park: so touched was he by poor old Squire Warren's silent, manly grief, he could not leave him alone in his sorrow.

"Poor boy! poor boy!" was all he said, with a bitter sigh; after sitting sometimes for an hour or two with fixed stare, and without uttering a word.

Sir Thomas shut himself up in his own room with Larrazée, his mixture-bottles, and his tremors and remorse.

The old Squire sought him; and trying to forget his own sorrow, went prepared to do what he could to comfort "poor Tom." He sat down by the fire, sighed and said:

"We mustn't give way, Tom. Perhaps the poor lad's been spared a deal of misery. Nature points out to grieve, but nature shouldn't always be listened to. Keep up a good heart, brother; he was your only child, but I don't think you can feel more for him than I do. His lordship says he fell like a man; that I'm sure he would do, poor dear boy!"

"Don't talk about him, Ned: it makes me quite sick and nervous, I vow! I never *could* make anything of him; but I did my duty—gave him every advantage and opportunity of advancing—but, no! he *would* adhere to his grovelling tastes, and did justice to none of my efforts in his favour.

There were the finest women about town he might have gallanted with and have polished himself. No! it was always 'Lydia,' and a blush, and ——"

"It is much to my dear Jack's credit," cried the Squire, looking amazed and wrathfully at his vain, selfish brother; "it showed the goodness of his fine manly heart! He was too good for all that finery and stuff. Ah! Tom, Tom, you should have left him with me—he'd a' been alive now, and saved us all this grief and misery. I never shall forget when his body arrived! poor fellow—never! They opened the coffin that I might take a last farewell. I kissed his clay-cold cheek. Ah! Tom, Tom!" and Squire Warren rubbed his knees, shook his head, and groaned rather than sighed.

Sir Thomas vibrated with rage, remorse, and nervous irritability.

"You seem to imagine, Ned, that *I* killed the boy. It was no fault of mine if he was awkward enough to allow the Colonel to get at him in that way."

"Not so, Tom—not so, Tom. I know *you* did not kill him; but if you had let him bide quietly here, —as he wished to do, poor fellow,—he'd a' been alive now. I asked my lord if he thought Jack cared for the widow? *No*, he says: he was constant to Lydia to the last, and only spoke to the widow because you forced him to it; for he had no opinion

of her at all, and would never have got into this duel, Tom, if it hadn't been for you."

"Damnation!" cried the Baronet, in choking accents. "Leave the room, sir, if that is the only comfort you can give to a bereaved father!"

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Tom," replied the old Squire, mildly: "but I don't think you care much for the loss of poor Jack; only you are sorry for the part you have had in it."

"Larrazée, give me some of the mixture—a double dose. I must beg of you, Ned, to leave me. I know not which is most unfeelingly coarse and unkind, you or my Lord Langley."

"Well, my dear Ned, I meant no harm. Good night to 'ee. We've a hard day to-morrow—heaven help us through it!"

The Baronet fumed and fretted through the night. His brother's blunt and simple words struck home: he felt all that he had done, now that feeling was too late; he saw the chimera he had been pursuing; he saw Jack's patient good temper; he was conscious that he had doggedly determined to sacrifice a fellow-creature's happiness to the selfish phantom of his own empty brain; and then he in fancy beheld the blood-stained body of his son—his fixed cold features. He knew that the black coffin and funeral plumes were in the room beneath him: he shook in every fibre—the sweat burst out from every

pore, through the nervous agony of his troubled mind.

The following morning, betimes, Larrazée, arrayed in deep mourning, proceeded to dress his peevish trembling master.

“What a senseless, disagreeable, barbarous custom, this wearing of mourning is, Larrazée. It will give me an atrocious fit of spleen, I protest.”

“*Vieux scélérat—père sans entrailles!*” thought the valet; who was so disgusted with Sir Thomas, and so sorry for Jack, he had made up his mind to seek another service, as soon as decency would allow of his doing so.

There was a subdued stir in the house, and just as Sir Thomas was dressed, Lord Langley, in very deep and elegant mourning, entered his room, accompanied by Squire Warren, who wore his scarlet hunting-suit, a crape round his left arm, a crape scarf across his shoulder. Lord Langley looked very pale and very grave; Sir Thomas was quite astounded at his brother’s noble, manly, and sorrowful air.

“They’re all ready, Tom,” he said; “we’re come to fetch you, if you’re ready too.”

Sir Thomas took his brother’s proffered arm, and sought the room in which lay his son’s body. He slightly started as he entered. The coffin was in the middle of the room, a quantity of huge black

feathers at the head; poor Jack's cap, spurs, and whip, with two fox's brushes placed across, were on the lid. Four sturdy huntsmen stood around it, ready to remove it: they wore their hunting-dresses, and their whips were slung across their shoulders. On the floor around them, lay several old hounds who were to accompany them. The room was completely filled by Jack's hunting friends; who, with aching hearts, had flocked from far and near, to tender their last mark of respect and affection to him.

They all silently bowed as Sir Thomas entered; and he, having expected to see "*a set of bumpkins*," was much astonished at the manly aristocratic appearance they presented, the subdued sorrow of their several countenances, as well as at the number of friends Jack could call his own. His conscience rudely smote him at the sight—"Thou art the cause of this sorrow and this sad array!" it said, in unmistakeable sounds. "For what?" it asked. He could only reply: "For my *own* good will and pleasure!" He cast down his eyes: he felt unworthy to raise them on the honest open countenances around him.

Squire Warren made a sign to the huntsmen, who slowly raised the coffin on their shoulders; whilst four young men of Jack's own age—four friends of his childhood—stepped forward as pall-bearers. The whole assembly wore their scarlet hunting-suits, with

crape scarves, each man carrying his whip in his hand. The hounds walked on each side the coffin, as if they knew the part they ought to bear in the ceremony: they seemed, too, to step slowly and solemnly, and to hang their heads with a melancholy aspect.

The long procession slowly descended the avenue. First came four "*whips*"—then the feathers—then the coffin—then poor Jack's favourite hunter—a splendid bay, decked in black velvet housings, a fox's brush decorating his head as a feather. He was led by the Squire's old groom, poor old Billy Chandler. He had given Jack his first lessons in riding, and the old man's eyes bore traces of tears; and he sadly shook his head from time to time, as he followed "*poor Master Jack's*" body to the grave. Next followed Squire Warren and Lord Langley; then the whole train of friends two and two; and, finally, Sir Thomas Warren's coach containing himself and Larrazée, as the Baronet would have found it utterly impossible to reach the church on foot.

He shuddered as, on entering his coach, he heard the loud sonorous bell tolling for his son, sounding through the cold clear air.

Sir Thomas had never been present at a funeral; he had always declared, that nothing on earth should ever induce him to behold so melancholy an exhibition.

At the park gates stood a large assemblage of the countrymen, young and old, hat in hand; all dressed

in their clean white Sunday frocks, waiting to fall to the rear of the procession, and to show their feeling for "*the young Squire*," by following him to his "*last home*."

The sun shone brightly that morning, and all nature looked cheerfully placid beneath his rays. Poor little Lydia, bitterly weeping, beheld the *cortége* pass. "Dear Jack! dear Jack!" she cried, "how could I so forget you?"

On reaching the churchyard Sir Thomas took Larrazée's arm. He looked pinched and haggard, and breathed hard, as he heard Dr. Freeman's soft deep voice beginning the burial service—the contents of which service were perfectly unknown to the Baronet. On entering the old church he shuddered: a village church was to him a depressing spot, much to be avoided! The coffin was placed in the dark aisle; the Vicar solemnly continued the service: each word of which, heard for the first time, and under such circumstances, struck awe to his soul—filled him with an unknown horror and dread—made death seem present with him—death! that feared, but unavoidable event! The country people present, seeing his troubled countenance, thought how much "*the poor old gentleman*" must have loved his son; and their hearts ached for him.

The coffin was again raised, and deposited beside the deep wide grave. Dr. Freeman's voice trembled,

and a tear stole down his cheek. Squire Warren's hands were tightly clasped, and his firm mouth worked convulsively as he fixed his moistened eyes on his nephew's coffin; whilst Lord Langley, unable to restrain his feelings, covered his eyes, and sorrowfully wept. The mourners kept silence; a silence full of respect and sorrow; it was an expressive silence; so fixed and motionless did each man stand, he scarcely seemed to breathe.

Sir Thomas, averting his eyes from the coffin, vibrated from head to foot beneath his long mourning cloak.

The stout huntsmen passed ropes beneath the coffin, and, assisted by the "*whippers-in*," lowered it into the grave. The Baronet gasped as he heard the grating sound—the Squire involuntarily raised his clasped hands, and bowed his head. There was a slight movement among the assemblage, and many a sigh escaped from the stout breasts around. Then came solemn words, and the startling hollow sound of earth on the coffin-lid. Sir Thomas grasped Larrazée convulsively, who, putting his arm around his master, firmly supported him. The service was ended. The Baronet turned to depart; Lord Langley gently detained him. Poor Jack's hunter was led up to the grave, his friends gathered as closely round as they could, and with one accord, as one man, gave forth, three several times, their departed friend's



favourite cry—a ringing, clear, far sounding “*view hallo!*”

Sir Thomas staggered; his knees gave way beneath him; his brother and Lord Langley hurried towards him, and received him in their arms, then carried him swooning to his carriage. All remained uncovered as he was carried past, pale and ghastly as a corpse; all pitied the grief of a parent: how abashed and unworthy would he have felt could they have read his real feelings, and how their upright manly hearts would have scorned him!

On returning to Denham Park, Sir Thomas only remained an hour, and departed on his way to Bath, whither he went to wile away a month, and dispel, if possible, the horrors which invaded him.

Lord Langley, full of compassion and respect for the poor old Squire, could not endure the idea of leaving him alone with his grief, in a spot where everything must remind him of his poor lost Jack.

“I wish, sir,” he said, “you would favour me so far as to make my house your home, as long as you may feel disposed to remain there. You are aware that I never hunt, but we have two packs of hounds close at hand. You must not deny my request: bring over your horses; I will introduce you to all my friends in the neighbourhood—the change of air will do you good; my wife will meet us there, and I

am sure she will feel the same friendship for you which she did for our friend Jack."

"Thank'ee, thank'ee," returned the Squire, with the voice and manner of his poor nephew. "Moping will do none of us any good; and grieving won't bring the dead to life. 'Tis our duty to bear up like men, and make the best of our sorrows. You're a great comfort to me, my lord, and I can never thank you enough for your kindness; never!"

"Then you do me the pleasure of accepting my offer," said Lord Langley, smiling with joy at the Squire's words.

"With all my heart, my lord; and Heaven bless you!"

Lord Langley escorted the Squire to his country seat, where Lady Langley joined them, both doing their best to comfort him and dispel his grief; whilst he did everything in his power to vanquish it, through gratitude and good feeling towards his hosts.

They would not suffer him to leave them for many months; and when he did return to Denham Park it was not alone! The Squire returned a married man! A handsome widow, "*fat, fair, and forty*," had given her hand and (though some may not believe it) her heart to the fine old Squire. She did not, on her arrival at his home, set about hating his dogs, and endeavouring to "*put down*" his hunting, as I have known some unwise women to do. No!

she rejoiced to see him happy in his healthy sports : and I verily believe that many a wife sets her face doggedly against manly pastimes, and male society—let alone “*the Club*”—merely because she cannot partake in them ! Such wives, through *sheer envy*, would rather see their lords, to use a common expression, “*tied to their apron-strings*,” sick and weary of wife and family, than behold them mixing cheerfully with their fellow-men, and returning home to them with some degree of freshness of heart—not worn out by domestic details and the perpetual society of children, for which the mind and nature of man are as totally unfit, as those of women are for the senate and hunting-field. An “*affectionate husband*,” with *these* ladies, signifies in plain English, a “*poor creature*,” who would willingly break his chain, *mais la force lui manque !*

Squire Warren never, to the end of a very long life, once repented of the step he had taken, and was wont to say, with a merry laugh, à propos of his marriage, “*better late than never !*”

I have only to add, that Mistress Warren never whipped the old pensioner hounds, or expressed a wish to have the poor old pensioner horses shot ; as I knew a viciously jealous lady do, once upon a time. She fed them and caressed them, because the Squire loved them, as well as to gratify the kind feelings of her benevolent heart.

"I wish, Dolly," the Squire would say, laughingly, "you would be a little ill-tempered; you wouldn't grow so fat then!"

Sir Thomas Warren tried Bath, but Bath failed to comfort him. His old friends appeared to him so heartless, and so much more occupied with their own gout, rheumatism, and cards, than with his nerves and horrors, that he lost all pleasure in their society.

His son now appeared to him in so different a point of view, ever since he had witnessed the manly respect and affection shown for his memory by his country friends, that the recollection of *him*, and the consciousness of his own selfish folly became more and more insupportable than ever. The "*low fox-hunters*" he had so looked down upon arose before his mind, rough and blunt, perhaps, but *gentlemen*: unmistakeably *gentlemen*. There is much difference between roughness and vulgarity. He now saw that Jack had been one of them; and he felt a conscious meanness when he reflected on his conduct towards him, and the poor fellow's submission and unfailing patience.

The effect produced on his weak mind by the sight of his son's dead body, and the circumstances of his obsequies, did not wear off. He could not forget several striking parts of the burial service, although he tried with all his power to do so. French romances and lively comedies were essayed in vain:

still the awful sentences remained indelibly fixed in his memory.

“I wish I had never interfered with that unfortunate boy of mine!” he would say with a groan. “But then, I’d nothing else to divert me, and fill up my time!”

Fathers! before you put your sons in any particular path of life, study, if you can, their various dispositions, characters, talents, and capabilities. How often do we see men in the army or navy, who, had they been allowed to follow their true bent, would have made excellent churchmen or lawyers; and who, *on their fathers’ death*, quit the profession of arms for more genial pursuits. Again, how often do we see a languishing *nonchalant* clergyman, without feeling for his calling, perishing with *ennui*, who would have been a distinguished soldier but for the paternal will, which said, “That boy must go into the Church!” Then again, we behold a barrister detesting pen-and-ink, and close hot rooms, and law-study and practice: a being whose aspirations and talents all pointed to the sea; but his father’s taste pointed to an “*intellectual*” profession, and the boy, without the least love of study, or much aptitude for it, is dragooned, *bon gré mal gré*, to the bar! You will see such-an-one, during his vacation, living in salt water—yachting, steaming, rowing, voyaging in merchantmen, and returning to his gown and wig

with a weary heart!—I do not mean that because a boy has read “*Robser Crusoe*”—as young gentlemen are wont to pronounce the name—that his enthusiasm is to be gratified by being sent in quest of shipwrecks and “man Friday,” any more than that he should be allowed to be a highwayman—a character for which some boys have a great *penchant*—because his enthusiasm has been awakened by the life of Robin Hood or Dick Turpin; but it is a cruel sight to see a man’s life passing by in the daily avocations of a profession for which he has no feeling—perhaps a positive dislike—and to which a father’s will condemned him even before he could walk or talk!

Young gentlemen’s caprices should not be studied; but their characters and aptitudes are worthy of some little consideration.

Then there are “*eldest sons*,” who, with a decided vocation for some particular profession, are not allowed to belong to it, because they have “*plenty of money*,” or else that their father “*cannot part with them*.” You may behold these unfortunates either passing their days in pining restless idleness, or plunging headlong into dissipation to kill the time that hangs so heavily on their hands.

The month Sir Thomas meant to pass at Bath was prolonged to two, in consequence of a fit of the gout; which depressed his spirits beyond measure. He

feared death more than ever; and the dread of it began to take such hold upon him, that to ward off the dreaded moment of his demise began to be the study of his life: the new occupation which was, in its turn, to succeed to the pursuits of gallantry, diplomacy, and the education of his son.

Larrazée one morning placed the last number of the "London Magazine" on his table, beside his breakfast tray.

"Cut the leaves, and read aloud the marriages and births—*pas les morts—ongtong tew?*"

"Oui, monseigneur!" and Larrazée proceeded to obey his master's will—reading the list of Hymen's recruits till, half-way through, he met with the following:

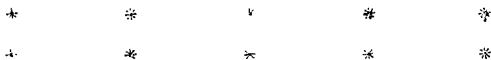
"Lieutenant-Colonel Penruddock, of His Majesty's Coldstream Regiment of Footguards, to Mistress Arabella Fairfax. A 40,000*l.* fortune."

"That will do—that will do!" cried Sir Thomas, frowning, and pettishly waving his skeleton hand, "Read something from Gresset's works!"

On returning to town, the Baronet found the season drawing to a close. Everyone met him with their accustomed smiles; none seemed to waste a thought on his private griefs: the fatal duel and Jack were forgotten—the remembrance of them swept away by the rapid waters of worldly oblivion. Sir Thomas found society becoming a burden to him: every drawing-room he entered reminded him

of Jack—and the thought of Jack invariably reminded him of death; he felt no elasticity of mind—no interest in anything but himself and his own health. Then, too, he began to imagine that late hours and hot rooms were inimical to longevity, and so he only attended early parties, where but few guests were assembled, “*small and early.*” Anon he imagined that London air was very bad for him, and retreated to his country-house. When there, he began to study diet—dismissed his French cook, gave himself indigestions with boiled mutton and *nourishing* beef-steaks, and made himself bilious with morning libations of milk warm from the cow. This necessitated medicine; which the Baronet administered to himself, until he made himself ill enough to need medical advice. This advice gave him pleasure and occupation, and the opportunity of talking exclusively of himself and his ills, and of being exclusively listened to. And thus from one step to another, Sir Thomas conducted himself into a life passed in two rooms, under the superintendence of a domestic physician; a regulated walk in his grounds twice a day, medicine *ad infinitum*, much *ennui*, and finally a descent into the tomb some years before his time: and all through an undue fear of death. “*Stavo bene—e per star meglio, sto qui!*” might with justice have been engraved on his monument.





We are now in the early part of the month of May which came after Jack Warren's fatal duel.

A light genial spring-shower was falling silently and softly on all around—on the green sod which covered poor Jack's grave and the daisies which grew thereon, as well as on little Lydia's favourite flower-borders. The afternoon rays of the sun were shining through the falling drops—the rainbow spanning the heavens—the warm air full of the perfume of the sweet-briar—blackbirds and thrushes loudly carolling, and little Philander from his cage taking part in the concert without.

Lydia, in deep mourning, was sitting at her tapestry work in the parlour; but she had let it fall on her lap, and, with a listless air, sat with eyes fixed on the little oval picture, the gift of Mr. Addison, which was suspended by a blue riband to the wainscotted wall. The sun shone full upon it, and lighted it up to such a degree of cheerful gaiety, making the two little personages represented on the canvas look so smilingly happy, that poor Lydia, from the contrast between them and her own feelings, sighed deeply and felt really miserable. She was thinner than in former days, with a pensive expression in her mild blue eyes; and the beautiful delicate carnation of her cheek was a shade paler than its natural tint.

Suddenly she started—her heart beat quickly—she heard a quick, firm step, and a well-known jingle of spurs—a dark shadow was cast on the little picture—the next second Mr. Addison stood in the garden-doorway! He had evidently come off a journey, and his horseman's cloak was wet with the falling shower. He did not speak a word, but he smiled gaily, and his eyes beamed with delight. Lydia ran towards him—he caught her in his arms,—and in that moment all past sorrow was forgotten. He whispered a few words to her, and little Lydia, with an overflowing heart, promised to be his!

THE END.



# THE SELECT LIBRARY OF FICTION.

VOL.

- 53 A Day's Ride; or, a Life's Romance *Charles Lever.*
- 54 Maurice Tiernay *Charles Lever.*
- 55 Constable of the Tower  
*W. H. Ainsworth.*
- 58 Master of the Hounds "Scrutator."
- 60 Cardinal Pole; an Historical Novel  
*W. H. Ainsworth.*
- 61 Jealous Wife *Miss Pardoe.*
- 62 Rival Beauties *Miss Pardoe.*
- 63 The Hunchback of Notre-Dame  
*Victor Hugo.*
- 65 Lord Mayor of London  
*W. H. Ainsworth.*
- 66 Elsie Venner  
*Oliver W. Holmes.*
- 67 Charlie Thornhill *Charles Clarke.*
- 68 House of Elmore  
*Author of "Grandmother's Money."*
- 72 Country Gentleman "Scrutator."
- 73 La Beata *T. Adolphus Trollope.*
- 74 Marietta *T. Adolphus Trollope.*
- 75 Barrington *Charles Lever.*
- 76 Beppo the Conscript  
*T. Adolphus Trollope.*
- 77 Woman's Ransom  
*F. W. Robinson.*
- 78 Deep Waters *Anna H. Drury.*
- 79 Misrepresentation  
*Anna H. Drury.*
- 80 Tilbury Nogo *Whyte Melville.*
- 82 He Would Be a Gentleman  
*Samuel Lover.*
- 83 Mr. Stewart's Intentions  
*F. W. Robinson.*
- 84 Mattie: a Stray  
*Author of "Owen: a Waif."*
- 85 Doctor Thorne *Anthony Trollope.*
- 86 The Macdermots of Ballycloran  
*Anthony Trollope.*
- 87 Lindisfarn Chase *T. A. Trollope.*

VOL.

- 88 Rachel Ray *Anthony Trollope.*
- 89 Luttrell of Arran *Charles Lever.*
- 90 Giulio Malatesta *T. A. Trollope.*
- 91 Wildflower *F. W. Robinson.*
- 92 Irish Stories and Legends  
*Samuel Lover.*
- 93 The Kellys and the O'Kellys  
*Anthony Trollope.*
- 94 Married Beneath Him  
*Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."*
- 95 Tales of all Countries  
*Anthony Trollope.*
- 96 Castle Richmond *A. Trollope.*
- 98 John Law, the Projector  
*W. H. Ainsworth.*
- 99 Jack Brag *Theodore Hook.*
- 100 The Bertrams  
*Anthony Trollope.*
- 101 Faces for Fortunes  
*Augustus Mayhew.*
- 102 Father Darcy  
*Mrs. Marsh Caldwell.*
- 103 Time the Avenger  
*Mrs. Marsh Caldwell.*
- 104 Under the Spell  
*F. W. Robinson.*
- 105 Market Harborough  
*Whyte Melville.*
- 106 Slaves of the Ring  
*F. W. Robinson.*
- 110 Emilia Wyndham  
*Mrs. Marsh Caldwell.*
- 111 One and Twenty  
*F. W. Robinson.*
- 112 Douglas's Vow  
*Mrs. Edmund Jennings.*
- 113 Woodleigh  
*F. W. Robinson.*
- 114 Theo Leigh *Annie Thomas.*
- 116 Orley Farm. 3s.  
*Anthony Trollope.*

## THE SELECT LIBRARY OF FICTION.

VOL.

- 117 Flying Scud *Charles Clarke.*  
 118 Denis Donne *Annie Thomas.*  
 119 Forlorn Hope *Edmund Yates.*  
 120 Can You Forgive Her? 3s.  
                     *Anthony Trollope.*  
 121 Ned Locksley, the Etonian  
                     *Anonymous.*  
 122 Miss Mackenzie  
                     *Anthony Trollope.*  
 123 Carry's Confession  
     *By Author of "Mattie: a Stray."*  
 125 Belton Estate *Anthony Trollope.*  
 126 Land at Last *Edmund Yates.*  
 127 Dumbleton Common  
                     *Hon. Eleanor Eden.*  
 128 Crumbs from a Sportsman's  
     Table *Charles Clarke.*  
 129 Bella Donna *Percy Fitzgerald.*  
 130 Captain Jack *J. A. Maitland.*  
 131 Christie's Faith  
     *By Author of "Mattie: a Stray."*  
 132 Polly: a Village Portrait  
     *By a Popular Writer.*  
 133 75 Brooke Street  
                     *Percy Fitzgerald.*  
 134 Called to Account  
                     *Annie Thomas.*  
 135 A Golden Heart  
                     *Tom Hood.*  
 136 Second Mrs. Tillotson  
                     *Percy Fitzgerald.*

VOL.

- 137 Never Forgotten  
                     *Percy Fitzgerald.*  
 138 Clyffards of Clyffe  
     *Author of "Married Beneath Him."*  
 139 Which is the Winner  
                     *Charles Clarke.*  
 140 Archie Lovell  
                     *Mrs. Edwards.*  
 141 Lizzie Lorton  
                     *E. Lynn Linton.*  
 142 Milly's Hero  
                     *F. W. Robinson.*  
 143 Leo  
                     *Dutton Cook.*  
 144 Uncle Silas *J. S. Lefanu.*  
 145 Bar Sinister *Charles A. Collins.*  
 146 Rose Douglas  
                     *By a Popular Writer.*  
 147 Cousin Stella; or, Conflict  
                     *Mrs. C. Jenkin.*  
 148 Highland Lassies  
                     *Erick Mackenzie.*  
 149 Young Singleton  
                     *Talbot Gwynne.*  
 150 The Eve of St. Mark  
                     *Thomas Doubleday.*  
 151 Young Scapegrace  
                     *James Payne.*  
 152 Mirk Abbey  
     *Author of "Married Beneath Him."*  
 153 Fair Carew: or, Husbands and  
     Wives *Catherine Bigger.*  
 154 Riverston  
                     *Georgiana M. Craik.*

---

OTHER VOLUMES IN PREPARATION.

---

London: CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

# STANDARD AUTHORS.

ONE SHILLING.

Fcap. 8vo, with Illustrated Covers, and well printed on good paper.

This series of "Standard Novels," of which upwards of fifty volumes have been issued, has now secured for itself a *standard* place in popular estimation. As these works have been before the public already in other forms, it is unnecessary to go into detailed criticism of their merits and demerits. But as the merits, on the whole, greatly overbalance the demerits, we gladly recommend to the favourable notice of our readers the excellent series of "Standard Authors," which are precisely the kind of book to put in one's pocket when lounging away a summer holiday by the seaside or elsewhere, when one wants only to be amused and not to be either greatly moved or to have to put forth any serious effort of thought. It is absurd to make a task of pleasure or a toil of relaxation. So we object to grave works for holiday-time—even the novel philosophic we ignore; and therefore at this season we betake ourselves to amusing, but not fatiguing, novels of society, such as those embraced in this popular shilling series, and of which the late issues are not the least interesting.

When ordering, the Numbers only need be given.

VOL.

- 1 Confidences  
*By Author of "Carr of Carrlyon."*
- 2 Erlesmere; or, Contrasts of Character.  
*By L. S. Lavenue.*
- 3 Nanette and Her Lovers  
*By Talbot Gwynne.*
- 4 Life and Death of Silas Barnstarke.  
*By Talbot Gwynne.*
- 6 Tender and True  
*By Author of "Clara Morison."*
- 7 Gilbert Messenger *By Holme Lee.*
- 8 Thorney Hall *By Holme Lee.*
- 9 My Lady: a Tale of Modern Life
- 10 The Cruellest Wrong of All  
*By Author of "Margaret."*

VOL.

- 11 Lost and Won  
*By Georgiana M. Craik.*
- 12 Hawksview *By Holme Lee.*
- 14 Florence Templar *By Mrs. F. Vidal.*
- 16 Wheat and Tares: a Modern Story
- 17 Guilty Peace; or, Amberhill  
*By A. I. Barrowcliff.*
- 20 My First Season  
*By Author of "Charles Auchester."*
- 21 The White House by the Sea.  
*A Love Story*
- 23 Arrows in the Dark  
*By Author of "Said and Done."*
- 24 Moulded Out of Faults; or,  
*Adrian L'Estrange*

*Now Publishing in Monthly Volumes, in extra cloth binding,*

**THE CHARLES LEVER CHEAP ILLUSTRATED EDITION,**  
BY HABLOT K. BROWNE ("PHIZ") OF  
**CHARLES LEVER'S WORKS.**

The collected Works of CHARLES LEVER in a uniform series must, like the Novels of Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, and Anthony Trollope, find a place on the shelves of every well-selected library. No modern productions of fiction have gained a greater reputation for their writer: few authors equal him in the humour and spirit of his delineations of character, and none surpass him for lively descriptive power and never-flagging story.

*THREE-AND-SIXPENCE EACH.*

|  |   |   |                   |
|--|---|---|-------------------|
| JACK HINTON                                | - | - | 16 Illustrations. |
| HARRY LORREQUEER                           | - | - | 16 Illustrations. |
| THE O'DONOGHUE                             | - | - | 16 Illustrations. |
| THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE                   |   |   | Frontispiece.     |
| BARRINGTON                                 | - | - | 16 Illustrations. |
| LUTTRELL OF ARRAN                          | - | - | 16 Illustrations. |
| SIR JASPER CAREW                           | - | - | Frontispiece.     |
| MAURICE TIERNAY                            | - | - | Frontispiece.     |
| A DAY'S RIDE                               | - | - | Frontispiece.     |
| ONE OF THEM                                | - | - | 16 Illustrations. |
| A RENT IN A CLOUD and<br>ST. PATRICK'S EVE |   | } | 16 Illustrations. |

*FIVE SHILLINGS EACH.*

|                        |   |   |                   |
|------------------------|---|---|-------------------|
| CHARLES O'MALLEY       | - | - | 24 Illustrations. |
| THE DALTONS            | - | - | 24 Illustrations. |
| KNIGHT OF GWYNNE       | - | - | 24 Illustrations. |
| THE DODD FAMILY ABROAD |   |   | 24 Illustrations. |
| TOM BURKE OF "OURS"    | - | - | 24 Illustrations. |
| DAVENPORT DUNN         | - | - | 24 Illustrations. |
| ROLAND CASHEL          | - | - | 24 Illustrations. |
| MARTINS OF CRO' MARTIN |   |   | 24 Illustrations. |

